Frontier Times

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

March, 1964

35¢

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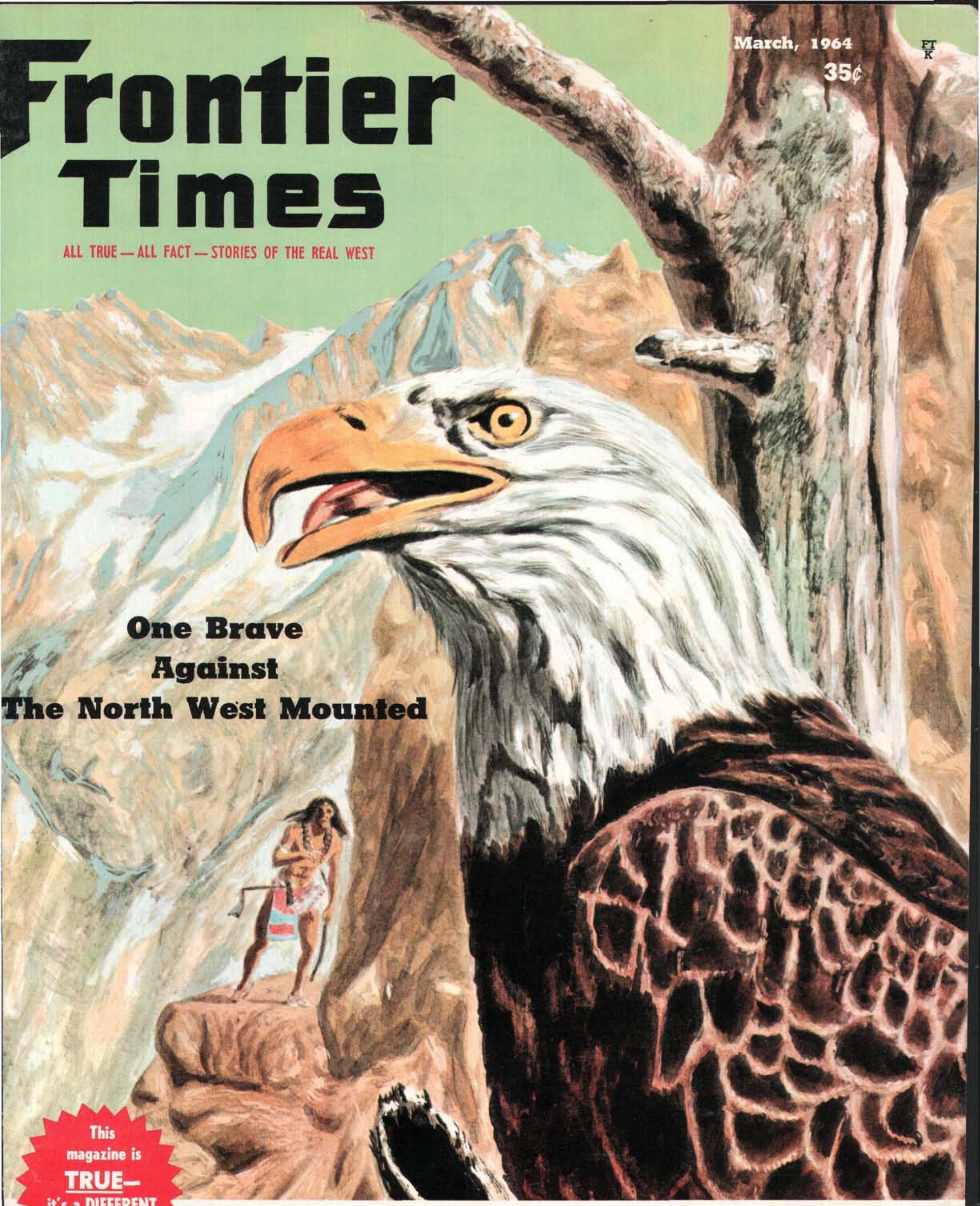

One Brave Against The North West Mounted

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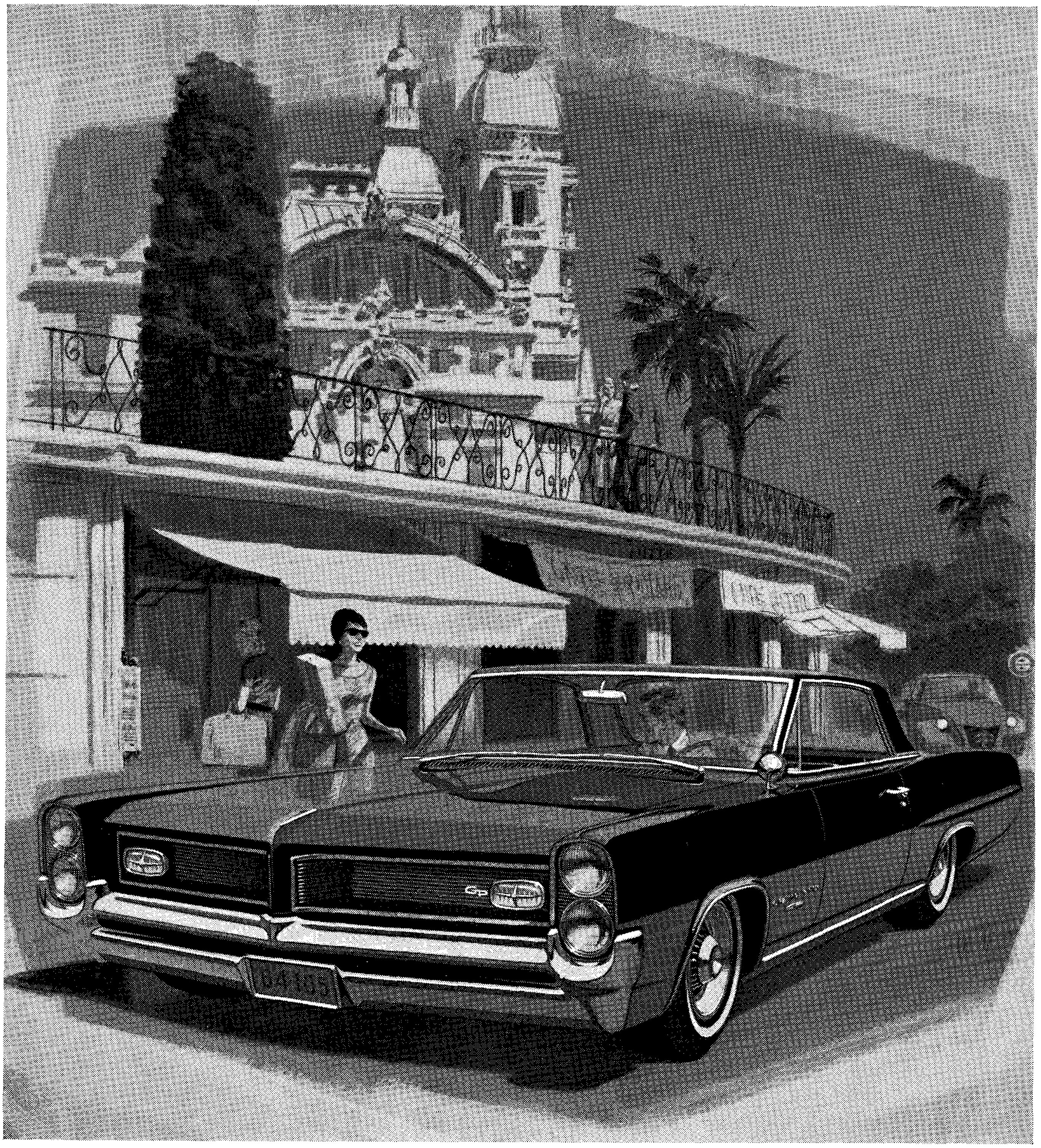
Wickedest City on the Plains • Saga of Cattle Kate • Diamonds of the Mother Lode



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There's nothing we enjoy more than watching someone take a close look at one of our GPs for the first time. The small, admiring shake of the head. The pursed lips of judicious approval. The sudden turn to a companion to share one's appreciation. All these we see, time and again. We flush a little with pleased pride. We made that! we want to shout. It's a Grand Prix and it comes with a 306-bhp Trophy V-8 and easy-chair bucket seats and a console and just take another look at those utterly clean and simple lines, we babble silently. A lot of people must hear us, though. There are GPs all over the landscape. **PONTIAC GRAND PRIX**

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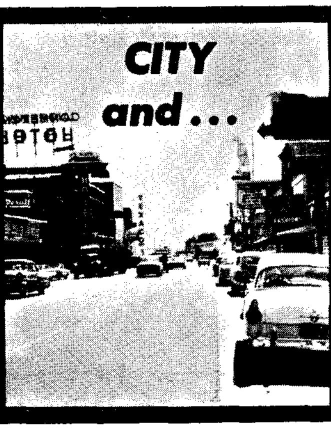

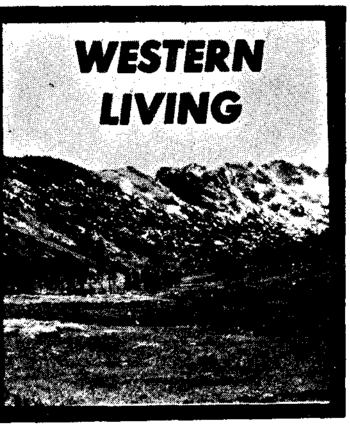

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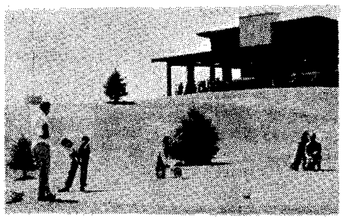

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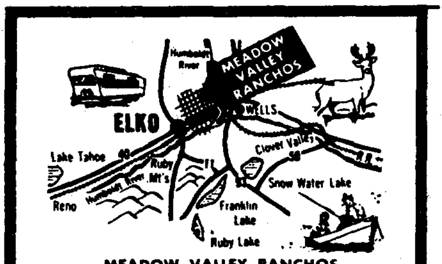

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THE EARP BROTHERS OF TOMBSTONE, by Frank Waters. 1960, 247 pp, cloth, dust jacket. Was $5, now a small remainder. $4.00

MORE WESTERN TREASURES, by Jesse Rascoe. A sequel to "Golden Crescent" and "Western Treasures" both so well received by Western fans, this book has no duplications of accounts in the others! Strong on the Southwest, from Texas to the Pacific, but including lost mines, gem locations, treasure etc. in Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Mexico, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Texas, Wyoming and several other Western states. Rockhounds and adventurers will like this one! 128 pp. $2.00

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FRONTIER TIMES

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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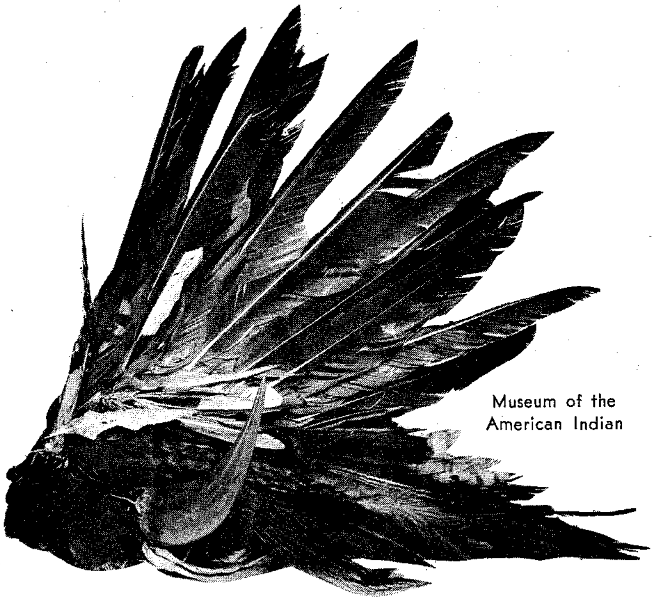
About The Cover

EAGLE FEATHERS

By JAKE HERMAN

(STE-SAN-WASTA)


Museum of the American Indian

The headdress of Chief Crazy Horse.

CENTURIES AGO long before the white man came into the Sioux country, the headdress of eagle tail feathers was called Wa-pa-ha, now commonly called war bonnet.

To the Oglala Sioux of South Dakota, the war bonnet was a symbol of pride, honor and leadership. Here in South Dakota on high cliffs or mountains in the Black Hills Badlands, one can find old pits that have been dug by the Indians to capture the eagle.

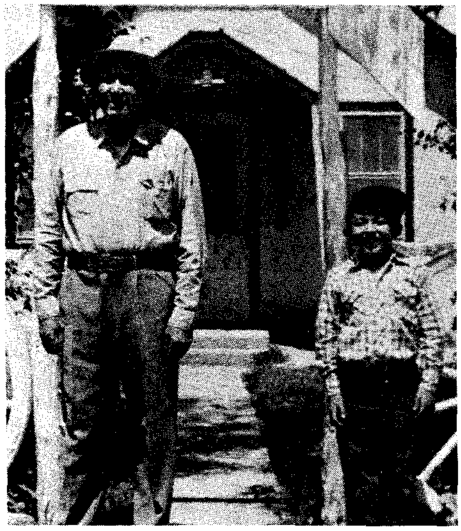
A young warrior in order to qualify had to:

1. Excel in the field of medicine.
2. Do an act of bravery in war.
2. Be generous—his lodge must be open to his people.
4. Hunt and provide for women and children or the older people who were unable to hunt.
5. Be honest and loyal to his country and his tribe.

When a young warrior became a good hunter, he could wear an eagle feather. Then as he became a scout and warrior performing an act of bravery in battle, he could wear two eagle tail feathers. Then he had to capture enemy horses and bring back enemy scalps. When a warrior had fulfilled all these obligations, the leaders or chiefs would investigate his deeds at the council fire or at the large lodge called Tipi-eyka.

There seven sticks were placed in a circle. Seven eye-witnesses who were in the battle were called in to testify to the bravery of the warrior. If they verified his valor, the seven sticks remained proving that the warrior was full pledged. The leaders then would notify the people and give a big feast. The warrior would be led to the center of a circle and chosen as their chief.

Jake Herman and his grandson.



Following this he would go to a high cliff, dig a pit, and put sticks over it. Inside would be placed a live rabbit with its legs tied down. The warrior would then take dried pounded meat and water and wait underneath the pit maybe for days. When the eagle would come down to kill the rabbit and light on the sticks, the warrior would reach up and grab the eagle by its legs and twist its neck off.

In those days he believed that if he did not perform this certain act before he plucked the eagle's feathers, certain disaster would befall him. To ward of the evil effects he would build a fire with sagebrush. He would then hold the eagle over the fire. By smoking the eagle he believed that he would be rid of ill fortune.

Then he made his Wa-pa-ha which he wore at ceremonies and dances. The Sioux words for hat or bonnet is Wa-po-stan. As the early Sioux did not wear a hat and the Sioux lady did not wear a bonnet, the word Wa-po-stan was not known. When the white man came into the Indian country, the word Wa-po-stan originated because the men wore hats and the ladies wore bonnets.

There were two types of headdress in the early life of the Sioux, the Wa-pa-ha and the Pe-sa. This Pa-sa was worn by any warrior at ceremonies or powwows. It was made from porcupine fur with two eagle feathers on top. When an enemy was killed in battle and was lying dead on the field, any warrior could strike the enemy with a stick and say "Toke-wa-kte" or say "Ha Hia." However, the one who killed the enemy was later investigated at the council lodge and if proven responsible, got the credit for his act of bravery.

If a warrior got wounded in battle, there were two ways that he indicated it to his people.. First, he would dye an eagle feather red and wear it single, or he could select a small ash tree from which he could make a cane that would be dyed red.

When eagle feathers were attached to a lance, it represented a flag of freedom, liberty and security. It also served to indicate ownership. If a warrior found a new land where game was plentiful, he would stick the lance in the ground to say, "I claim this land." The lance had to have seven eagle feathers hanging from it.

The chief song or the White Horse Troop song, according to the Oglala Sioux, was sung by leaders or chiefs who would mount their white horses wearing their Wa-pa-ha or war bonnet riding around the circle of lodges. That is the reason today, when a chief song is sung, it is always dedicated to the memory of Chief Red Cloud, American Horse, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Rain In The Face and other noted Sioux chiefs.

This is what I learned from my people, the Oglala Sioux—legends, folklore, and history from the dying embers of the campfire or seated around a stove on a bleak, cold winter night.

I WOULD now like to write an open letter to the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Not long ago I was called into one of the Agency offices. There I was asked how the Oglala Sioux got their eagle feathers; what type of eagle feathers are used for their war headdress: if eagle feathers are used in their religious ceremonies—and many other questions regarding the use of eagle feathers.

I was told there is a federal law protecting a bald eagle, that there will be an amendment to this law that will include the golden eagle and that there is a possibility that an Indian must get an eagle permit to make his regalia.

To the Oglala Sioux the eagle was a symbol of freedom, pride and honor. A winged creature that was next to the Great Spirit, he represented freedom to come and go where he pleased. This is the reason that our forefathers made the war bonnet.

It takes thirty-six eagle feathers to make a complete headdress. The eagle feather was and is used in war dances and ceremonial dances, a tradition that dates back to our primitive forefathers who once roamed, hunted and lived only on what Mother Nature afforded.

I believe in protecting the American eagle and, on the other hand, I believe that permits should be given Indians to allow them to keep the old customs alive. Forbidding an Indian to get eagle feathers will be like asking him to substitute turkey feathers to do the war dance.

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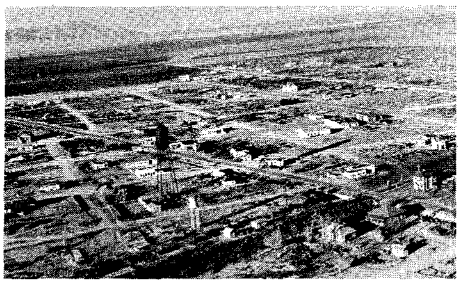

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FRONTIER POST

Profanity In Its Place

Gentlemen:

I first became acquainted with your two publications, FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST, when one of my parishioners gave me some copies for my two boys. I'm afraid I read them as avidly as they did, if not more so. They have been extremely interesting to me, especially as I find so many articles and stories about people and places with which I became acquainted when I moved about the West. At times I am disturbed by the profanity and crudity in some of the stories, but I know that this is the way these people lived and talked —and still do, I may say—and I feel that you do not intentionally glorify this sort of living as do many cheap pulp magazines I see on the news racks. I, too, am one who keeps moving your magazines to the top of the pile when I see them covered up. Thank you for some stimulating reading material.—Rev. W. S. Ickler, Aztec Presbyterian Church, Aztec, New Mexico.

Open Letter from Norm

Dear FT Readers:

Thanks a million for your letters and cards telling me how much you have enjoyed reading *Brave Warriors* and listening to my five radio talks from KCBS-CBS in San Francisco. I received communications from British Columbia to Mexico and from four nearby states. I had no idea the station reached out so far. Many of you thanked me for tipping you off to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and I am mighty glad that in addition to reading my book, you are also now reading the magazines.

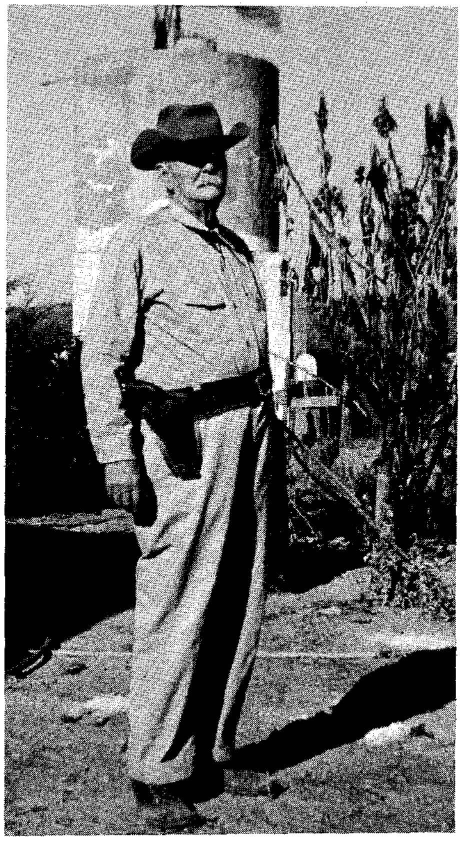
I wish that time allowed me to answer each of you personally. Since magazine assignments and work on my second book render this impossible, I am grateful to Joe Small for granting me space in the letters column in which to thank you for your kind, encouraging letters and cards. Believe me, nothing bucks up a free-lance writer like hearing from the folks who read his material. Even when you knock it, I like to hear from you!—Norman B. Wiltsey, 14135 Green Valley Road, Forestville, California.

Frontier Law Man

Dear Joe:

Your readers might like to know that the last sheriff of Day County, which was erased from the map at the time of Oklahoma's statehood in 1907, is still living on his farm near Antelope Hills. In his eighty-fifth year, he is in very good health and has owned the gun shown in this picture for more than sixty years.

Anzley Ellis was born November 13, 1877 in a section line in Erath County, Texas. After the county was laid out and surveyed, the elder Ellis arrived too late to get a homestead. He came to Day County in 1892 and served as deputy sheriff at the time Sheriff Bullard and Deputy Cogburn of Roger Mills County were killed by horse thieves. He headed the investigation of the crime. We Oklahomans appreciate his contribution to the settling and development of his adopted state.—Nat M. Taylor, Box 6, Lookeba, Oklahoma.



Anzley Ellis as he appears today.

The True Prospector

Dear Joe:

Your treasure stories seem to become more and more popular and I think it's because so many of us are a little like Old Jake. He had lived a long life on this earth, breaking rock and panning streams, always hoping for the one big strike. He had hit a few small ones, enough to keep him grubstaked, but the really big one had always seemed to elude him. When he died and went to Heaven, Saint Peter met him at the Gate and asked his name and profession.

"Why, I'm Jake, the prospector," the grizzled old man replied proudly.

Saint Peter thumbed through the pages of the Great Book, read silently for a moment, then looked up very sadly and said, "Jake, I hate to tell you this because you've lived a good life on earth and deserve to be admitted. But Heaven is full of prospectors just like you and we have had nothing but trouble with them. They're always digging up the streets, tunneling under the buildings, and sinking shafts in the most unexpected places. They've made a terrible mess

(Continued on page 69)

TRUE WEST
39¢
LA PATRICIA
SONGBIRD TO THE WICKED
CATTLE KINGS!
Charles Goodnight and the JA
C. C. Slaughter and the Long-S
The Farwells of the XIT
Frenchy McCormick of Old Tascosa
The Lone Star and LX Feud
John S. Chisum and the Jingle Bob
Plus the tricks of breaking a trail written by Charles Goodnight himself!
This magazine is TRUE— it's a DIFFERENT type western!

PROOF? Issues like the February TRUE WEST—On Sale at your Newsstands Now. Contents include:

CATTLE KINGS! by George A. Wallis. Old-time cattle barons were made—not born—and the process involved lots of hard work and long chances. Don't miss Part One of an out-of-print book.

THE BIG SCALPHUNTER by A. Kinney Griffith. There was a blood-red moon—an Apache moon—and the little band of cavalrymen was hopelessly outnumbered. How did they live to tell the tale?

LA PATRICIA, SONGBIRD TO THE WICKED by Frank Salazar and William B. Secrest. Her stage, the wickedest town in the Mother Lode country; her audience, a murdering band of highwaymen and cutthroats—yet she sang like an angel and even the devil Mureitta applauded.

SOUTHERN BELLE AND GRINGO DOCTOR by Jess Cox. An iron hand in a velvet glove best describes this sheltered Southern girl who took the Wild West in her stride and asked no quarter.

HUMOR—WESTERN STYLE by William S. Furno. Frontier humor often packed as much kick as frontier whiskey and it took a pretty rugged character to take either one straight.

FORT PEASE by Fred B. Clarke. What was to be a great trading venture seemed doomed from the outset. They missed the boat in more ways than one.

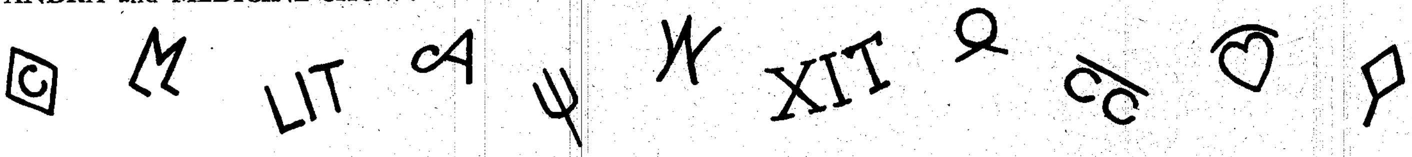
COLUMBIA RIVER GOLD by Robert H. Ruby. The desire to live proved stronger than keeping $85,000 in gold.

ASAHEL CURTIS—PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE GOLDRUSH by William J. Betts. He had an artist's eye and an awareness that history was being made all around him. Thirty thousand glass plates and negatives have preserved the spirit of those days for all time.

THE STUTESMAN CASE by Nat M. Taylor. Circumstantial evidence ruled the roost on the frontier. A man could swing while his lawyer was still digging up evidence.

THE LOST INDIAN MINE by Tom Moss. Just one person might have been able to gain the Indian's confidence—a white girl almost as mysterious as himself.

Also, THE FIGHT AT SALT RIVER CAVE, STAGEBARN CANYON FLOOD, MAN OF THE OLD WEST, ALEXANDRA and MEDICINE SHOW!



A LOOK AHEAD—Features in the APRIL TRUE WEST on sale February 20 include: CATTLE KINGS! (Part II); THE DERRINGER by Norman B. Wiltsey; HE BURIED THE DEAD by Harry Chalfant; WAR ON THE CIBICU by Dan L. Thrapp; HANGING OF THE HIGHBINDERS by Jack Dozier; LOST LEDGE OF GOVERNOR OTERO by Den Galbraith; LIFE AT OLD FORT HARKER by Mrs. Henry Inman—and many others plus Western Book Roundup and our Short Features Department.

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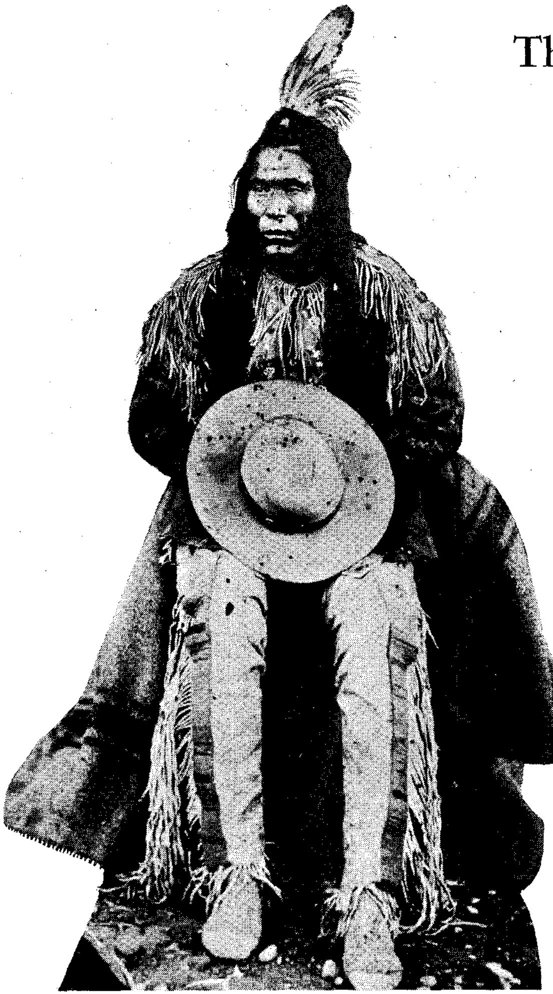

The only existing photo of Charcoal, taken a few days before his execution.

There is always a last straw that will make any man lash out against the world. For Charcoal it was an unfaithful wife

ONE BRAVE AGAINST THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED

By PHILIP H. GODSELL

All pictures with this story
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Editor's Note: A veteran Hudson's Bay Company officer, and an adopted chief of the Blackfoot, Cree and Stoney Tribes, Philip Godsell followed the trail of the outlaw, Charcoal, attended the Blood Sun Dance at Belly Butte, and obtained from old-timers and Indian witnesses first hand details of the tragedy. His original manuscript was submitted to Commissioner Stuart T. Wood, Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa, who compared it with official records and made whatever changes were considered necessary to insure accuracy.

SERGEANT WILLIAM BROOKE WILDE of the North West Mounted Police reined in his great black gelding, Major, and gazed over the mighty panorama of mountain and prairie. A couple of miles to the west the Rockies rolled down in purple convolutions to the plain, masking the entrance to the notorious Crow's Nest Pass, favorite haunt of fugitives from across the Montana border sixty miles to the south. To the east, where the grass of the prairie heaved like a straw-coloured sea, stretched the reserves of the Bloods and Piegans, branches of the once-mighty Blackfoot Confederation.

Wilde followed a trail through a fold which all but hid the pioneer settlement of Pincher Creek. As he jogged down the narrow main street between rows of shaggy Indian cayuses tied to hitching rails before stores and trading posts, he acknowledged with a laugh and a wave of the hand the raucous greetings of tweed-clad remittance men and long-limbed cowhands. Halting before the log barracks of the North West Mounted Police, the ex-Life Guardsman, who had ridden in glittering helmet and breastplate behind the royal greys of the Widow of Windsor, entered the tiny guard room and slammed his Stetson on a peg. "Well," he rolled a cigarette and turned to Constable Murison, "what's new?"

"Circle - C reports another bunch of steers missing," the Constable tossed a sheaf of papers aside. "Blames old Crow Eagle's Piegans!"

Wilde expelled a cloud of smoke. "Why," he growled, "did I ever come to this God-forsaken hole to read the riot act to a bunch of half-tamed nitches and round up rustled stock? We need a little *real* excitement to wake things up!"

And strangely, at that very moment, events were shaping up just a few short miles away that would provide not only the Sergeant but the entire Force with enough excitement to keep them on their toes for many weeks to come.

THE FEEL of autumn was in the air and already the peaks of southern Alberta's Rockies wore enough snow to sparkle in the October sunshine. Six little Blackfoot girls, quirting their ponies across the southern reaches of the great Blood Reserve, had eyes for other things. They were engaged in the prosaic occupation of scouting for wood for the teepee fires.

Troubles-Shining, her ebony locks braided tight behind her head, emitted a laughing "Ho!" and swinging her pinto toward the boundary of the Cochrane Ranch, leapt to the ground, mounted a fence and pointed toward a tumbled-down shed. Next moment she was joined by Singing-On-The-Shore and a bevy of bright-eyed girls in fluttering deerskin. Then the sharp eyes of Singing-On-The-Shore, penetrating the shadows of the shed, saw something that caused her to hiss a warning. Lying outstretched on a pile of hay was the body of young Medicine-Pipe-Stem, admired by every girl on the reserve. At first it looked as though he'd been indulging too liberally in the white man's firewater, but a second glance told the horrified girl that the handsome, six-foot Blood was dead!

Rag-Woman, her dark-fringed eyes wide with horror, warned, "There'll be much trouble if the red-coated *Shimarganishuk* hear about this. Let us say nothing." She gave the girls a sweeping glance of command. "Let us keep this a secret among ourselves."

Swayed by Rag-Woman's earnestness, and thoroughly frightened, the girls rode rapidly from the spot, all promising to remain silent. Soon they were lost to sight headed for the encampment where the Blood branch of the Blackfoot Tribe, under the direction of Farm Instructor E. McNeill, was engaged in filling hay contracts for the North West Mounted Police at Stand Off and Fort Macleod.

It is not within the bounds of human

With the discovery of the body of Medicine-Pipe-Stem, this and other groups of North West Mounted Police scoured the plains in search of the killer. Sergeant Wilde, center back row.

nature for six women to keep a secret, be they red or white. Gradually the moccasin-telegraph carried the tidings from tepee to tepee and hut to hut, till word of Medicine-Pipe-Stem's demise had reached the farthest confines of the 550 square-mile reserve and crossed its northern boundary to the lodges of the Piegans at Porcupine Hills.

ON THE EVENING of October 12, 1896, just two days after the discovery of the dead Indian's body and while the secret was still confined to the tepees of the Blackfeet, Farm Instructor McNeill lighted the coal-oil lamp in the office at the Blood Indian Agency and stepped over to the window to draw the blind. From out of the darkness came the spiteful crack of a rifle and the tinkling of broken glass. Blinded by spraying dirt from a shattered flower pot, McNeill uttered a groan and sank to the floor clutching his left side beneath the heart.

Within minutes Indian Agent Robert Wilson was administering to the wounded man with what little rudimentary knowledge he possessed. "For God's sake, McNeill," he stammered, "what happened? Tell me what happened!"

"I was standing at the window when a shot was fired," McNeill muttered with a vacant stare. "I just can't figure it out!"

Investigation disclosed that the bullet had come from out on the prairie. After striking the flower pot and seriously wounding McNeill, it had passed through the rear wall of the office, struck a window casing and fallen to the floor. "A Winchester .44," Wilson examined the spent bullet closely. "Could have come from any one of a hundred rifles around here. Must have been fired from a considerable distance. And," he adjusted the Farm Instructor's bandage, "if it hadn't been for that flower pot deflecting the bullet, Mac, you'd have been a gone goose by now!"

Hardly had McNeill been made comfortable and the flow of blood stopped before the Agency was thrown into further commotion by the precipitate entrance of Joe Makin. "Medicine-Pipe-Stem's dead," blurted the breathless trader. "I've just found his body. My wife," he explained, "heard about some women finding an Indian lying on a pile of hay in a shack near the Cochrane Ranch. Figurin' it was some young buck sleepin' off a load of hootch, I moseyed over and found him. Pipe was stretched out with his head on a beaded vest, dead as a doornail. Maybe," he suggested, "he got a load of laudanum-doctered firewater from some of them whiskey-peddlers at Fort Macleod."

"Thanks!" Wilson wearily mopped his brow. "I'll notify the Mounted Police."

What in blazes was happening, the Agent wondered. Was the restlessness, long known to have been agitating the corralled Bloods and Piegans, at last erupting into open defiance, and was this to end in another mess like the bloody massacre at Frog Lake?

What connection could the attempted murder of McNeill have with the death of young Pipe? Confused and not a little alarmed, Wilson promptly got in touch with Superintendent Sam Steele, Officer Commanding "D" Division of the North West Mounted Police at Fort Macleod.

A few hours later Constable Murison and Police Sergeant W. D. Anderson drove up to the deserted cattle shed guided by Police Scout Falling-Pine. The body disclosed no sign of violence. For a moment the doctor seemed puzzled, then flicked open the left eyelid, stained with a speck of dried blood, and whistled softly. The eyeball was gone—driven into the head by the impact of a bullet which had torn away the roof of the mouth and fractured the jawbone.

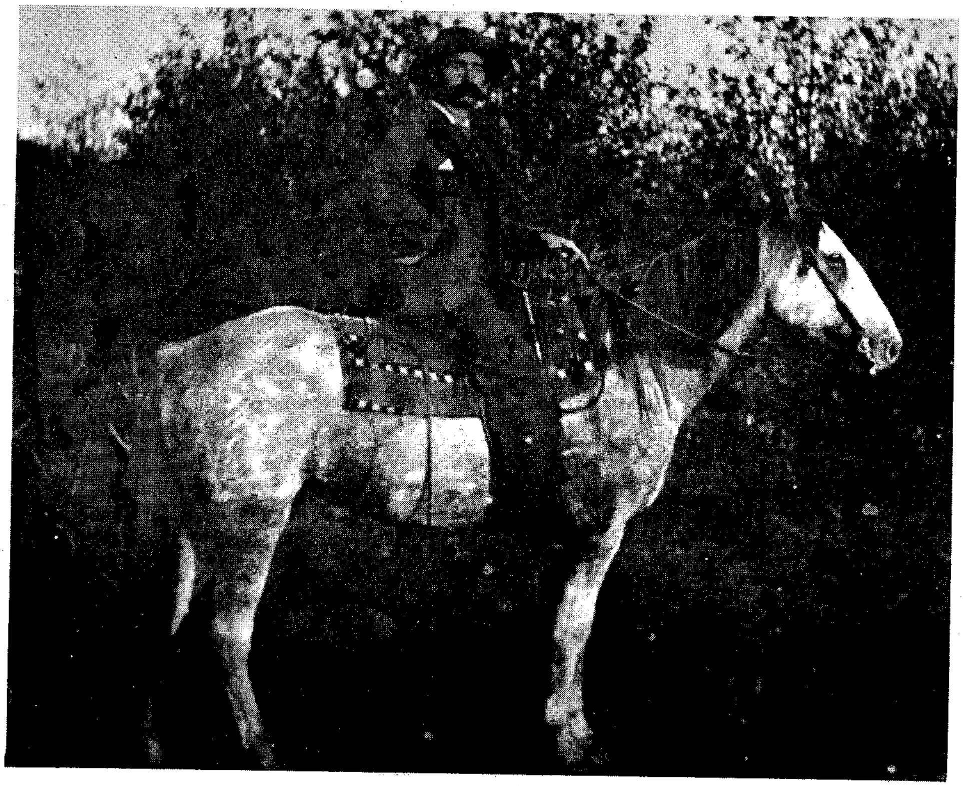
"This man's been murdered!" he straightened up, "death took place at least ten days ago but the frosty weather helped preserve the body."

Loading the remains into a wagon, they drove back over the rutted trail to Fort Macleod where a coroner's jury lost little time in bringing in a verdict of murder by a person, or persons, unknown, the .44-40 bullet found lodged in the brain affording no clue to the identity of the killer.

"It looks to me," said Superintendent Sam Steele, "as though some woman is behind this business. It's important to get the murderer just as quickly as we can to show these Indians we're standing for no nonsense." He turned to Inspector A. M. "Buz" Jarvis. "I'm leaving this whole investigation to you, Jarvis. Check up with Wilson and see what's behind this attempt to kill McNeill!"

CONVINCED there was some connection between the killing of Pipe and the attempt on McNeill's life, Jarvis methodically combed the reservation and grilled each buck and squaw. The dead man. he learned, had been missed by relatives for quite a few days, though none knew anything of his movements. Everywhere Jarvis was met with tight lips and granite faces, his approach usually being the signal for squaws to peg down tepee flaps or barricade cabin doors.

As for the Indian Agent, he was as befogged as anyone. "Just a couple of weeks ago," Wilson recalled, "I warned



Medicine-Pipe-Stem to watch his step and lay off the women. He stamped to and fro and added ruefully, "But those women simply wouldn't leave him alone."

"Who's suspect?" the Inspector asked. "You must have someone in mind when you took the trouble to warn him."

"Eagle Moccasin for one," the Agent remarked thoughtfully. "They quarreled some time ago and there seems to have been bad blood between them since. Then," he tapped his pipe thoughtfully on the cuspidor, "there's those whiskey traders around Fort Macleod that Pipe-Stem informed on a couple of months back. They swore they'd get him before they left the country. Again, there may be a woman behind it somewhere."

Eagle Moccasin, it turned out, had made himself scarce, having skipped out some time before to visit the American Blackfeet over in Glacier National Park. For a moment, at least, he was beyond the reach of the Mounted Police; the whiskey-runners, too, had disappeared across the border somewhere in the Cutbank or Shelby country.

Frustrated at every turn, and realizing that delay in arresting the killer might have a serious effect on the prestige of the handful of Mounted Police delegated to keep order, Jarvis decided to avail himself of the Blood Indian Police Scouts, despite the fact that if one of their own tribe were concerned, they were likely to be tight-lipped and forgetful.

Rounding up Green-Grass, Many-Tail-Feathers and Falling-Pine, he turned them loose with orders to scout the tepees, listen to lodge-fire gossip, and report any clues they might stumble across.

Above, Sergeant Brooke Wilde, shot by Charcoal as he attempted to arrest the fleeing Indian. Left, a 1951 photo of ex-Mountie Colonel William Cox who narrowly escaped being shot in the head by Charcoal. An attempt to kill R. N. Wilson (below) resulted in the wounding of Farm Instructor McNeill.

Back at Fort Macleod, Jarvis decided to drop in on Kamoose Taylor, colorful proprietor of the notorious Macleod Hotel. Ex-missionary, and cattle rustler, whiskey runner, gambler and squawman, Kamoose usually knew everything that was going on.

Down the muddy main street a string of bull-teams was just pulling out for Fort Benton on the Missouri. The Inspector gazed idly at the placard above the hotel desk which displayed the "Rules of the House":

Boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.
Every known fluid (except water) for sale at the bar.
Towels changed weekly—Insect powder for sale at desk.
All guests are requested to rise at 6 a.m. The sheets are needed for tablecloths.

"Hey, Buz!" The foghorn voice of the stocky, heavily-bearded Kamoose boomed out as he rolled in from the bar. "What's it going to be?"

"Just a few words with you, Kamoose."

WHEN JARVIS departed he headed for the southern part of the reserve. There, acting on Kamoose's suggestion, he proceeded to interrogate certain squaws and half-breed girls married to white trappers and ranchers. Suddenly, the stalemate which had paralyzed the investigation was broken.

From a comely half-breed, Ann Healy, the Inspector learned that a couple of weeks before, Bad-Young-Man—more popularly known as Charcoal—a quick-tempered and athletic young brave with five squaws in his harem, had returned unexpectedly to his tepee to find his latest and prettiest addition, Pretty Wolverine, in a nearby clump of poplars being courted by Medicine-Pipe-Stem. Though chased away from the vicinity, the amorous and insistant young brave, with the ready connivance of the girl, had continued his illicit lovemaking whenever Charcoal was busy haying, only to be caught again and threatened with the vengeance of an outraged husband.

On the day of Medicine-Pipe-Stem's disappearance, the girl related under judicious prompting, Charcoal had ordered his wife to help tramp hay into the rack, but Pretty Wolverine had other ideas. "I'm sick in the head," she told him, "I can't go."

Charcoal, with jealousy searing his soul, had forced the girl to accompany him and kept an alert eye on his rival. Wielding a scythe in the shadow of a willow-clump, he watched Medicine-Pipe-Stem wander toward the deep grass and disappear. About the same time, Pretty Wolverine, with the cunning of her namesake, contrived to slip out of sight. Charcoal spotted the horses of the pair grazing nearbv, trailed Medicine-Pipe to the broken-down cattle shed, and a few moments later was peering through a crack. Within, as he'd expected, he saw the young girl and the Indian making love. Beside himself with anger, Charcoal had dragged the girl back to his lodge, and nobody had seen Medicine-Pipe-Stem since. Such was the gist of the half-breed girl's story, drawn from her by patient and persistent questioning.

Exultant though he was at this fortunate lead, Jarvis' mind still remained perplexed as he jogged toward the Agency. What possible connection could there be between Charcoal's probable slaying of the Indian who had played fast and loose with his wife, and the attempted murder of McNeill? When he reached the Blood Agency, Falling-Pine was awaiting him, bronzed features impassive but not so blank that the Inspector didn't realize something had happened.

The scout expelled a puff of acrid *kinni kinnick* and fixed his beady eyes unwinkingly on Jarvis. "Charcoal, him heap crazy."

Then in the sonorous Blackfoot tongue he told the first chapter in a drama that was to send the Mounted Police on one of the most grueling and thankless chases in all their colorful history. Tragedy and terror were waiting on the rolling prairies of the West.

SHORTLY after his talk with the Inspector, Falling-Pine had left the other scouts and ridden back to his tepee. After dark he'd been awakened by the snorting of horses, and a moment later a shadowy figure had slunk into his lodge carrying a gun. Stirring the embers of the lodge-fire so that they cast a flickering light on the stranger, he recognized Charcoal.

"I'm in trouble," Charcoal told him as he devoured the *ponasked* antelope meat the squaws hastened to set beside him. "I've killed that dog—Medicine-Pipe-Stem. Now I'm going to leave the reserve and hunt a living in the mountains and I'll shoot any red-coated *Shimaganis* dog who tries to follow me!"

"The *Shimaganishuak* have already found the body of Medicine-Pipe-Stem," Falling-Pine informed him. "They think," he added craftily," that some white man killed him."

As Charcoal gulped down the food, Falling-Pine was turning things over in his subtle mind. True, Charcoal was an Indian like himself, but he had committed murder—he was a dangerous man. Falling-Pine knew enough about his people to realize that when one of them got desperate he often went berserk, killing for the mere sake of killing, sparing neither friend nor foe while the blood-lust was upon him. While he was still deliberating whether to "turn policeman," capture the killer, and turn him over to the Red Coats, Charcoal suddenly leapt to his feet, dived out of the tepee and disappeared. Falling-Pine's frightened squaws had grabbed up their children and fled to another lodge.

The Scout followed Charcoal's trail at dawn and overtook him at sunset camped with his four young squaws, his mother-in-law, and two young sons in a small tepee in Bull Horn Coulee. Falling-Pine thought he had induced Charcoal to return to the reserve but something seemed to arouse his suspicion after he and his squaws had returned to the scout's tepee.

"You're trying to fool me," he had suddenly snarled. Once planted inside the killer's mind, suspicions crystallized into certainty. Shamming sleep, he must have watched as Falling-Pine wormed stealthily beneath the tepee cover and hurried over to Big Snake's lodge to enlist his aid in tying up the murderer. For when he and Big Snake slunk back, Charcoal, with his horses, squaws and baggage had completely disappeared.

Inspector Jarvis and Indian Agent Wilson listened with mixed feelings to the scout's story. The Agent had good reason to believe that Medicine-Pipe's avowed enemy, Eagle Moccasin, was the the culprit. Furthermore, though Charcoal had been given the name "Bad-Young-Man" by his people, he had led a blameless life except for his mania for grabbing up all the good-looking young squaws for his harem. "Is that all Charcoal told you?" Jarvis fixed a cold deliberate eye upon the Indian. "Did he say anything about McNeill?"

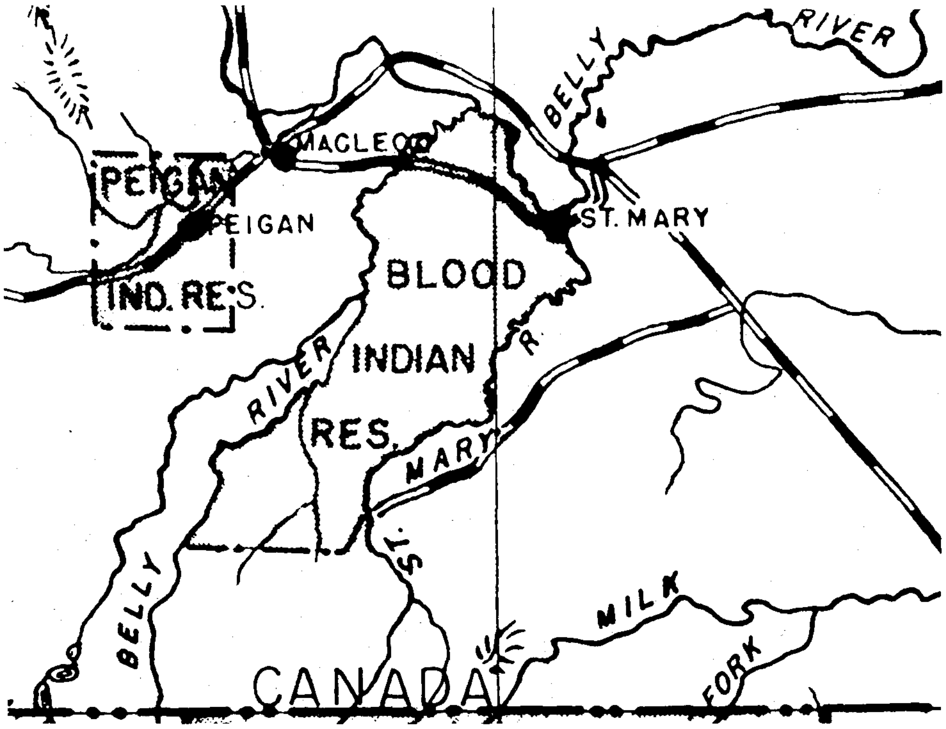
"Charcoal said that after he'd killed his wife's lover he decided to get rid of all his enemies who were trying to keep the Indians penned up like cattle in a corral, so he'd tried to shoot 'Wilson, the Indian Agent.' When he couldn't get you," the Blackfoot told the amazed Wilson, "he decided to shoot McNeill instead. Now he says he's going to shoot Chief Red Crow because he's too friendly with the whites!"

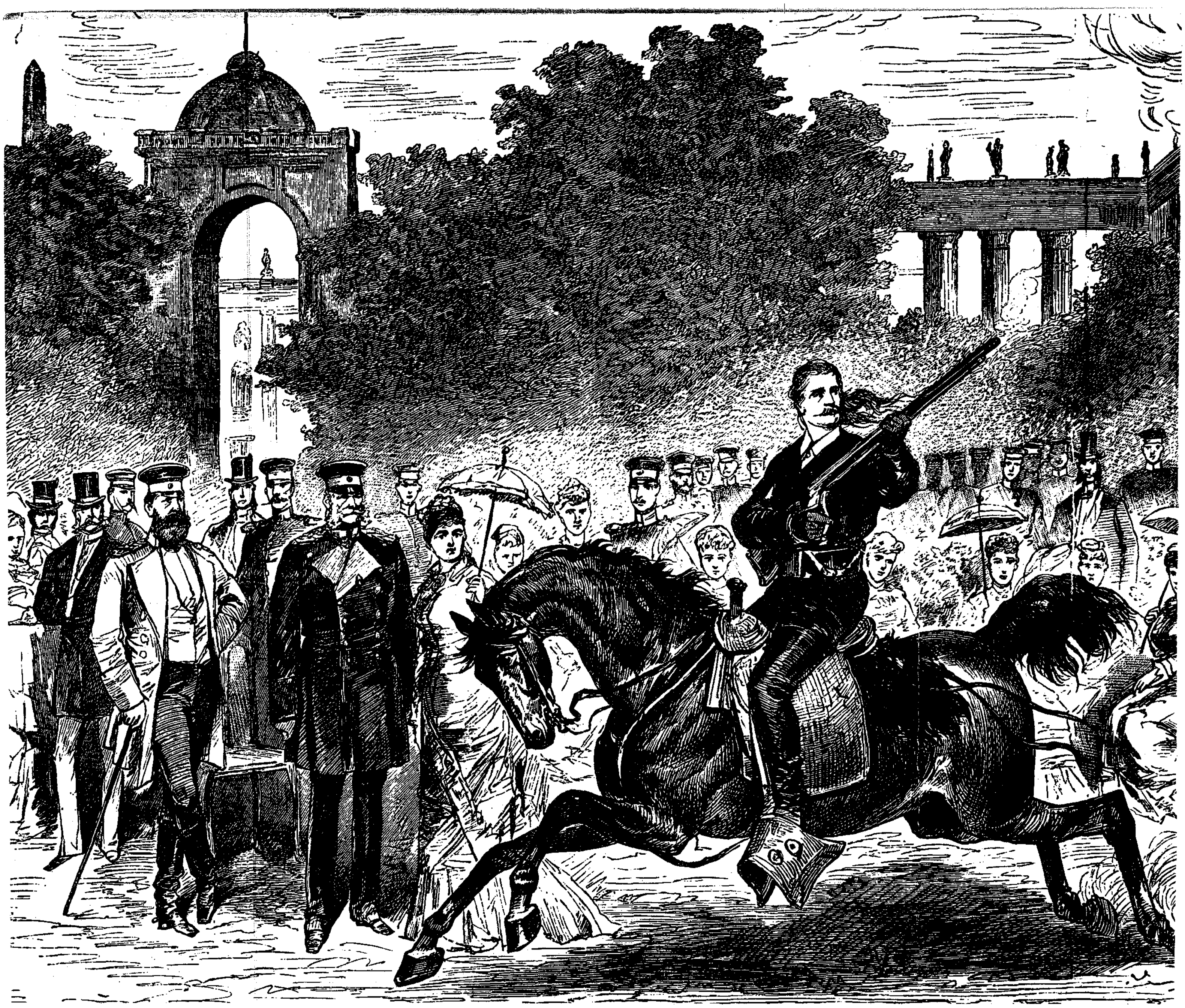
CERTAIN NOW that his worries were about over, Jarvis swung into action. There would be no trick to running down a killer burdened with squaws, baggage and other encumbrances. A hurried message to Superintendent Steele at Fort Macleod galvanized the Force into action. Steele promptly threw a cordon of scarlet-coated riders along the line of Charcoal's flight and across the base of Porcupine Hills. While "Buz" Jarvis, guided by Blood scouts, scoured the valleys in the direction in which the fugitive appeared to be heading, another posse rode out of Fort Macleod to prevent his escaping eastward. Still another galloped out of Lees Creek to the southeast to cut off possible escape into the draws and coulees of the Rockies. To close the gap a fourth patrol headed by the redoubtable Sergeant Wilde barred the way through the rock-walled Crow's Nest Pass and the canyons leading across the British Columbia boundary into the Kootenay.

For six days the dragnet of red-coated riders, muffled in otterskin caps, short buffalo coats and moccasins against the cold, combed prairie, forest and foothills, but Charcoal seemed suddenly to have dropped completely off the face of the earth. Despite Scout Many-Tail-Feathers' insistence that the fugitive had crossed the International Boundary to seek sanctuary at Chief Mountain, sacred to the Blackfeet as the nest of the mysterious "Thunder Bird," Jarvis divided his party and continued to spur on,

(Continued on page 54)

Blood Indian Scout, Rides-At-Dawn (above), captured Charcoal's fleeing wives. Below, a map of the area covered in the pursuit.





This artwork depicts Carver shooting on horseback for Kaiser William I at Potsdam, June 19, 1880. Facing this group were 40,000 soldiers.

Author's Note: Sixty years ago I was a great admirer of Buffalo Bill Cody, and when not out hunting with my Stevens Crack Shot rifle I was reading his fictitious adventures in the Buffalo Bill Boys Library. One day while thus enthralled I informed my mother: "Buffalo Bill is the greatest shot in the world!" Unimpressed, she took a pan of hot biscuits from the oven of our old wood stove, set them on the table and without looking at me said: "Doctor Carver was the best. He used a Winchester and shot glass balls from horseback. I saw him at Kansas City." I was scandalized that a woman would dare question my knowledge of shooting. She made good biscuits, but she had never brought home fourteen dead squirrels as I had the day before. But fortunately for me I swallowed my anger, picked up my .22 and went to the woods to cool off. Twenty-five years later Carver told me: "Thorp, I wish you had been with me all the way—I'd have made your everlasting fortune." But the rifle king died before he could make me rich, and thirty years after his death I secured his scrapbooks—which he'd intended me to have in the beginning—and became his biographer.

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1878 (eighty-four years to the day before I set these words to paper) at Oakland Driving Park (otherwise known as Shell Mound) in Oakland, California, a rifle shoot—a one-man show—was coming to a close. It being Washington's Birthday, the San Francisco-Oakland ferries had brought many spectators.

Holding in his hands a Winchester Model 1873 .44-40 rifle, a tall, iron-framed man stood beside a table on which lay five additional guns and a basket of cartridges. The basket was almost empty. Two men who had been tossing hollow glass balls into the air stood thirty feet distant, and one of them called, "It's the last round," and he nodded.

Fourteen of the spheres were thrown upward one after another so quickly that the marksman had to work the lever very fast in order to break them all. Then one of the tossers stood with two of the balls in his hands and shouted, "A double for the last one, Doc!" and threw them about five seconds apart. As the first one began its drop the two crossed in the air and in that instant the rifleman raised his gun and at the report they disappeared.

Scorekeeper Richard L. Ogden, President of The Sportsman's Club of California, came forward with his tally sheet. "That's it, Doc." he said. "Counting the last shot as one, you have broken 885 out of the 1,000."

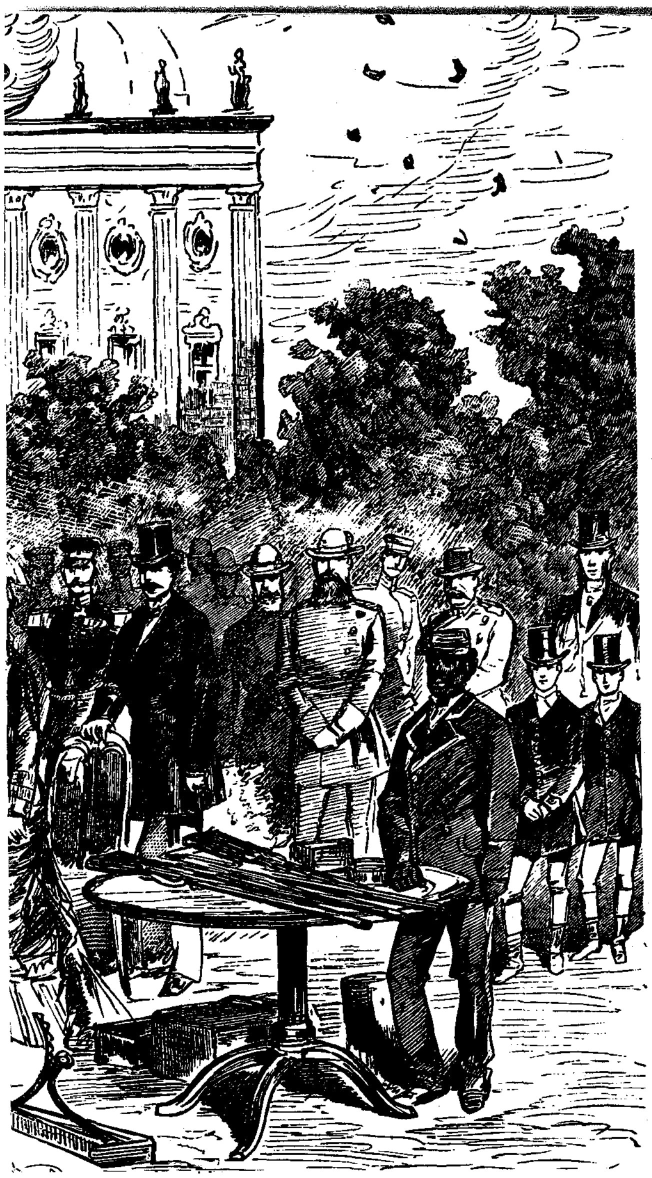
The marksman shook his head. "Not so good," he said. "I could have broken a hundred more on horseback. Why, even Frank Frayne broke 700."

"Frank Frayne shoots in an enclosure with a .22 caliber rifle," Ogden reminded him. "I doubt that he could break 7 out of 10 with a .44."

Just then a man came through the crowd carrying two heavy gun cases. He was William Stuart, the club secretary, and he laid the cases on the table and removed the rifles from them. They were late model Winchester .44s, heavily engraved and gold-mounted, with rosewood stocks and fore-ends.

"Almost didn't make the boat," he exclaimed. "These are from the Winchester agent." He read from a printed card attached to one of the guns: "To William F. Carver, Champion Shot of the World and Our Best Salesman. Oliver F. Winchester."

The shooter took up one of the hand-



He made Winchester a household word

RIFLE KING

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy the Author

some pieces and his eyes sparkled as he hefted it. "I'll try them out tomorrow," he said.

THE MARKSMAN was "Doc" W. F. Carver, who had engaged to shoot at 1,000 balls against Dr. Ruth who used a shotgun. Ruth shot at 50 balls, missed 10, and quit. A stipulation made by Ruth had required Carver to use a .22 Ballard rifle, as his remarkable accuracy with heavier arms was well known to Californians. Two months before, using a .44 Winchester, Carver had broken 50 straight balls from the bare back of a running horse.

Now, with Ruth gone, he elected to shoot on, but using heavy artillery. He was a plainsman who had come to California two years before from Nebraska where he had originated shooting at targets from horseback. Shooters were watching his every move.

The following day he took the two new rifles down to the bay and tried them out. He killed a flying gull at 300 yards, 6 out of 7 in a flock, and hit 48 out of 50 small stones thrown into the air. Said the Oakland *Times*, "He thinks the guns are a compliment to him, but we think it is a greater compliment to them."

Doc had practiced hard, and was about to take wing. He cared nothing for the accepted amenities of shooting. At Chico a man named Dick Waite asked him if the Winchester was his favorite gun. "I like it better than any other," he replied, "but the kind of gun does not matter."

Waite handed up a minie-ball musket, and with it Doc broke 7 straight balls. Then, stating that he did *not* care to buck 77 grains of powder all day, he fired it from the hip and smashed a tossed ball and handed it back.

From Chico he went to San Jose, Sacramento, Carson City, Virginia City and Salt Lake. Reporters followed him in droves. "He can hit anything large enough to be seen," said the Salt Lake *Tribune*. But now he faced the morning sun, and crossed the continent like a tornado, his rifle against shotguns and his challenges racing ahead of him. He had tarried long enough.

Charles Gove of Denver was the Rocky Mountain champion, and Doc bet $500 to $300 that his rifle could beat Gove's shotgun. The match took place at the Fair Grounds, 100 shots each at glass balls. Gove broke 47 out of 50 and then Doc stepped to the score and broke 48. He was asked to continue, and broke 49 out of the second 50.

Old Man Gove—he was over seventy—stepped to the score resignedly. He had never made 50 straight hits before, but he must do it now just to tie. A man told Doc, "See the old man droop. He is as poor as a church mouse, and borrowed the $300 from friends."

Before the trap could be sprung Doc stepped up to the score and exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Gove, there's no use in wasting ammunition. I know you can tie me. We'll just draw down the stakes." Turning to the crowd, he added, "Some of the champions can't shoot 50 straight. I consider Mr. Gove one of the best. He can beat all the young men in the country."

At Omaha Doc was matched with the same stakes against John W. Petty, the Midwest Champion. Five strings of 100 glass balls each, under the auspices of the Omaha Sportsman's Club. He broke 487 to Petty's 478, and then gave an exhibition. He surprised everyone by shooting tossed coins while riding bare-

Carver at Louisville in 1883, when he returned from abroad. The medals are all for championships.

back at full speed, shooting alternately from right and left shoulders. Everyone noted that he always shot with both eyes wide open, a style he had originated. They were brown eyes, and this destroyed another old canard to the effect that gray-eyed men are the best shots.

These were his old Plains neighbors, and he featured hip shooting with a Springfield needle gun, his old buffalo rifle. A friend handed him a .44 Henry, and he took it and destroyed coins as fast as they could be thrown. With a party he went down to the Platte River and with his Winchester killed three teal ducks, one coming head-on, one straight overhead, and the last going away from him.

HIS FAME ran ahead of him like a prairie fire. The Des Moines *Register* stated, "The shooting he does is beyond belief unless it is seen." At Chicago he was met by the leading sportsmen. He went out to Dexter Park and, shooting a Spencer repeater from the hip, smashed glass balls as fast as they could be thrown. He also performed with a .50 Sharps, and at Saddle Rock Smith's grounds on Lake Shore Drive killed a duck so far out over the water that it could barely be seen.

A hundred wing shots met him at Cincinnati to learn "his trick." They found only skill, and the *Enquirer* headlined, "Greatest Shot in the World Arrives." At Detroit the *Free Press* hailed him as "Deadshot Carver, The Man of The Hour." The *Leader* at Cleveland went even farther, "Boss Shot of the Universe Arrives." A gigantic press of people met him at Pittsburgh.

Meanwhile shooting circles were rocking with angry laughter over a trick played by Captain Bogardus, the champion. On January 3 last Bogardus had held an endurance shooting contest at Gilmore's Garden, New York City. He had broken 5,000 glass balls out of 5,156 in 500 minutes, using 10 and 12 gauge shotguns. Since this was at least 300% better than his usual shooting, the California *Spirit of the Times* had investigated. The balls were of Bogardus' manufacture, and hundreds of them had been broken by his own workmen by having the necks snapped off them.

Said the editor of the *Spirit*, "The trapper, Dr. Talbot, could not have been ignorant of the trickery. Scorer T. C. Banks (Editor of *Forest & Stream*), at the least was not acute of perception. If the referee, Miles Johnson, was not a party to the fraud, he is the phenomenal fool of the age, and should have his head trepanned and a few brains injected with a syringe." It was upon this ludicrous note that Doc invaded New York City like a breath of fresh air.

The newspapers of the metropolis of the East put out the red carpet for the representative of the metropolis of the West. Said the *Sun*, "The Wonder of the Pacific Coast In New York's Streets. Shoots Better From Horseback Than Others Who Stand Still!" At New Haven Doc was greeted by William Winchester and other notables. "He is the wonder of the age," Winchester told reporters. He threw up 18 silver dollars and Carver hit them all.

Doc had told the New Yorkers that in reply to Bogardus' trick shoot he would hit 5,500 balls with solid bullets in 500 minutes, so he returned to train for the endurance feat. Famous men gathered round him to help. A Negro was employed to cool his guns in tubs of ice water, and his gun handlers were Colonel Horace Fletcher, Arizona John Burke, Ira Paine (from whom Bogardus had won the championship), and J. P. Hill, formerly of Berdan's Sharpshooters. Loading guns for him was Texas Jack Omohundro, a fellow hunter from the Nebraska plains who had been stranded in the East when one of Buffalo Bill Cody's cheap stage plays failed.

On July 4, 5, and 6 Doc trained at Brooklyn Driving Park. On the second day Major Fulton of the U.S. Rifle Team (Creedmore) came out to see the trickery. Doc handed him one of his .44s and he missed 14 tossed balls, but hit the fifteenth. "You stay with me, Major, and I'll teach you how to shoot a rifle," Doc told him, and he replied, "Maybe I'll take you up on that."

Carver then took the same gun and, shooting against time, broke 108 out of 122 tossed balls in 3 minutes, 53 seconds. A man called his attention to a passing bumblebee, and he destroyed it with one shot. Then he shot an exploded shell from between the fingers of Hill, the sharpshooter, who said, "I'd hold up a fly by its hind legs if I had one."

T. C. Banks had criticized Doc in his columns as a "humbug," and now that Carver was on his home grounds came out to see what made him tick. He brought with him the cheapest .44 Winchester on the market, and with it Doc hit 42 out of 50 tossed balls. Then, adjusting the sights, he hit 53 out of 63 tossed coins, many of them three-cent pieces. He then made a double shot, one from the shoulder and the other from the hip, smashing glass balls.

A man held up a .44 cartridge and Carver told him to throw it; as this was done Doc nonchalantly fired and separated the case from the bullet and with a quick second shot fused the two bullets. Paine, the former champion, exclaimed, "He is the only man in the world I could not have equalled when in my best form." Texas Jack said, "He was the best shot ever known on the western plains." On the last day Doc mutilated more than 1,000 coins of all sizes, and scores of small boys who trusted in his deadly aim moved before him across the field, gathering them up. One lad caught a quarter with a hole in it and held it up.

On Friday, July 11, *Forest & Stream* carried a flamboyant apology from the editor who belatedly eulogized Carver; and two days later Doc began his 5,500 ball shoot. All day long his .44 Winchesters roared and the glass flew. The papers were full of his marksmanship, and the park was filled to overflowing. The German Sheutzen Clubs from New Jersey attended, amazed that a man could hit flying targets using a large calibered gun.

The day was hot and humid, and the shooter's eyes became inflamed from a backlash of black powder. Texas Jack explained that water remaining in the magazine after cooling caused the trouble. The total score was 5,500 hits out of 6,212 in 7 hours, 38 minutes and 30 seconds, according to *Forest & Stream's* official tabulation. The New York *World* titled Doc "The Human Mitrailleuse."

IN SEPTEMBER, on his way to the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul, Doc made shooting stops at Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester, Sing Sing and Buffalo. At the Fair he shot half-dollars for presentation to President and Mrs. Hayes. Someone along the way had told him that it was unlawful to destroy or mutilate U.S. coins, but instead of having him arrested Mr. Hayes called him to the Presidential box and congratulated him. Learning that he was scheduled to shoot next at the Pittsburgh Exposition, the President, who was headed there, invited Doc to go along with his party.

At Pittsburgh Mrs. Hayes sent up four quarters, and the shooter put a hole through each. Peculiarly, the wind carried one of them right into her lap. Mr. Hayes again called for Doc, and told him, "You are undoubtedly the greatest shot of all time, and I am going to have a medal struck attesting to this."

Mr. Hayes stayed only two days at the Exposition, but Carver shot there for twenty-four days and nights. The newspapers described the night work as "hours and hours of staccato thunder from his Winchester and Spencer rifles, the flashes of light amid the smoke and showering of glass fragments testifying to the presence of the exemplar of shooting art."

It was a year before Edison would invent the electric bulb, but the Exposition had electric lights. They had been invented by Walter E. Hague, and were produced by The Western Dynamo Electric Machine Company. It was here that Doc first demonstrated shooting by sound. At one time he had the lights turned off, and in the darkness hit 14 straight balls with bullets. He explained that the necks of the balls caused a whistling sound, at which he fired.

On October 29 Doc opened his shooting exhibition at the Georgia State Fair at Macon. His bride, the former Josephine Dailey of New Haven, was with

Carver surrounded by Australian shooters after he had defeated the Australian champion, Slocombe.

him, as was Texas Jack.

From Macon the party went to Eufaula, Alabama, and Thomasville and Augusta, Georgia. At Augusta he put up a prize to be shot for by the Sheutzen Club of that city. There were fourteen men shooting at ten glass balls each; one man hit one ball, and received the cup. From Augusta Doc traveled to Atlanta, then to Montgomery, Alabama, ending his tour at Savannah where he took ship for New York. When he arrived at New Haven he received a letter from President Hayes' secretary, advising him that the medal was being sent.

Since starting out from Oakland in March Carver had averaged firing 1,500 shots a day, seven days a week, which was burning a great deal of powder. He had also averaged one challenge per month to Captain Bogardus, but the old fox was in hiding. Now he sent off another, after which he took his bride for a visit to Nebraska and California. Returning in January, and finding Bogardus still mute, he took ship for England. His friend, Texas Jack, saw him off.

He came upon the London scene like a thief in the night, and on February 22, 1879, his challenge of a thousand words was published in *Bell's Life*, a great sporting publication. The British shooters wouldn't bite for two reasons, one being that he had not been properly introduced, and the other that he was considered an "upstart from the colonies."

But English showmen had been reading the news and he was immediately signed up for a year of rifle shooting at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Shooters who had spurned him stood aghast when the Prince of Wales invited him to shoot at Sandringham on April 15. The Prince held a watch and timed his shooting, and Doc more than tripled his California feat of breaking 50 glass balls on horseback, making a straight run of 153. Edward had wagered a thousand pounds with the Earl of Romney that Doc would break 100, and was jubilant. He admired the .44 Winchesters and Doc presented one to him.

Doc next performed at Aldershot, the West Point of England, before all the officers and 30,000 massed troops. In June the Duchess of Teck invited him to shoot at the Ranelagh Club. After the exhibition Doc placed her small daughter on his shooting horse, Winnemucca, and the litle girl was delighted. She later became Queen Mary.

PEOPLE came from all of Europe to watch Carver shoot at the Crystal Palace, but he wanted matches and was dissatisfied. He cabled Bogardus that he would pay his expenses to England if he would come over, but the old man did not reply. In November the Prince of Wales invited Doc to Sandringham for the second time but Carver had signed to shoot in Paris for forty-five nights by electric lights, and turned it down.

From Paris he toured the Continent. He shot for the King of Belgium at Brussels, the King of Saxony at Dresden, and twice for William I, Emperor of Germany, at Potsdam. There 40,000 soldiers watched him shoot from horseback. Prince Bismarck praised his shooting, and Field Marshal von Moltke embraced him, calling him "der wonderful doktor from der Pacific Ocean." The venerable old ruler, William I, took a coin from his pocket and said, "This is the first coin minted in Prussia during my reign. If you hit it with a rifle ball I will give you an old man's accolade." He tossed the coin, and Doc drilled a hole through the center, obliterating William's head. His grandson, Prince Wilhelm, brought the coin to the Emperor, who presented it to Carver and titled him "Der Sheutzen Konig."

Doc next shot for the Emperor of Austria-Hungary at Vienna, following which he performed at Budapest. He was becoming a little tired of giving exhibitions and when Count Wilzek, a famous stag hunter, invited him to a chamois hunt in the Styrian Mountains, he willingly went along. From there they went to the Bohemian Mountains, where they shot wild boars.

The nobleman was astounded at the long-range, deadly shooting of the American, and they became fast friends in spite of the fact that Doc outshot him on all occasions.

Carver wanted to spend Christmas in England, and in December he crossed the Channel. He had been practicing with the shotgun, for he had learned that no man in the world would shoot against his rifle. On February 7, 1881, he defeated Scott, the British live bird champion. The best of the British were notoriously

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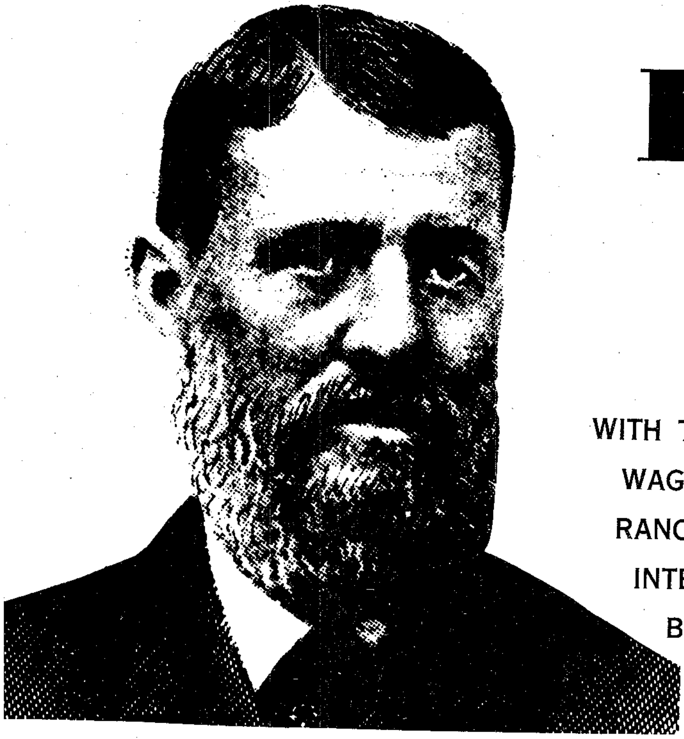


Dan Waggoner

Photos From Author
Courtesy Waggoner Estate

RANCHERO GRANDE

WITH THE SINGLE-PURPOSEDNESS OF A MACHINE, DAN AND TOM WAGGONER SET ABOUT ESTABLISHING ONE OF THE GREATEST RANCHES IN THE WEST. ONLY ONE OBSTACLE EVER SERIOUSLY INTERRUPTED THEIR PROGRESS—A FEW FEET BELOW TOM'S BELOVED RANGELAND LAY A DETESTED OCEAN OF OIL!

By WM. CX HANCOCK
and
WYLIE W. BENNETT, SR.

"WE'LL bring'er in tomorrow for sure, Mr. Waggoner," said the foreman as the well-drilling crew knocked off at dusk on a summer's day in 1903.

W. T. Waggoner, known as "Tom" wherever cowmen gathered, reappeared at the well site at sunup. A couple of hours passed while the crew feverishly made ready for the big event.

"Here she comes," said the foreman when a hissing, gurgling sound became audible.

With a pleased smile of triumph, the cattleman held his hand to the mouth of the well casing. Suddenly he jerked back a palm blackened with slimy fluid. He rubbed the black stuff between his fingers and sniffed suspiciously.

"Oil!" Tom snorted in disgust. "Close the hole!"

Ever ready to experiment with innovations which might improve his vast cattle business, he had drilled this deep well in a search for artesian water to augment the supply on his six-county, 800-square-mile pasture centering along Beaver Creek in Wilbarger County, Texas.

Even in later years when the black fluid had made him a very rich man, he displayed no love for oil. No pictures of oil production decorated his offices in Fort Worth and other cities, only those of the family and his beloved cattle and horses.

This dedication to ranching began early in life. One spring day in 1865 when a conference was held at the Dan Waggoner corrals on Denton Creek in Wise County, thirteen-year-old Tom and a couple of punchers just returned from war were reporting their findings on a check of the Waggoner range. Report: range overstocked.

Herds of other ranchers on nearby ranges were decimated, but the teen-age son had helped fight off Indian raids, rustler incursions and the assorted troubles inherent to ranching to keep the family herd intact and multiplying.

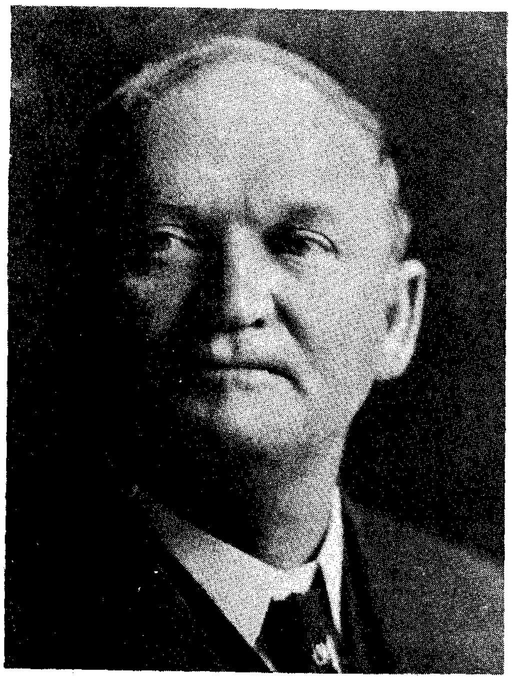
"While I scout for new range, have you any particular plans, boy?" asked his father.

"Only as always, sir," Tom is said to have replied, "to run the best cow outfit, own the best horses, and do the most work of any man in the country."

"You'll get your chance," Dan Waggoner assured him. There was deep affection between the two.

THE following year Waggoner cattle appeared on the free ranges of Clay County. Tom, who was sixteen, was placed in charge of some 6,000 Longhorns wintering along the Little Wichita River in preparation for a spring drive to Kansas markets. These cattle had been branded with the newly adopted Three Ds (in reverse) heralding the birth of the firm of Waggoner and Son

Three D steers in a cutting pen. Over 300 hands are required to keep the vast operation going.



Tom Waggoner

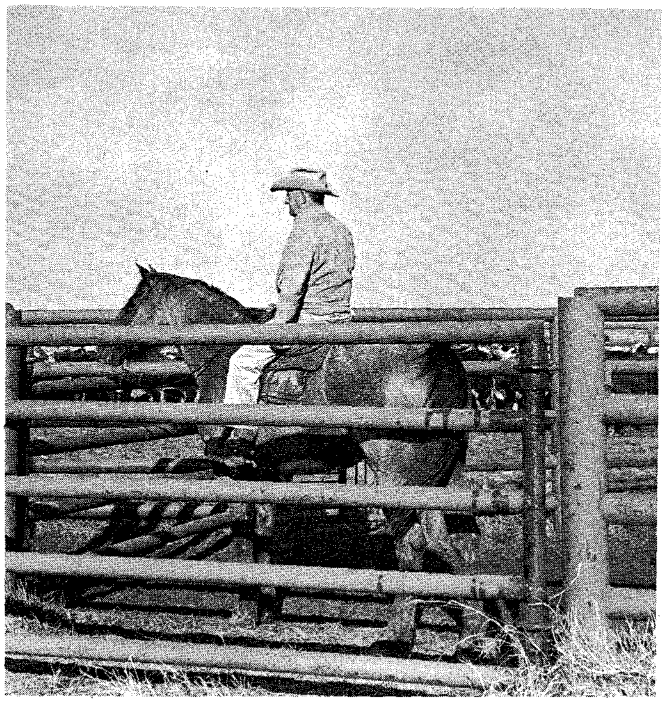
as a full partnership.

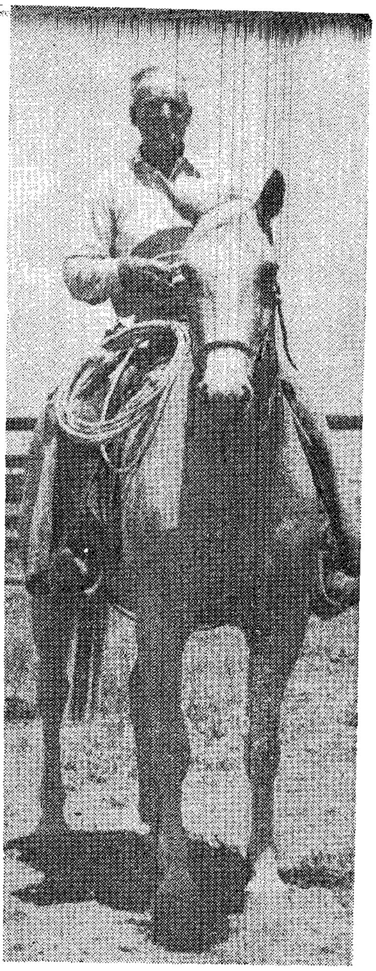
"We were holding this spread together with a handful of horses," Tom related years afterward, "and every one of those jugheads that didn't have a sore on his back had two." He was a long way from his stated objectives.

Came spring and the wild Waggoner steers on the Little Wichita were pushed by riders just as wild into Red River at old Doan's Store Crossing on the West Texas-Kansas Trail. More than 6,000,000 Longhorns headed north would plunge into Red River there before the end of the trail driving era.

When the Waggoner herd was safely across into Indian Nations country, Dan turned to his son and abruptly announced, "You are now trail boss. Get these animals to Kansas City and sell 'em. I'll meet you there. Here's $12 for expenses."

"Twelve dollars!" sputtered Tom. "Why, Pa, with all these riders and this big herd, we can't make it on that!"





Tony Hazelwood (above) fifty years with the Three Ds, forty-seven years as foreman and "best bloomin' cowhand ever" according to Tom Waggoner. Lige Reed (right) handled horses for the Three Ds for thirty years. (Below right) Tom Waggoner on his all-time favorite mount, Cowpuncher by Yellow Jacket.

"Sure you can but you'll have to go slow. Smaller outfits will drive too hard to get around you. Outfits ahead will drive too hard to stay clear of these swifties. Some of their steers will get so sore-footed they'll sneak out and drop back. Pick up such loose stuff as you go along and sell 'em for expenses."

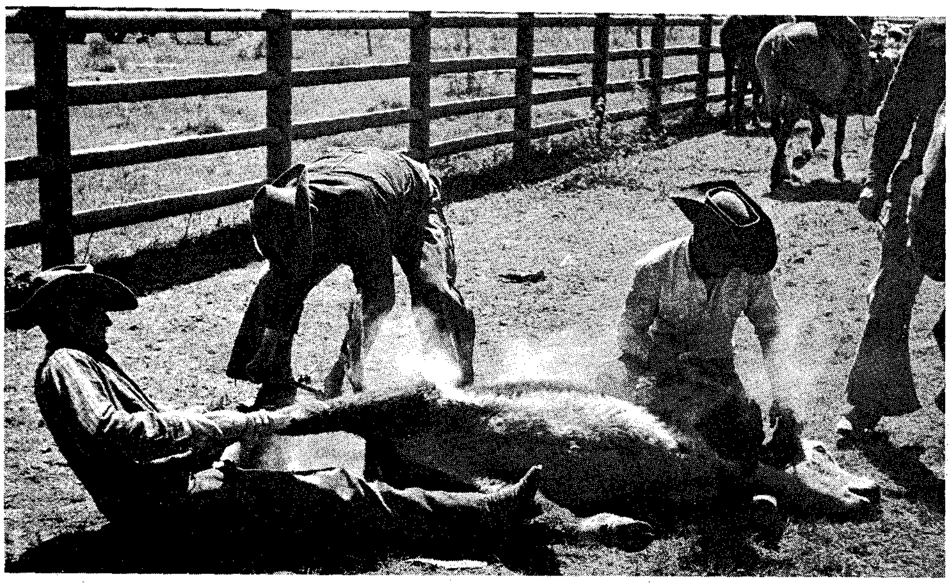
Weeks later in Kansas City Dan located his son and anxiously inquired after the cattle money.

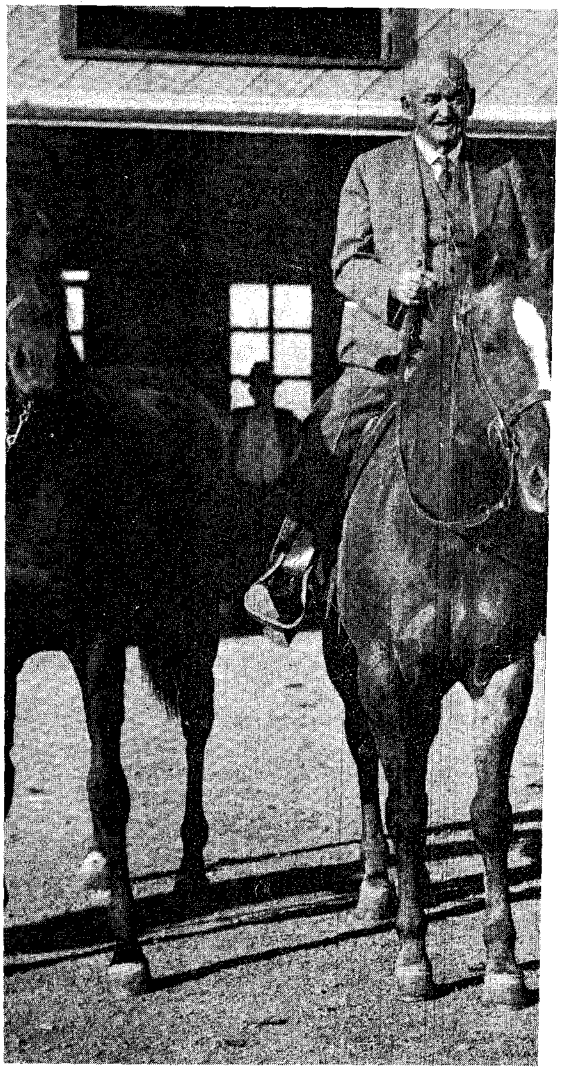
"Why, I put it in the bank," said Tom.

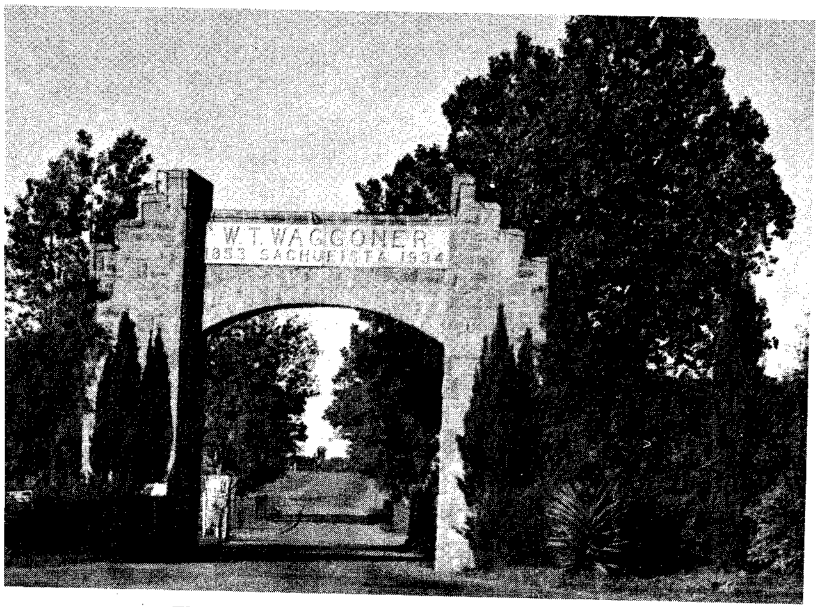
"In the bank! Good Lord! Let's get over there quick. Don't you know that thing's liable to bust on us, boy?"

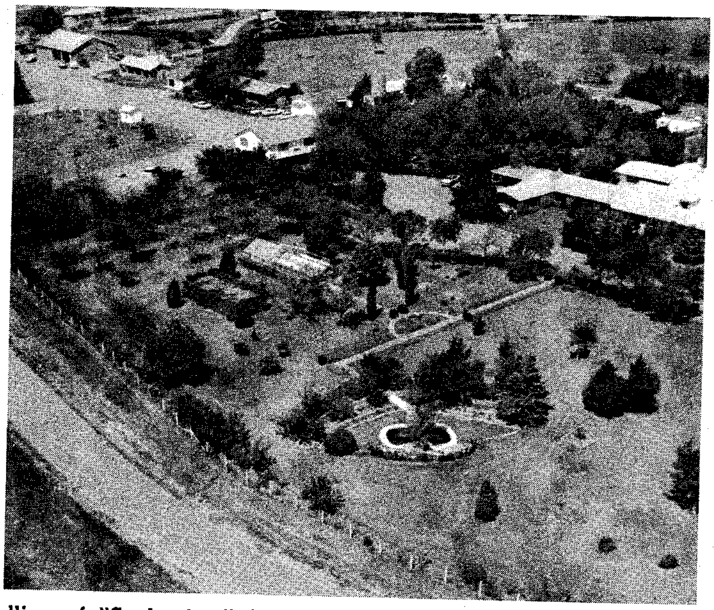
The two puffed up to the bank and found it closed. After a restless night

Assembly line production is a must on the Three Ds. Mounted cowboy at the top roped the calf and dragged it to the fire; flankers whacked the calf against the ground; one scissors it in place while another de-horns. A fourth hand brands while a fifth approaches with innoculating needle. If the calf is a male, a sixth cowboy castrates it.









The Zacaweista entrance to the ranch. Note the original spelling of "Sachueista" from the Comanche word meaning "good grass." (Right) an aerial view of Zacaweista headquarters.

they again lined up "in front of their money." Across the way an early-bird merchant was opening for business.

"Here, get us a suitcase," said Dan, flipping his son a half-dollar.

"With this?" questioned the boy.

"We need a suitcase. Skedaddle," replied the father.

Presently Tom returned with a cardboard facsimile. The pair withdrew their money—all $55,000 of it—and hit the trail for Texas. Accredited historians state that the Waggoners reached home with the money in their saddlebags, so the price must have been right on the moneybox! Anyway, this fresh money in a cash-starved economy was a treasure. With it father and son put their operation into high gear.

DID the rapidly spreading Three Ds brand represent anything in particular, strangers asked? Family spokesmen replied that the D stood for Dan, was tripled to make burning or brand changing virtually impossible, and reversed as an eye-catching gimmick. Wags came to say that DDD stood for Dough-Dough-Dough.

There is another version, explained to the writer by a grizzled rodeo entrepreneur who "got it straight from Pa." Over a dwindling jug in Wichita Falls, he asserted that the Three Ds stand for three deuces with which Tom won a fabulous stud poker pot that enabled his outfit to burst to the front in the cattle business. When this delightful bit of Texana was pooh-poohed, the teller heatedly pointed out that Tom Waggoner was famous for backing his judgment to the limit at any time.

There was fierce competition for free grass in Clay County. Other big cattlemen such as C. T. Herring, Suggs Brothers and Burk Burnett were abroad in the land. Before long Tom Waggoner and his herds were again moving west into Wichita County near the present site of Wichita Falls. He took with him his new bride, the former Ella Halsell. Soon the clan moved northwest to the juncture of China Creek and Red River.

Here Tom Waggoner found the cattle range of his dreams. His father, emigrating from Tennessee to Hopkins County, Texas, in 1840, had yearned for a great ranching business. Operating under his motto of "Pluck, not luck," he had displayed the acumen and fortitude necessary to realize most of his hopes at a time when the majority of cowmen were failing dismally.

Now the son, twenty-seven years old, gazed long at that inspiring stretch of Red River Valley and across at the rich grasslands of Indian Territory and pulsed to visions of empire. A historian was later to say, "In his own son Daniel Waggoner had created a cattleman greater than himself."

Tom had perceived the increasing danger in dependence on free grass. Already barbed wire had appeared only seventy miles to the east in Montague County. He and his father rapidly proceeded to acquire for $1 an acre the entire Red River frontage from China Creek to Pease River, a distance of some thirty miles. Then they crossed into Indian Territory and negotiated leases at one to three cents per acre for vast tracts totaling at one time or another more than 500,000 acres.

One threatening evening Tom rode up to a dugout being used as a line camp by one of his crews. A freshly arrived Philadelphia Quaker studying the needs of the Indians in the Territory had already taken refuge there. While the two were exchanging pleasantries, the toughest of the Waggoner punchers, Jimmy Roberts, rode in dragging a rattlesnake on his lariat. The snake was so large that everybody in camp gathered round in awe. The Philadelphian asked numerous questions about the rattler and upon being informed of its deadly nature,

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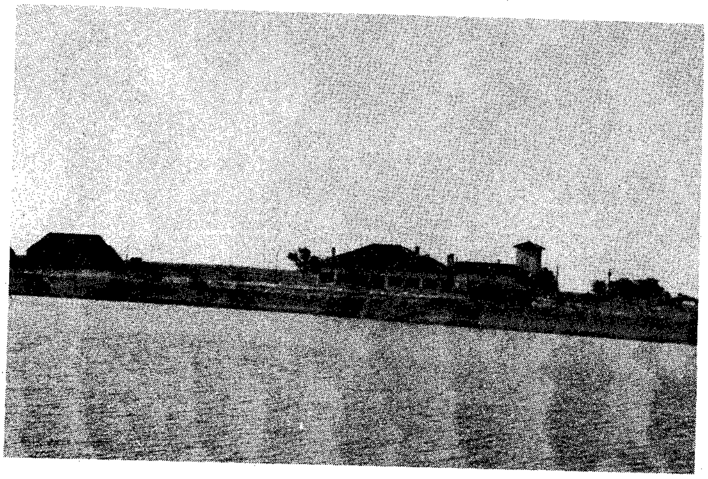
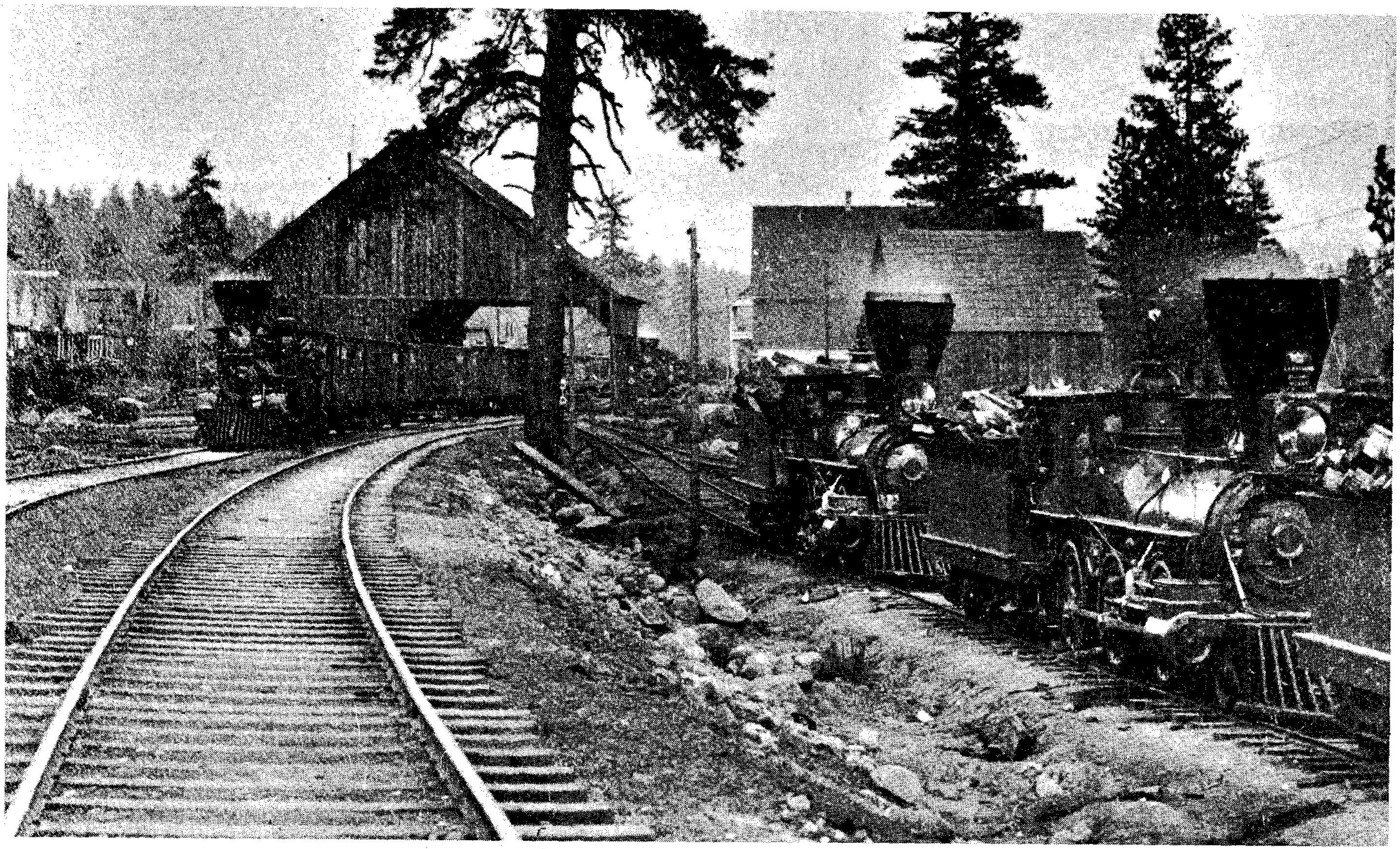
The aerial photo at left shows the Santa Rosa headquarters. Four Corners headquarters (below) is now being used for grain storage.





Nevada Historical Society

An early day shot of the Central Pacific depot at Truckee, Nevada.

Double Robbery of Train #1

By REX SMITH

Some things just can't happen—but do. This little chicken got plucked twice on the same trip in the most humiliating manner

IN THE EARLY hours of November 4, 1870, a little train crept out of the Oakland, California, station bound for Ogden, Utah, and the annals of outlaw deviltry. Central Pacific was proud of its crack Train #1 with her combination baggage-express car, daycoach and special Silver Palace car featuring ornate red silk upholstered seats, Brussels carpeting, oil lamps suspended from the ceiling and dining facilities.

Ogden was a long forty-eight hours away and Wells Fargo messenger Marshall sprawled lazily in the baggage car, now and then glancing idly at the money bags by his feet. Sixty thousand dollars in minted gold was destined for the Yellow Jacket Mine's payroll in Virginia City, Nevada. The day ended uneventfully and nightfall brought the chill early winter air whipping against her sides as the train glided down the eastern Sierra slopes. Engineer Small lost two hours when a westbound freight struck a ditch just below Cisco and he was forced to wait until the track was cleared. To make up for lost time, he pulled out all the stops at Truckee and crossed over into Nevada.

Messenger Marshall lay asleep in his chair as the train slowed for a passing track switch at Verdi, eleven miles from Reno. Seconds later seven men disguised as fishermen appeared out of the night and easily climbed aboard the crawling train. In a professional and precise fashion, passengers and crew were subdued and Engineer Small was forced to uncouple a link-pin which sent the engine coasting alone down the track for half a mile. Marshall, jolted awake by the train's stopping, had barely enough time to hide $10,000 of the gold behind some lanterns and signal flares before the gang burst into the baggage car and disarmed him.

Passengers and crew were forced outside where they huddled together after being told to "Keep those hands up and you'll keep your heads." They were still complying as they watched the bandits disappear into the underbrush with almost $50,000 in one of the first armed train robberies west of the Mississippi. The band of robbers achieved instant notoriety across the continent as the "Verdi Gang," although its scope of operations was to be short-lived.

TRAIN #1, shaken and disgraced, gathered up her lost engine and headed once more toward Ogden. Nearly four

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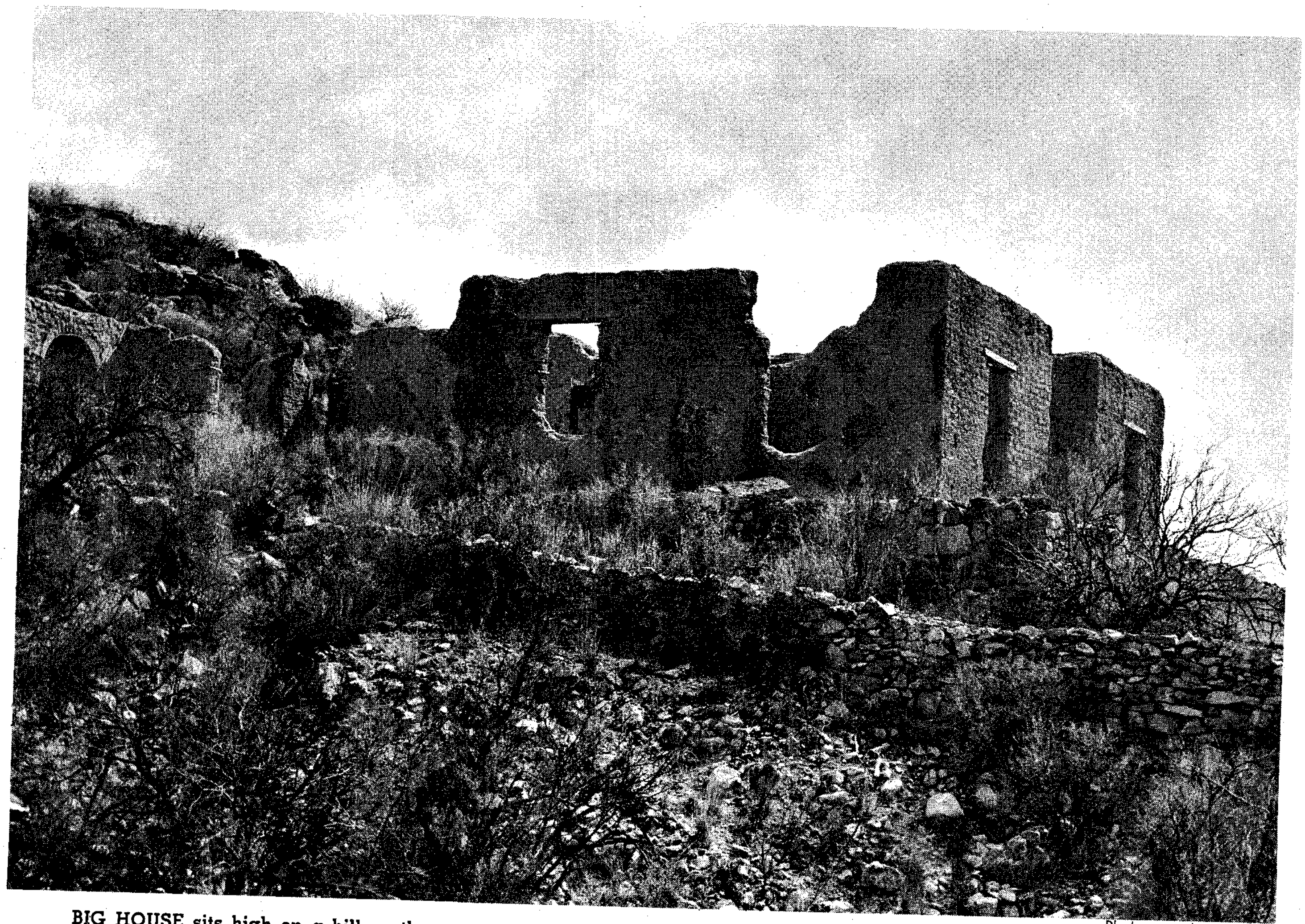


Photos courtesy author

BIG HOUSE sits high on a hill on the east side of the Rio del San Pedro. This building housed millions in bullion in its big steel vault and was the scene of a robbery and a murder.

Where Schoolboys Packed Pistols

By WAYNE WINTERS

Grass grows in the streets and the whole place is spooky. It's lonesome with the kind of lonesomeness a place has where too many men died from a case of "lead fever"

"SURE, Tombstone was tough, but if you want to see a place that was really rugged, just take the trail down to the San Pedro River where old Charleston used to be, and you'll find a ghost town where even the ghosts wear six-shooters."

I was sitting in the Palace Cafe in Bisbee, Arizona, nursing a cup of "mud" and listening to an old-timer talk. The more he rambled on the more interested I became, and when I learned that today Charleston is completely abandoned and fast disappearing, I decided that this indeed was a place worth looking into.

A few days later I drove out of Tombstone over a well-graded road and about eight miles to the southwest came upon the San Pedro River, a farm house and an abandoned railroad station. To the north of the station and on the east side of the river were extensive ruins of an old mill and smelter. There was no sign of any of the old buildings that I knew were to be found among the mesquite on the high west bank of the forty-foot stream.

Wading the Rio de San Pedro, which rises high in the mountains is hardly a pleasant pastime in the month of February but the dogs jumped in and didn't seem to find it too cold, so I followed and we were soon walking through sand on the west side, looking for an easy way up the twenty-foot bluff.

Scrambling over the edge of the bank I found myself in the sort of wonderland that every desert rat dreams of finding. Everywhere were adobe walls overgrown with thick mesquite. An old tea kettle here, an ancient beer bottle there, and over all an air of mystery prevailed. The very silence was something akin to that of an old cemetery on a hot summer night.

It was almost as if the ghosts of this one-time bawdy frontier town were walking beside me as I wound my way down deserted streets which once echoed to the footsteps of such men as the outlaw John Ringo, mining man Ed Schieffelin, and ranchers (and fighters) like Ike Clanton, John Slaughter, Billy Grounds, Zwing Hunt, Billy Claibourne, Phin Clanton, Billy Clanton, and Tom and Frank McLowery. Soldiers from Fort Huachuca, Chinese merchants, cowboys, dancing girls, gamblers, and a few dudes had thought Charleston was a good place to loaf away their lives; this was the town that was far too tough for the controversial Wyatt Earp of Tombstone.

And like Earp and all the others, it was dead, with its bones mouldering away into the dust from which it had arisen. I was glad that I had found it while some semblance of the rowdy town remained.

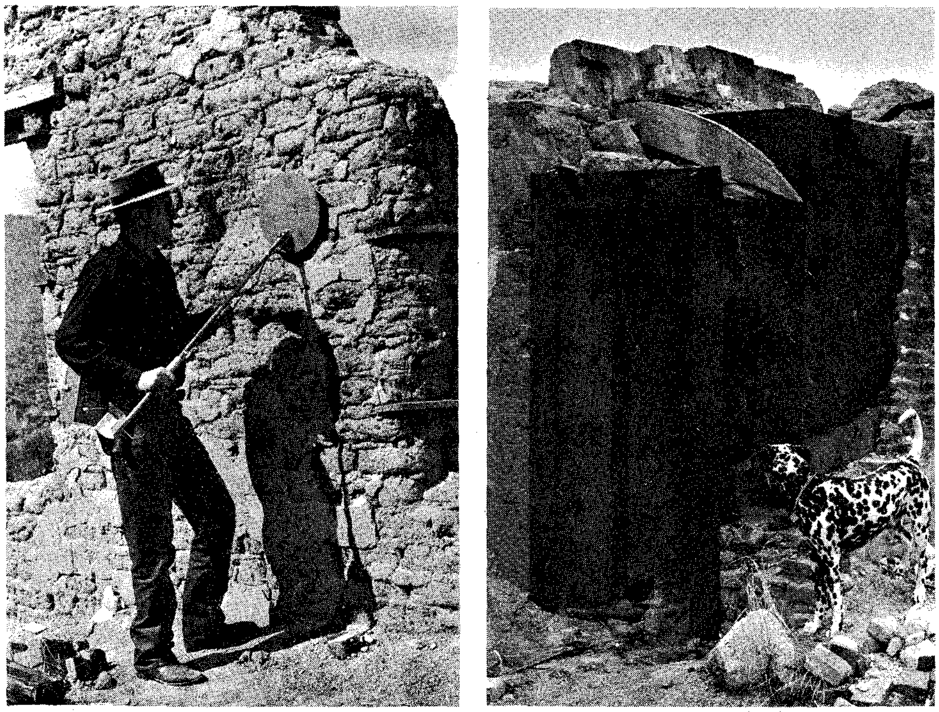
CHARLESTON, with its comparative ease of access does have a number of visitors, but few are aware of the town on the west bank and are satisfied to prowl around the old mill ruins. Many of the buildings, none of which still have roofs, windows or doors, show the scars of treasure hunters who have dug holes in almost every corner. During the last World War soldiers from nearby Fort Huachuca used part of the town in training exercises with bazooka shells and rifle fire. The adobe walls attest to their marksmanship.

Through the use of an electronic device I located the site of an old blacksmith shop, and grubbing around in the earth for a few minutes produced fourteen old ox shoes. One of these came from a depth of about two feet and I imagine I could have unearthed dozens more with a little effort.

Nearby was the site of one of the many saloons Charleston boasted. The old-fashioned beer bottles, that were evidently used before the invention of metal caps, appeared to be of the "blown" rather than the machine-made variety and all were inscribed with "Milwaukee" on the bottom.

It is still possible to make out a few streets, but I failed to locate the cemetery and its hundred or so graves. Several large cottonwoods are in the town itself, with many more along the river. Good-sized mesquite trees grow inside some of the buildings, bearing mute testimony to the years of vacancy of the townsite. Cracks in walls are said to have resulted from the earthquake of 1877 when an hour-long tremblor terrorized the community. Early reports of this quake tell how rocks rolling down the hills and crashing against one another caused sparks that fired hundreds of thousands of acres of desert and mountain lands. So dense was the smoke that residents thought the world was coming to an end and the fires were from volcanoes. Dust filled the air for hours, the whole country was blackened, but the town with its adobe buildings escaped. Much of the course of the river was changed, yet men working underground in the mines only a few miles away were not even aware of the shocks!

Just across the river on the east side is the old site of the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company. Ore was freighted from Tombstone to this and several other nearby mills along the river. This was made necessary due to the lack of water at Tombstone. Today little remains other than the foundations of the stamps and smelter and the "Big House" that served as the office and assay quarters. The thick walls give a good idea of the sturdy manner in which the building was constructed. One room still contains a steel vault, its door removed and a large hole hacked through the half-inch metal of the opposite end.



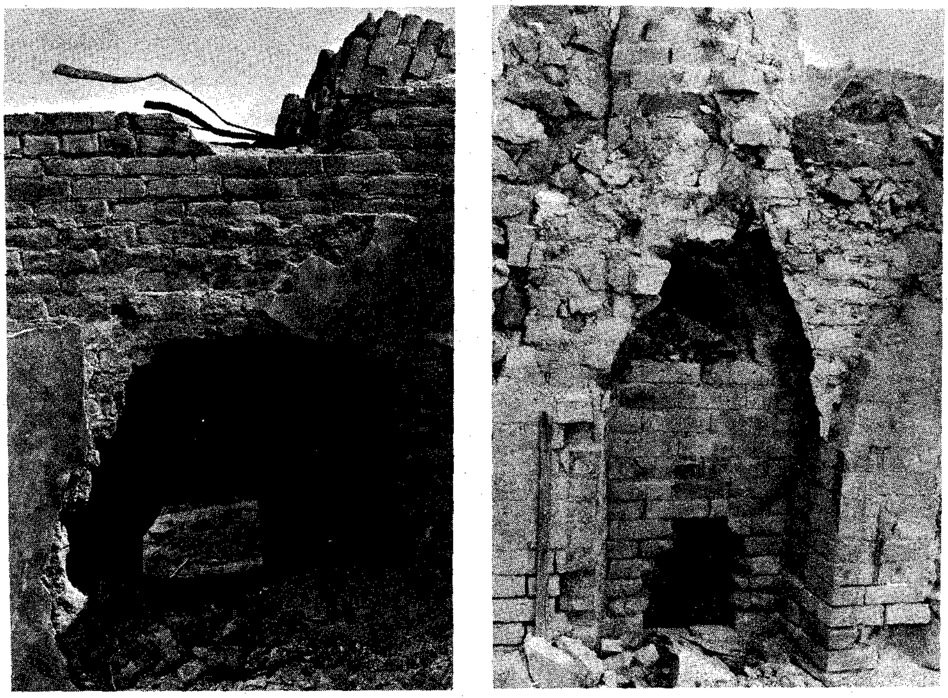
Bullion is said to be hidden in the walls of BIG HOUSE, but the metal detector (above left) fails to turn up a trace of it. The vault (above right) is where bullion was stored. This room was the scene of the robbery where M. R. Peel was murdered trying to protect the treasure.

WHILE MUCH has been written about Charleston, in many cases no two versions of any one incident agree. It is definite that the town was founded in the late Seventies (probably 1879) and that it had started downhill by 1900. The last families are said to have moved away in 1921.

Although it is difficult to separate truth from fiction at this late date, life in the old town must have been very precarious. Back in early-day Charleston, so one story goes, the schoolteacher, Professor Witherspoon, created quite a sensation by displaying a new shelf one morning with the announcement that "Hereafter pupils will check their six-shooters during school hours." The teacher didn't object in the least to his larger charges' carrying a weapon, but he did object to target practice through the school windows during study periods. The announcement came as a shock to the students, who unhappily complied. Later the parents of the community backed up the teacher and from then on, pupils checked their guns every morning as they entered the school.

In 1858 a mine was begun, close to what was to become Charleston, by Frederick Brunckow (the name has been corrupted by natives of the area to "Bronco") who was an exiled German scientist. Brunckow built a home and had begun to sink a shaft on his property, but with the shaft only four feet deep he was

The ravages of time have been helped by treasure hunters who have ransacked every old building within miles of Charleston.



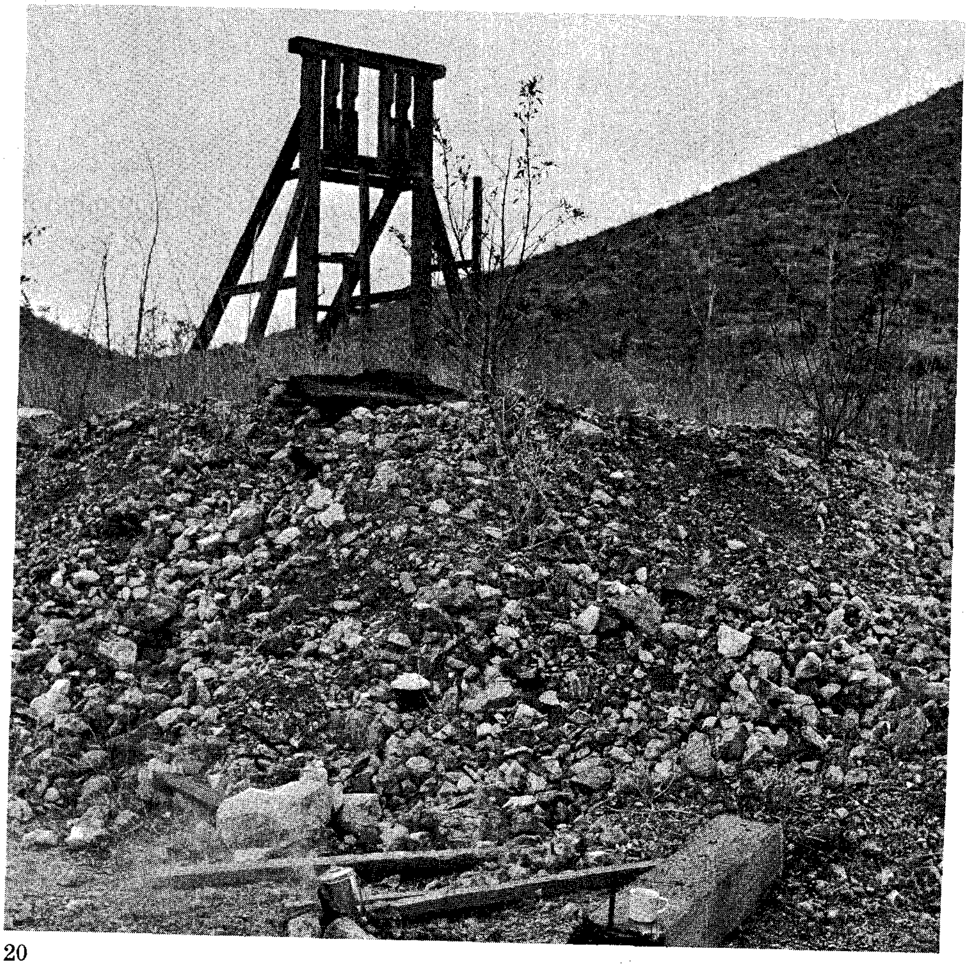
stopped by an Apache arrow. In 1877, prior to his discovery of ore at Tombstone, Ed Shieffelin had prowled around the abandoned Brunckow property, but decided that it was not a good prospect. Many outfits have attempted to develop this mine but nothing of value has been discovered.

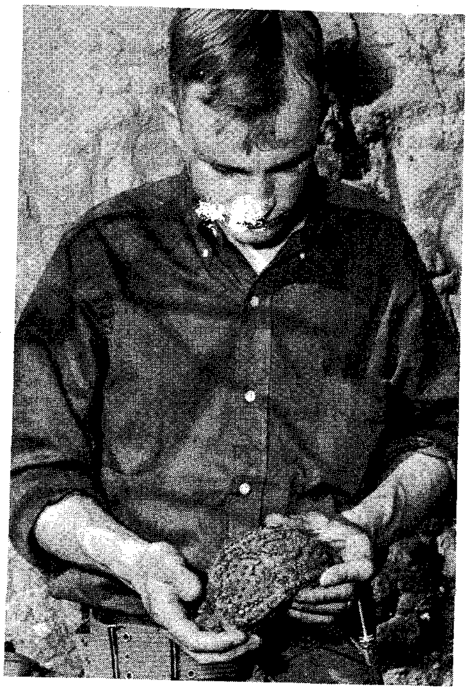
Charleston had no town government, no jail, no mayor, no city hall. The adobe church building was used regularly, with one of the more consistent worshipers being Ike Clanton. Justice of the Peace Jim Burnette, with the aid of a double barreled shotgun and a tough constable named Jerry Barton, made and enforced his own laws, refusing to account to the officials in Tombstone and saying that he ran "a self-sustaining office." One writer goes so far as to claim that "no one seemed to be disturbed when dead men lay in the street. If the corpse had a gun on it and the shot had been from the front, you didn't look for the killer."

Burnette is said to have arrested men, tried them on the spot and fined them whatever property or cash they might have had in their possession. His constable didn't need a jail since he did not bother to arrest felons but shot them instead. Only after he killed a cowboy in his saloon with his bare hands was he "removed from office" and sent to Yuma prison.

THERE are many stories of treasures hidden in and around Charleston. Billy Grounds, Zwing Hunt and possibly some others, held up the office of the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company, making off with a large amount of bullion that they carried on pack animals. During the robbery, which occurred at night, they shot and killed Mr. R. Peel, mill superintendent. Several days later Hunt and Grounds were surprised by a posse at the Chandler Ranch and in the shooting that followed both of the robbers and a posseman were wounded. Hunt recovered, escaped from the hospital, and was killed by Apaches. Grounds and Hunt are buried in Tombstone's Boot Hill. The bullion stolen in

Assay crucibles, once used to test for precious metals, sit today in the sun on a glassless window sill, guarded only by an inquisitive hound. An old gallows frame (below) still stands outside a deserted Tombstone mine.





A soldier from nearby Fort Huachuca inspects the remains of a hobnailed boot. Charleston was a favorite drinking spot for the old Indian fighters from the early fort.

the robbery was never recovered.

A boy, F. R. Shearer, while diving for rocks in the old San Pedro River swimming hole at Charleston, came up with an odd-shaped ingot of silver bullion which brought him $382 in Tucson.

Billy Claibourne shot and killed Jim Hickey with but little provocation in front of Harry Queen's saloon. Claibourne was later to meet his end at the hands of Frank Leslie, Earp's bartender in Tombstone.

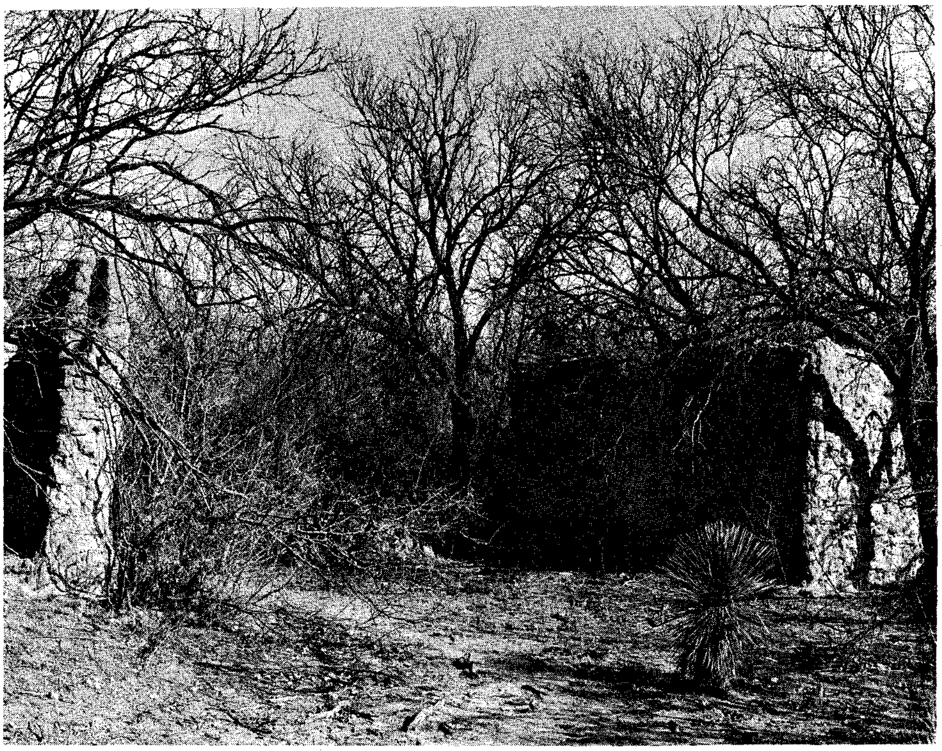
John Ringo, the "beloved" outlaw of the Southwest headquartered in Charleston whenever Tombstone became "too hot." Many are the tales of Ringo's heroics where women are concerned. He died a suicide.

Ike Clanton was shot in an ambush south of the border, along with several of his hired hands. The OK Corral fight (or massacre, depending upon where one's sympathies lie) disposed of three more frequenters of Charleston, Billy Clanton and the McLowery brothers, Tom and Frank.

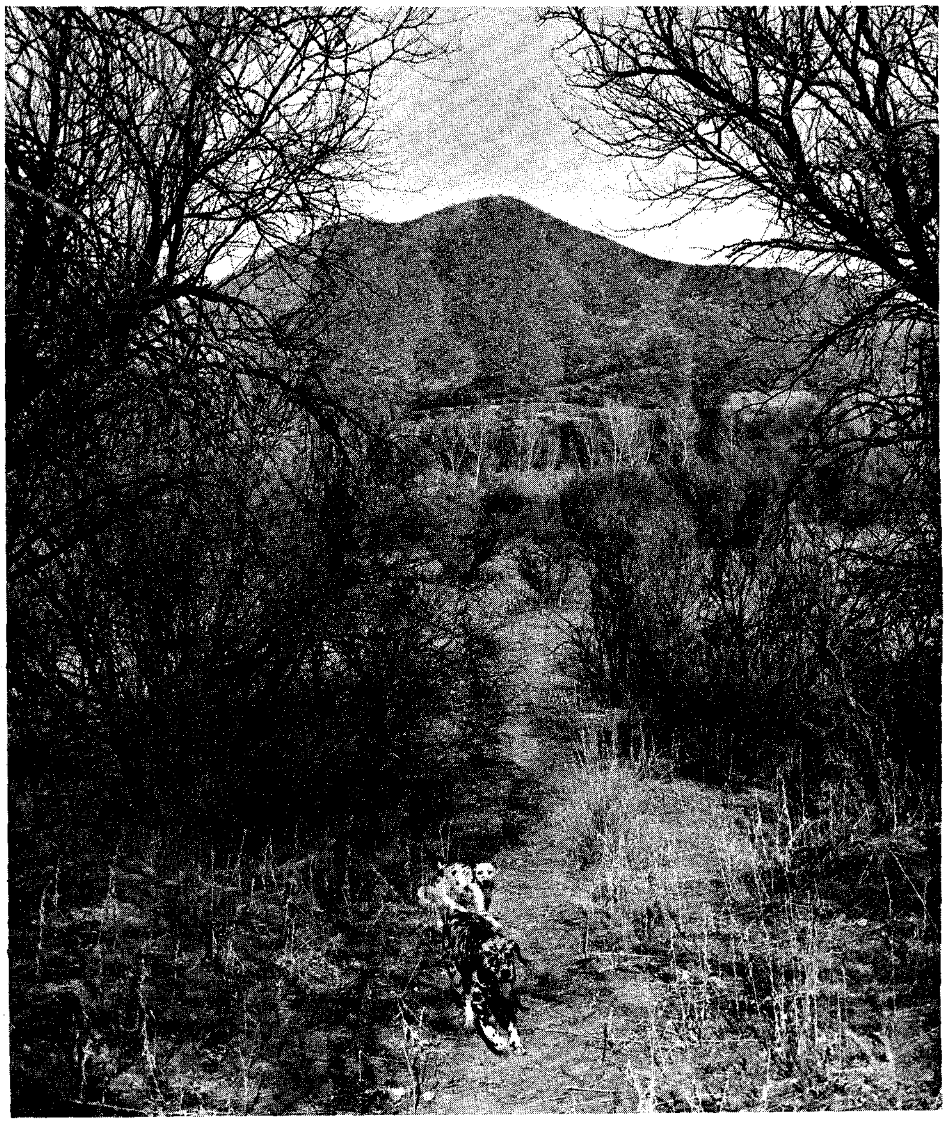
Charcoal for the mills was produced in the mountains south of Fort Huachuca. The fuel men were constantly menaced by Apaches and on one occasion four Charlestonians were killed. In the fight Chip Charles, a Charleston carpenter, killed one of the Indians, and when the group returned to the river settlement they not only brought the bodies of their four companions, but the head of Charles' Apache. After the Indian was scalped, the young boys of the town had a plan to place the skull atop the village flagpole as a warning to other Apaches, but as one is reported to have said, "the pole was tall and hard to climb, so we never did complete our job."

Today Charleston battles only with the desert. It won't be long before the few remaining signs of this once booming community return to the earth.

In the meantime, for those who desire to see a place where history in the raw was made, and the six-gun was the only law, a place unspoiled by commercialized restoration, Charleston by the San Pedro waits.



Typical adobe walls are all that remain of Old Charleston. Today, not a single soul lives in this, the beloved town of Johnny Ringo and his cohorts. The trail into Charleston (below), one traveled by outlaws, Apaches and miners, is now deserted except for an occasional visitor.



A visitor to Charleston sits amid a cache of ancient beer and champagne bottles, excavated from what was evidently the site of one of the town's thirteen saloons.

The Saga of
ATTLE KATE

By E. B. DYKES BEACHY

Illustrated by
Homer Norris

SHE LEFT HOME FOR THE GAY LI

SALOONS AN

THEN HAVING HA

SETTLE

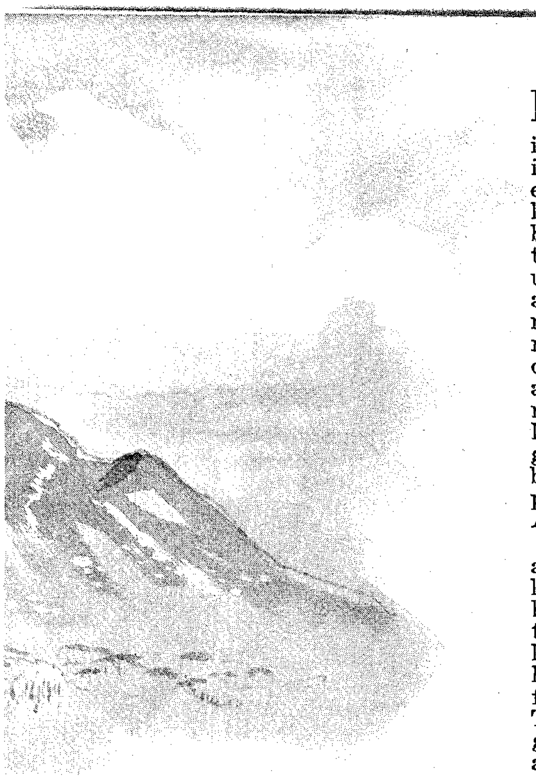
A NICE QUIET LIFE OF LA

ELLA was their first child, the one who was destined to be interested only in money, clothes, and a silver-tongued cattle rustler with whom she would dance an airy jig by the time she was twenty-eight. If fathers knew the futures of their children, infanticide would probably be widespread, but Thomas Watson, looking at his daughter, merely dreamed the dreams that fathers will and hoped she would be happy.

Canada did not offer the family this happiness, however, and, taking his wife and Ella, Thomas drove the long, rough, uncharted miles in a covered wagon to Cora, Kansas (now a ghost town in Smith County), to homestead land. In a short time they moved farther east and located a few miles from the site which was laid out in 1888 for the town of Lebanon.

The Watsons were a respectable pioneer family—poor, hard-working, honest, thrifty and ambitious. Ella as a child had to get up early every morning to help with the milking and feed the chickens. She gathered eggs, worked in the garden and, at times, in the fields, in addition to cooking, washing dishes, and canning fruits and vegetables when in season. She disliked having to help care for the new babies as they arrived and the routine of hard work on the prairie farm. Such a life required courage, faith, and hope. Ella had courage but little hope that life would ever be any easier for her as long as she remained at home.

"Ma," she said one day, "I'm sick and tired of living on this farm. All I do is work from sunup to sunset. I'm lonely. I want some excitement." Her mother told her to quit complaining and keep busy.



F BRIGHT LIGHTS, HARD LIQUOR,

AWDY HOUSES

ER FILL OF THESE, SHE

OWN TO

KE CATTLE RUSTLING

While in her teens Ella decided to break all ties with the Kansas homestead. She wandered north across the state line into Nebraska (which was quite a journey in those days of horses and buggies) where she spent a few years in Red Cloud. Stories of the life she led in those reckless days filtered back to her home community and they weren't exactly complimentary.

Ella disliked moderation; she liked to be gaudy, loud and brash. Her attraction for men she took matter-of-factly, with no thought of accepted social standards. The stories she heard about the Wyoming frontier were exciting and thrilling. Always restless and in search of adventure, the lure of a wild country with even wilder people was not to be denied.

She lived in various cowtowns where she became notorious. She existed for what pleasure she could find—in pool halls, saloons, and bawdy-houses. After a soldier who admired her told her he didn't like her name of "Ella," she obligingly switched to "Kate"—Kate Maxwell.

Most people considered her goodlooking in a frowsy sort of way, but, according to today's standards of beauty she would be considered handsome rather than pretty. A heavy diet of sweets and alcohol kept her on the chunky side. Kate had long, brown hair, sleepy brown eyes, even teeth, and a flashing, easy smile. At twenty-seven her skin was smooth, clear, and soft in spite of the fact that she was tanned from exposure to the sun. Astride her horse Kate sat easily and confidently, her long hair streaming in the wind.

IN THOSE early days, cattle rustling was an organized industry in Wyoming. The remoteness of the area made it ideal. It was customary for a homesteader or rancher to appropriate strays loitering around his gates from December to April. This was a protection to the "homesteader rustler" who could use a farm as a screen for his other activities. Honest cattlemen accused nesters who did that of "rustling, and ranching on the side." As Wyoming became more settled, other farmers who actually were interested in ranching, had no compunction against "swinging the long rope" to supplement their slow-growing herds. In 1884 a law was passed by which all mavericks became the property of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association.

About 1886, Jim Averill, an educated, agreeable and handsome man, settled in lonely Sweetwater Valley. When the homesteaders started their war against the beef barons, Averill became their leader. He called the big ranchers "land hogs" and predicted that "orchards and farms would stretch across the glorious Territory of Wyoming once the land was given to the people." He wrote long articles which one of the Carbon County papers, the Casper *Weekly Mail*, printed verbatim. Every payday, homesteaders and cowboys arrived at his saloon to pay homage and drink the "rot-gut" he peddled as whiskey.

One day in February, 1887, a storm had been sweeping across the broad Sweetwater Valley for hours. The wind was of gale force, and sleet rattled against the wooden shutters. A potbellied cast-iron stove going full blast warmed Jim Averill's saloon.

Jim was worried. There was nothing he could do about the weather—it was a typical Wyoming winter. The past year had been disastrous. Most of the homesteaders had lost their herds; the stock of the big ranches was badly depleted and cowhands were losing their jobs. His business was sure to suffer. Suddenly he decided he should take a partner—a woman to "encourage" customers. Kate Maxwell lived fifty miles away in Rawlins and was precisely what he needed.

Jim's saloon-store-post office had been used for hurried shipments of rustled cattle, but now it was too risky. The people of the Valley considered him a leader of the oppressed. If Kate were there, she could handle the rustling—it would be safe and profitable for both. She could open her own place and he would finance it. The rustled cattle could be stored in her corral, branded, and shipped at night.

In a fine Spencerian hand he extended Kate Maxwell an invitation to join him at Sweetwater, and he was truly at his best the night he wrote the letter. It was delivered by a cowhand and Kate sent word she would be there.

SPRING and Kate arrived together that year. she in a bouncing wagon containing little more than a battered bureau. Jim did not see the dusty traveler that she was; her long, brown hair blown loosely in the freshening breeze, her friendly smile and laughing eyes—these he saw. The new partners sat up late that night talking, making plans, and dreaming of the prosperous days ahead.

Kate filed a homestead claim and, financed by Averill, built a one-room log cabin with a corral and a small shed for horses about a mile from his saloon. Kate was shrewd; she passed the word to the cowhands she wasn't adverse to accepting cattle in exchange for favors. Little did she realize that she was to become a victim of the range wars along the frontier as settlers moved westward to homestead. Jim and Kate, who insisted they were settlers under the law, had claims in the center of the disputed area and the cattlemen resented both of them as squatters.

The Sweetwater Valley was a lovely place that summer with its green meadows and willows, its border of low mountains along the south and its rim of picturesque rocks on the north which stretched toward the Continental Divide. It was also a prosperous summer—on weekends, Averill's men would stage a round-up and put Kate's brand on the mavericks. The drive to the railroad would begin late at night.

At first, the beef barons laughed when they heard of Kate's establishment and nicknamed the owner "Cattle Kate." Her place became well known as a hangout for all the rustlers, sports, gamblers, and hard characters within a radius of forty miles. Kate had no scruples about lying and could be hardboiled in emergencies. Best of all, she could keep her mouth shut when "in her cups."

Jim acquired a stronger hold on the homesteaders and cowhands. Daily, various Wyoming papers published his stories. He and Kate were expert at stealing and artists at changing brands. Kate's corral was never empty. They were bold, cunning, unrelenting cattle thieves. Jim became obsessed with power and his followers voted the way he directed.

THE WINTER of 1888-89 was another disastrous season. Rustling operations increased and cattle were higher. The town of Bothwell now had a store, blacksmith shop, post office, saloon, and a newspaper, *The Sweetwater Chief*. Times were bad that winter, but Cattle Kate dressed better than any other woman in Wyoming. Her contrast to the wives of men who were legitimately trying to raise cattle was quite conspicuous.

By the spring of 1889, Kate's place was being watched. Infuriated cattlemen sent word for Averill and Cattle Kate to "get out of the Valley." Their registered brand appeared on the cattle they sold, but the accusers insisted it was "run" from other brands. By this time Jim and Kate were living together openly and becoming more reckless.

During the sultry afternoon of July 20, 1889, six angry men rode into Kate's front yard. Some were in a wagon; others were on horseback. The trespassers were honest cattle ranchers but they broke down Kate's fence and drove her herd away. She walked out to order them off her property thinking they were cattle rustlers. When they told Kate they had found their brands on her cattle, her insistance that she had bought them merely prompted a request for the bill of sale. There was none.

Kate had a certain amount of dignity and she made no attempt to fight when she was ordered into the wagon. Her only complaint was that she wasn't "dressed up enough" to leave home. A fourteen-year-old boy who had been hired by Kate and Jim to run errands made an effort to catch a pony in Kate's pasture and get help but one of the men caught the boy and ordered him to stay where he was.

When the crowd reached Averill's place, Jim, heading for Casper, had dis-

(Continued on page 54)

Photo courtesy author

OLD JULESBURG

WICKEDEST CITY ON THE PLAINS

By JAMES A. LONG

Jules Beni and Jack Slade set the tone of this station stop. To the folks in wagons and stages, whether they had a buck or not, it was a good place to get to, through, and be from—in a hurry!

IN THE EARLY 1850s Jules Beni established a trading post on the Overland Trail near a ford of the South Platte and about one mile east of the mouth of Lodgepole Creek. It proved to be a key spot.

Jones and Russell Company abandoned the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express route between Leavenworth and Denver in the spring of 1859 and began using the old road from Fort Kearney to Denver which followed the south bank of the river. Among other stations put up along this road was one built at Jules Beni's post. Jules was put in charge, and when the Pony Express was established in 1860, he was also made agent for the twenty-five miles of the line which was called "Jules' Stretch."

This post was called a "home station." It was the end of the line, or division, and its telegraph office made it one of the most important points on the Overland Trail.

After the discovery of gold in the Rocky Mountains in 1859, the 200-mile Denver route, of which Jules' Station was the end, was well patronized by people stampeding for the gold fields. Soon a dozen other buildings sprang up—a blacksmith shop, warehouse, pool hall, saloon and dance hall, and a large boarding house. The little town was named Julesburg, after the huge, bear-like French station master and became a rendezvous for traders, trappers, Indian fighters, buffalo hunters, adventurers, and desperadoes who rode into town to divide their loot and squander it riotously.

In 1860 the Indians became hostile and threatened open warfare. Wagon-trains were attacked and burned, travelers were waylaid and murdered, stages were robbed of their strongboxes and passengers relieved of their valuables. While Indians were blamed for the outrages, the presence of white men in the war parties was reported by more than one survivor.

Because coaches carrying the largest specie shipments were singled out for attack, Jules Beni was suspected of instigating these raids. Proof of his guilt was never established but the stage company finally dismissed Beni and appointed Joseph (Jack) Slade in his stead. An exceedingly tough hombre on an exceedingly tough frontier, Slade immediately found himself a target for the hostility of the Frenchman who brooded over his displacement as station master. The feud reached a climax in a gunfight in which Jules fired first, and Slade was badly wounded.

JULES disappeared for a time but, bent on revenge, soon returned to the Rocky Ridge road and with several friends took out his spite in robbing the company stages.

Slade had recovered in the meantime and had sworn to find Jules, cut off his ears, and wear them for watch charms. Soon after persuading Fincklin, the division superintendent, to put him on the Rocky Ridge route, he found Jules, tied him against the corral, cut off his ears and nailed them to the fence in plain sight. Slade then nicked him with one bullet after another until he thought Jules was satisfied with what he could do with a gun. Jules begged to be killed outright and Slade obliged with a final shot between the eyes.

Slade left his victim for the remainder of the day but superintended the burial in the evening. One ear he left nailed to the fence as a warning to robbers and outlaws; the other he dried and carried in his pocket. The latter he used frequently as a "persuader" when things were slow in coming his way. When he threw the ear on a bar, drinks flowed quickly enough, and free.

Mark Twain, in his book, *Roughing It*, recounted stories and incidents of a stage trip by Overland in the early days. "As we neared Julesburg," he wrote, "stories of Slade were heard on the coaches and at every corner. Slade was feared from Kearney west more than the Almighty."

Slade was a good division superintendent. He made such a reputation in dealing with Jules that the gangs of robbers and outlaws preying on the stage lines in the vicinity of Julesburg thinned out or disappeared. During the process of being an outlaw hunter, however, the station master loosed the devils of destruction upon himself. He shot down too many men and drank too much bad whiskey. It went to his head and to his heart, and he went from bad to worse; he neglected his job and was finally dismissed in disgrace.

Stories of Julesburg, for a time, were a scoop for press writers. A coach often stopped at Julesburg with a writer sitting on top, anxious to see life as it

Colorado State Historical Society

St Jo
and
CRAMENTO

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Jack Slade (left) superintendent of the Overland Stage Line operating out of Old Julesburg. On the right, the St. Joe to Sacramento Overland Stage loaded and ready to go.

was lived on the Plains, but more anxious to use his pen and imagination, as well. Bits of history as written by them can be picked up in unexpected places. For example, we find Jack Slade in *The Vigilantes of Montana*, by Thomas Dinsdale. "On returning from Milk River, J. A. Slade became more and more addicted to drinking, until at last it became a common feat for him and his friends to 'take the town.'

"He and a couple of his henchmen might often be seen on one horse, galloping through the streets, shouting, whooping, and firing revolvers. On many occasions he would ride his horse into the stores, break up bars, toss the scales out the window, and use obscene and insulting language to those present."

Many shopkeepers, when they knew he was in town, would close their places and put out the lights that he might not be tempted to "shoot up the place." When Slade sobered up he would apologize and pay for the damage.

One day Slade was arrested during a drunken rage. He was tried and sentenced to death. The miners of Virginia City wanted him hanged, and although his friends pleaded for his life, the committee was adamant and Slade was strung up. And so, two of those most responsible for the notorious reputation of Julesburg had passed on.

IN THE EARLY 1860s, the nation was so anxious and torn with the Civil War that the mounting Indian troubles in the West attracted scant attention.

Travel on the Overland Trail through the Platte Valley in 1863 had been so heavy, and so much game which the Indians considered their own had been killed off, that they began to object in the only way they knew. Trading posts were raided, travelers robbed and murdered, the few established ranches were attacked; men were killed and women and children slain or carried off.

The Indians were numerous and powerful at this time, and although several forts dotted the line of western travel, there were many miles of unguarded roads in addition to much unexplored land. The Indian threat became so great that travel through the Platte Valley was brought to a standstill. The Smoky Hill route had its troubles, too, and General Mitchell ordered Captain N. J. O'Brien and his company sent down from Fort Laramie to camp near Julesburg. The site had serious disadvantages.

There was no wood about the country nearer than Ash Hollow; so to Ash Hollow they went for cedars to burn. They took a guide, thirty troopers, and into one of the wagons they loaded a howitzer which they thought would be mighty useful in case of an Indian attack.

Over rough sandhills, across dry washes, and through clouds of stifling, choking dust, they made their way to Ash Hollow and the timber. No Indians were sighted. Arriving late in the evening, they formed the wagons in a circle for defense, and made a dry camp. Twice during the night they saw fire-arrow signals, and Lieutenant Ware, fearing an attack, ordered the horses saddled. The attack never materialized. The next morning the men loaded their wagons with wood and returned to Julesburg where they had their first cooked meal in several days.

Captain O'Brien was authorized to buy Samuel Bancroft's ranch, on which was a good adobe house and two excellent wells. It was opposite the mouth of Lodgepole Creek on the south side of South Platte River. Here, with prairie sod and cedar timbers from Cottonwood Canyon, a strong, imposing and fireproof fortification was built.

By November, 1864, ranches began to be occupied again, and the Indian threat seemed to be over. Soldiers were stationed every twenty-five miles along the trails to escort mail trains, stages and wagontrains.

When, on January 7, 1865, Indians were seen around Julesburg, a squad of soldiers pursued them and soon the whole garrison (about sixty men) was out. The number of Indians kept increasing until there were several hundred against the sixty white men. In the ensuing engagement fourteen soldiers and an unknown number of Indians were killed. The soldiers were forced back to the fort where, with the help of the howitzer (the "devil wagon"), the Indians were driven off.

General Mitchell with O'Brien and his men joined in an Indian campaign to the south. They found trails but no Indians, and after twelve days in the bitter January cold, General Mitchell ordered the prairie fired to "burn them out." This forced the Indians north of the Platte which was where the army "wanted them."

When O'Brien and his men arrived at Cottonwood, news of trouble around Julesburg had arrived by telegraph. He and a few soldiers set out on the double for Fort Sedgwick. When they arrived in sight of the fort they saw Julesburg Station and the town around it in flames. Under cover of the smoke they were able to get very near the fort before being seen. They made a dash for it, and those in the fort, seeing them coming, opened up a diversionary fire with their howitzer. The Indians scattered enough for the Captain and his squad to make it safely into the fort.

The enemy was too strong for the little garrison to battle; they had to stand by in impotent fury and watch the savages destroy and loot the town. None of the citizens of Julesburg was killed; they had fled to the fort before the attack.

That night the Indians danced around a big fire they had made. They carried away corn, flour, whiskey, and other supplies; they killed cattle; they feasted, danced and yelled like demons.

The sun rose January 20, 1865, on the smoking ruins of Julesburg. The little force, watching from the fort had everything in readiness for an attack but no attack came. The savages were gone.

THE PEOPLE were without homes, but they were made of sturdy stuff, and simply moved down the South Platte a few miles to what they thought was a better location. There they built a village named Julesburg—Number Two.

Few authentic records are available about the second Julesburg but the town

Fort Sedgwick Historical Society

People traveled from all parts of the country to see the "Italian's Cave," the architectural and engineering feat of Uberto Gabello.

flourished as a stage station and trading post until 1867 when the Union Pacific Railroad was built. Finding their town several miles from the rails, the people moved it bodily from its site along the river, to the railroad. The new town retained the name of its predecessors, and was called Julesburg—Number Three.

This Julesburg was termed the "toughest and wickedest little town east of the Rockies." Like the first one, it was headquarters for the riffraff of the West. Railroad huskies mingled with painted ladies, gamblers, soldiers, and frontiersmen in the dusty Plains city. "Blacksnake" Lachut came in 1867, and was employed as a teamster. His command of profanity was surpassed only by his proficiency with the whip. A drunken laborer once jostled Lachut and like a snake, the latter's long whip uncoiled and wrapped itself around the neck of the railroader.

After dragging his victim through the streets, the teamster loosened the thong and then cut the man to pieces with the lash. For amusement Blacksnake broke the necks of bottles a room's width away; he delighted in flicking off the ornate buckle that supported the single strap of a dancing girl's costume. This sadistic bully left Julesburg in 1870 and disappeared into Mexico.

A more somber figure was the dancing girl Gipsy who foretold the death of many, all of whom died violently within a few hours. One evening she embraced a young man, her favorite at the time, and sobbed that she did not want him to die. He laughed. She refused to be comforted on what she said would be their last evening together. The boy was fatally shot that night.

Gipsy became dreaded in the town; men and women evaded her eye lest it bring death. Finally, so the story goes, she walked into a saloon one night and announced that she would not see another sunrise; when morning came she was found dead in bed, whether from violence or natural causes is not recorded.

When I visited Julesburg, my first stop was the public library and museum. The librarian, Miss Theiss, very obligingly put the records of both at my disposal. She also told me of several people who might be of help in reconstructing the three Julesburgs.

The first of these "old-timers" I interviewed was Hurley Hodges. I explained I would like some first-hand reliable information about the old towns.

"Well now," began Mr. Hodges, "I don't know very much about the older Julesburgs, but I can tell you of an incident which happened in Julesburg Number Three, and I know it's true.

"Have you heard the one about Harry Entriken's wife? No? Well, Harry and his wife ran a grocery store and saloon. One night, when Harry was away, a drunken cowboy tried to force his way into the saloon after closing. Mrs. Entriken refused to let him in. The man started to beat the door down, and Mrs. Entriken fired a pistol through the door killing him.

"Harry arrived shortly after and wishing to shield his wife went to the telegraph office where he wired the sheriff in far away Greeley. He sent this message: 'I have shot a man in my place of business in self defense. What shall I do with him?'

"Back over the wires came a short query, 'Is he dead?'

"'Yes,' Harry wired back.

"The instrument began clicking again and the operator scribbled the laconic order: 'Then bury him.'

"I knew both Harry Entriken and his wife," Mr. Hodges continued, "and I moved their house over here to Julesburg Number Four years ago; it's still in use, but has been remodeled until no one would know it."

Mr. Hodges told me that he was eighty-three years old and had come to Julesburg in 1907 when practically all the land was open prairie.

I NEXT SPOKE with R. L. (Bob) Wright, a short, stocky man with smiling eyes and hearty laugh, who rode the range in the late 1890s as a cowboy. Bob loves to talk about the "good old days." His parents brought him to Julesburg in 1887 when he was six years old. He first related an amusing incident in the colorful life of Andy Walrath.

"Andy was quite a character, a big game hunter, Civil War veteran, crack shot with pistol and rifle, and very well thought of by the Indians. One day he visited a Sioux chief, over near Ogallala, and was invited to have dinner with him. Andy didn't know what kind of meat he was eating, but it was good and he told the chief so. 'Squaw cookum your dog,' beamed the chief, 'you likeum, good.' Andy's appetite failed at once, his face turned green and the dog nearly came up.

"The chief, thinking Andy was offended, gave him a fine hand-carved pipe as a peace offering. The pipe and photos of Andy and the chief are in the museum to prove the story.

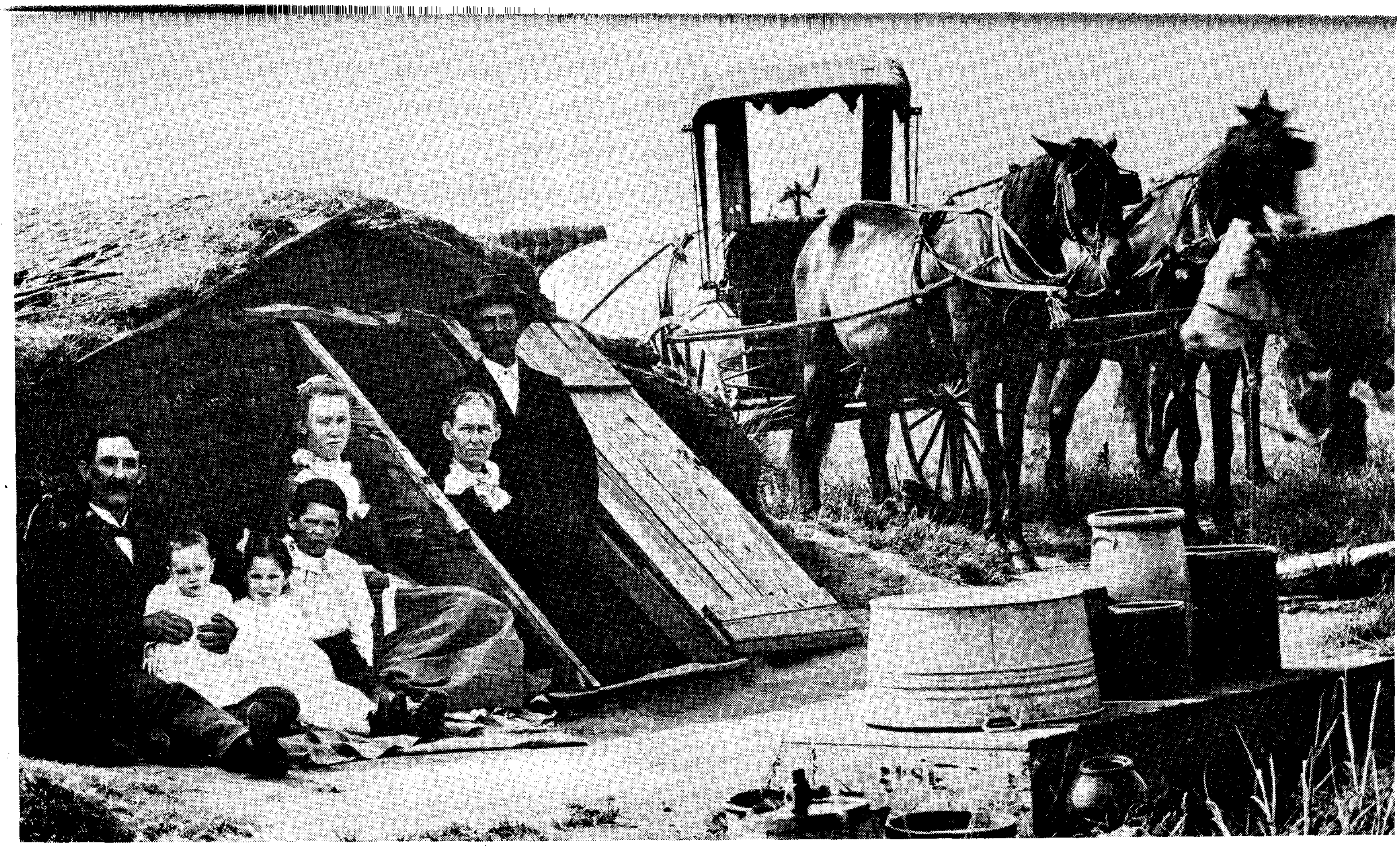
"Julesburg Number Three was as tough as any of the old mining camps. With no law except 'six-gun-law,' killings were a common and almost daily occurrence. The vigilantes brought a semblance of law and order by hanging several murderers and outlaws. According to some of the older citizens, however, many of the vigilantes were hand-in-glove with the outlaws.

"That was a little before my time, of course, but I personally knew many of the old-time Julesburg residents. The stories of Blacksnake Lachut and Gipsy have been told and retold so many times that I don't know the exact truth, but they were really there. As late as 1920, when visiting the old Boot Hill, I counted twenty-five graves. There were many more than that in the 1870s, and most of them were filled with men who had met violent deaths. The last time I was there, about four years ago, everything was gone. There was no sign left of either the town or the cemetery."

I then asked Mr. Wright if he could tell me anything definite about the "Italian's Cave."

"Yes," he said, "I probably know more

(Continued on page 61)



Oklahoma Historical Society

A family group poses in "their Sunday best" at the door of a dugout home on the Oklahoma prairie.

THE NESTERS

By NAT M. TAYLOR

If you're still looking back to the "good old days" this little bit of recollection might dust that rosy haze off your glasses

THERE IS more satisfaction in living one day under present conditions than in living a month in the "Good Old Days." I remember how many young mothers died in childbirth from lack of medical care and sanitation—and when typhoid (then called slow fever), smallpox and measles were fatal. I have seen people suffer in dugouts, nursed by willing but inexperienced hands; in fact, I have sat up night after night with sick friends only to have them pass on from lack of medicine and proper care. Many little children used to suffer from malnutrition and uncleanliness in the days when there were no hot school-lunches, visiting nurses or doctors. I also remember when head lice, body lice and fleas flourished and it was not unusual for respectable people to have the "seven year" or Cuban Itch.

When hard times came to our dugout on Indian Creek, we lived on Crowder peas and fat bacon for several months because we had no money or any way of getting any. I have never been able to look a Crowder pea in the face since!

My family and I arrived at my Uncle Will Sutton's sheep ranch on Indian Creek in western Oklahoma Territory, November 10, 1899. We were in two covered wagons. Uncle Will lived in a long, three-roomed dugout in the side of a spring branch. The floor, ends and back side were of plain clay earth. The front was of unhewn cottonwood logs chinked with mud. There were three square windows with shutters (no screens or glass), and two doors hung with leather hinges and homemade latches. The roof was a layer of poles supported by a long ridge-log. The poles were covered with brush and the brush was covered with prairie hay. It was finished off with a three-inch layer of clay. There was a bold running spring about twenty feet from the door where we secured our water and washed our faces. By a chimney at each end we did our cooking with Dutch ovens, frying pans, and cans to boil the coffee in. Typical of most families of that day, there were lots of children.

On the second day after our arrival, a cold rain began falling, which lasted a week. The second day of the rain, the men had to go five miles in a wagon after a load of wood. That and cow chips, gathered from the nearby ranches, was our fuel. The third day, a seeping spring broke out in each of the back corners of the dugout. On the fourth day the dirt roof began leaking and wet the feather beds; by the fifth day we had taken to the covered wagons and were getting sorely tired of cornbread and sorghum molasses on which we had been living.

The men butchered a mutton and boiled some of it on the afternoon of the sixth day. Did you ever eat any boiled mutton? They also filled a wash pot half full of shelled corn, put in a bag of ashes, and commenced boiling it preparatory to making hominy. As soon as the children smelled it they commenced crying for some. Late that afternoon, the clouds parted and a cold "norther" commenced blowing. The rain was over.

The next morning was clear and frosty; the hominy was done and we fried it in our camp ovens. I have since

(Continued on page 62)

The Restless Ghost of Doctor Montezuma

By ROBERT M. HYATT

Bert Robinson photos reprinted
from ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Dr. Carlos Montezuma

Born an Indian, lived a white, died an Indian. The chronicle of a man's frustration--be he red or white--who cannot get the world to listen

THE INDIANS at Ft. McDowell Reservation in south central Arizona shun a certain low hill after nightfall. When the shadows fill the canyons and the moon rises, a rider is said to appear there occasionally on a spotted pony. Usually it is an Indian youth in breechcloth, unkempt black hair falling over his shoulders, eyes peering out over the vast desert. It is Wassaja, the Yavapai boy who was abducted and sold to a white man long ago. Or, rather, it is his ghost.

Sometimes the nocturnal visitor appears as Wassaja fully matured, impeccably dressed in white man's clothing and carrying a physician's black bag. In this guise he is Dr. Carlos Montezuma, the savage who became a famous physician to Chicago's fashionable set, and who some have called the greatest Indian of the Twentieth Century.

His story began one moonless night in the fall of 1872 when a band of warriors from Wassaja's tribe raided a Pima village along the Gila River. Raiding the Pimas was a favorite pastime of the Yavapai and Apaches, especially after harvest. The Pimas were essentially a peaceful, agricultural tribe who raised fine crops through primitive irrigation methods they had originated centuries ago. The Yavapai did little farming, and the Apaches none. Both tribes were always hungry.

Screaming their war cries, the Yavapai struck what they hoped was a sleeping village, stampeded some horses, and brained a few women and children. But not all the Pimas were asleep; the braves, far outnumbering the raiders, met the attack with clubs and knives. The Pima was a courageous, savage fighter when necessity arose. They routed the surprised attackers, who galloped back to their base at Weaver's Needle, a towering rock spire at the northern end of the Superstition Mountains. There was a good possibility that the Pimas would retaliate with a raid of their own, so a sharp lookout was kept that night.

The following evening, with fears partially allayed, some of the Yavapai families ventured to build small fires which were immediately detected by enemy scouts. Late that night a large force of Pima warriors clubbed to death all the men and women they could find, and put their camp to the torch.

Most of the Yavapai survivors were injured, and an estimated fifteen children were carried off to the Pima villages as prisoners. Among these was a six-year-old boy named Wassaja. He and the other children would be sold to the Mexicans as slaves, a common practice among several Southwest tribes.

WASSAJA was held in the Pima village for a few days, suffering the usual contemptuous and brutal treatment afforded captives; then he was taken to Florence to be sold. On their way along the Gila River, the Pimas and their young prisoners rode through Adamsville, then one of the roughest towns in Arizona Territory. The captives might have been disposed of there, but the Pimas felt they could get a better price in Florence.

A visitor from the east, an Italian photographer named Carlos Gentile who was earning something of a reputation with his camera portraits of Indians and western scenes, happened to be in Florence.

Seeking subjects for his pictures among the newly encamped Pimas, Gentile caught sight of Wassaja and learned that he was for sale. The lad was handsome and possessed all the essentials of a fine model. Gentile offered $30 for him. The Pimas accepted readily, thinking they had much the best of the bargain.

In later years, Dr. Montezuma enjoyed telling of that episode and always chuckled over the pure terror he experienced when Gentile gave him his first bath—with a brush. But the Italian had a kind heart and the two soon became friends.

Before this strange pair climbed aboard Gentile's covered wagon to leave Florence, the Italian christened the boy "Carlos Montezuma," whether or not with the blessing of the Church is unknown. The first name was Gentile's own, the last was suggested by Montezuma Peak which towered bleak and lonely on the distant horizon.

They drove northwest to Camp Verde through country wild and beautiful; there were plenty of subjects for Gentile's camera. Eventually they moved east to Fort Apache, then a tight little garrison of U. S. Cavalry who watched over the fierce White Mountain tribes.

Weeks passed while Gentile shot pictures and Wassaja settled down in his new life. Gentile used him in many photos, and Wassaja didn't mind at all. He was beginning to think that this was a better life than he had led, with three sure meals a day and very little work to do. He was too young to miss his parents for long.

They spent some time in the Zuni villages of western New Mexico Territory, then drove on to Albuquerque, and finally north to Santa Fe. Here Gentile sold his wagon and horses, and they boarded the stage for Pueblo, Colorado, and the railroad.

It was here that Wassaja had the second biggest fright of his life—he saw a great panting monster, puffing steam from its nostrils and shooting fire from its single eye. Gentile told him it was an "iron horse." Once they were aboard and the coach began rolling, swaying and clanking, Gentile was forced to hold the trembling boy in his seat for many weary miles.

IN THE long months of their travel seeking new photographic subjects, Wassaja learned to speak fair English and gradually acquired some of civilization's veneer.

Gentile had his studio in Chicago, but the winter was spent in Grand Rapids, Michigan, because Chicago was a mass of ruins. The great fire that began October 8, 1871, had gutted the city. Gentile's business had perished. Desperate, the Italian disposed of some of his equipment and took his young charge to New York. As a temporary measure, he gave Wassaja to a Brooklyn family and set out to recoup his fortune, promising to return. It was the last Wassaja ever heard of him.

For several years after that the young Indian lad learned what it was to be an orphan, to be shoved from one family to another, to feel the pangs of hunger and loneliness. As he admitted in later years, he probably proved too great a trial to civilized white folk.

Somehow he found his way back to Illinois, and in Urbana became the ward of a kindly minister, the Reverend W. H. Steadman. Steadman and his wife looked upon the boy as their own son and introduced him to the rudiments of education. To their astonishment, Wassaja, now called Carlos, showed remarkable talent and a great capacity for storing up knowledge.

At the age of fourteen, when most children were still in the lower grades, the Steadmans saw their potential genius enrolled in the preparatory school of the University of Illinois. Young Carlos graduated at seventeen and the Steadmans' amazement was hardly less than that of the faculty. Here was a child who, only eleven years before, had seen a white man for the first time!

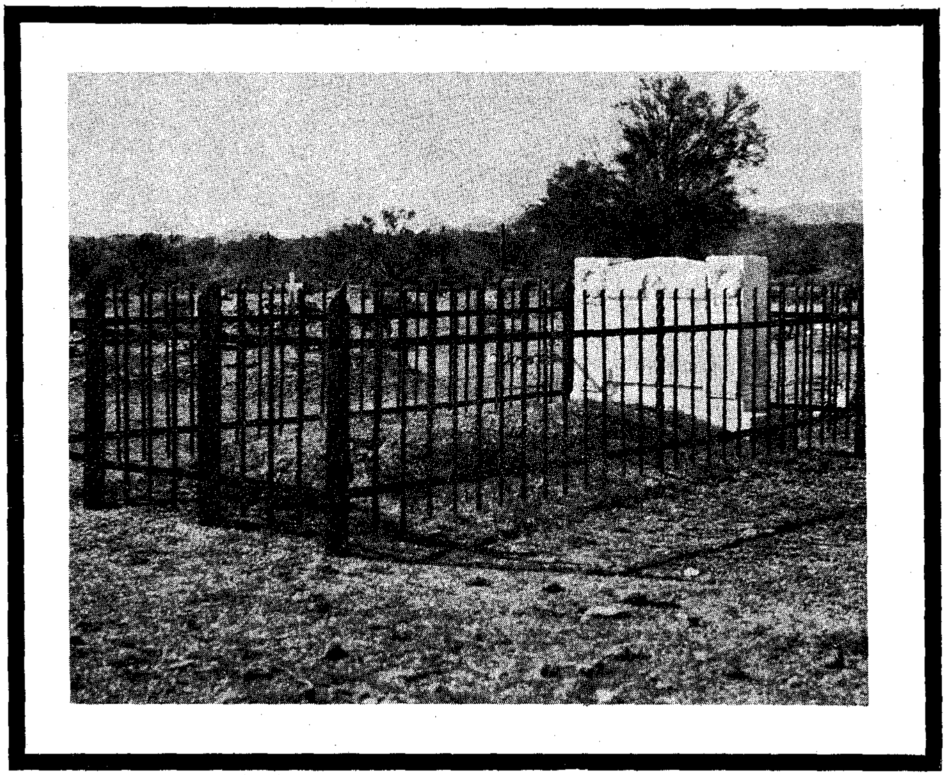
His accomplishments were all the more remarkable in the light of popular belief at the time that the Indian was a hopelessly inferior species, incapable of being civilized much less educated. Unfortunately, that belief is still prevalent among many persons.

Long before graduation, Carlos Montezuma had set a definite goal—to become a doctor. In 1888, at the age of twenty-two, he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from Chicago Medical School, Northwestern University. His reputation as a superior student had spread. The Indian boy who had spanned the wide chasm between savagery and civilization was something of a scholastic sensation.

That same year the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington offered him a position. Young Dr. Montezuma accepted; he felt it would provide the opportunity he craved to help his people. Perhaps by showing other Indians what he had accomplished, they might be inspired to work harder to better themselves.

ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1889, Dr. Montezuma took a post as clerk and physician at Fort Stevenson Indian School in North Dakota. Here his ideas conflicted with those of the resident agent and after two years he was transferred to the Western Shoshone Reservation in Nevada. From that point he wrote a clear analysis of some of the problems with which agency physicians had to cope:

"First. The curse of savage life is the medicine man. He is the oracle and well nigh omnipresent. I visit a patient who has pneumonia, I leave medicine with directions when to be taken, orders to keep him from exposure to cold are given, and to nursing, etc. My back is no sooner turned than in steps the medicine witch who begins his diabolic incantation. He, to show his contempt for the white doctor, strips the patient naked and plunges him into cold water, throws my



Susie Dickens, above, was in a Yavapai camp raided by Pimas. The grave of Dr. Carlos Montezuma, below, is on the Fort McDowell Indian reservation near Scottsdale, Arizona.

The Yavapai do exceptionally beautiful basket work. Dr. Montezuma felt they were capable of better things and wanted a fuller life for his people.

medicine out, the patient dies, and the white doctor is to blame for it."

In a later report he wrote:

". . . even if these people were free and willing that the agency physician treat them, the miserable and squalid hovels which many of them live in renders it impossible to do justice with them, especially in the winter months."

In October, 1892, Dr. Montezuma requested a transfer to a "more civilized agency" and suggested that the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania would be satisfactory. He was sent instead to the Colville Agency in Washington where he remained for a year. The following three years he spent as a physician at Carlisle. In January, 1896, he resigned to enter private practice in Chicago.

It was not a desire to hang out his own shingle that caused Dr. Montezuma to leave the Indian Service but rather the fact that he found himself powerless to relieve the shocking conditions under which his people lived at the reservations. It seemed to him that the Indian Service was a stagnant mass of bureaucratic bungling that helped no one but the bureaucrats.

Montezuma was still young—about thirty-one—when he opened his office and set out to round up patients. This was something entirely new for him and it proved a discouraging task. For a long time he was regarded with suspicion and even fear. Although he dressed fastidiously, spoke beautiful English and had excellent manners, Montezuma was dark and rather fierce looking with his hawk nose and jet eyes.

But little by little his practice grew. Before he was forty, he had a distinguished clientele, most of whom were the most fashionable and affluent of Chicago's residents. With Dr. Fenton B. Turck he opened a clinic specializing in stomach and intestinal diseases—and fame and wealth came fast.

Dr. Montezuma was not one to spurn the society from which he derived his large income and he attended many social functions. One time he met a lovely blonde girl name Marie Keller. She was a friendly, warmhearted young lady who possessed more than her share of understanding. It was love at first sight for both Carlos and Marie. They were married after a brief courtship.

Well able to afford the best, Carlos installed his bride in a magnificent house, with servants and carriages. He had become a renowned figure in medical circles and was serving on the faculties of two Chicago medical schools. He had contributed valuable papers to the American Medical Association, of which he was a member, and had lectured to various groups of eminent physicians and specialists.

After several years of this rather hectic but very profitable life—and after he had made a half dozen trips back to Arizona and his people—Montezuma grew restive. Success and happiness were not enough to dispel a nagging sense of unfulfillment, of obligation.

ONE DAY, to the consternation of his friends and wealthy clients, the doctor abandoned his lucrative practice and moved to the slums of the city. There, among the dark, dirty alleys and crowded tenements, he found patients aplenty, few of whom could afford treatment. But Montezuma wanted no pay. "I owe much," he would tell his surprised patients. And though they didn't understand, they blessed him.

Montezuma was still dissatisfied; he was assailed with an overwhelming compulsion to do something more—but this time strictly for his own people. He still had a substantial cash reserve, and at last he knew what he must do.

Over the years Carlos Montezuma had made a thorough study of the so-called "Indian problem." It was a chronicle of broken promises and callous mistreatment of the redman. Anger toward the whites slowly developed into a smoldering fury. Someone must point the way if the Indians were ever to rise out of their poverty and enslavement. Who was better qualified to speak for the tribesmen than one who had himself been born among them?

Montezuma began his battle for Indian rights with a speaking tour. He waged his crusade all over the eastern half of the nation, thundering his message from public platforms in scores of cities. Like many Indians, he had a gift for colorful, forceful language. His lectures were supplemented by a series of fiery pamphlets which denounced Indian bondage and called for emancipation. For a year he published a monthly magazine, *Wassaja*. He called it that not because it was his tribal name but because the word meant "beckoning." He was beckoning the Indian to a new life and the white man to a new understanding.

Montezuma did not compromise. Complete freedom for the Indian, with full rights of citizenship, was his aim. He wanted the Indian Bureau abolished, saying that while it purportedly prepared the Indians for civilization, it instead held them prisoners solely to perpetuate its existence.

He blasted the average reservation as being "a hothouse of gambling, pauperism and ruin, a melting pot, and a demoralizing prison" where Indians were becoming soft and spoiled, unfit for contact with the outside world.

To his own people Montezuma cried, "In a free country, we are not free! Our heritage is freedom. This is our country. Wake up . . . and fight for your rights!

"The Indians are merely a digit in a column of figures!" he pointed out to the white man. "They are not counted as anything in the human scale. In behalf of our people, with the spirit of Moses, I ask this of the United States of America: Let my people go!"

Montezuma contended that if the Indian were given a chance, he would civilize himself; that he would work as he never had before to do his part as an American. Was not America his own land from time immemorial? The brilliant orator offered himself as an example of what could be done in the white man's world.

Among educated Indians, Montezuma won ready adherents. The Society of American Indians passed a resolution affirming his demands; a few private organizations and clubs for a time beat the drum for Indian independence. But white men, for the most part, only shrugged. They had more pressing matters. Why waste time on the fate of the worthless redman?

It was the same among the mass of reservation Indians. Uneducated, lethargic from years of being repressed, powerless to comprehend what Montezuma was saying—they turned their backs on him.

AT LAST he knew that he had failed—he would never be able to awaken either the Indians or the whites. Like so many crusaders, Montezuma was far ahead of his time. Moreover, he had dissipated almost all of his funds carrying on his one-man battle for Indian equality and in ministering to Chicago's poor. Even worse, he had contracted tuberculosis.

Defeated in spirit and broken in health, Montezuma closed his affairs, packed a bag and took regretful leave of his wife. He was going home to die. They parted January 31, 1923. Dr. R. J. Stroud, then contract physician at the Fort McDowell Reservation, tried unsuccessfully to get Montezuma into a sanitorium. But the sufferer refused the ministrations of both white doctors and Indian medicine men.

After his funeral the tribesmen, according to ancient tradition, burned his wickiup, spoke his name once and forbade its mention forever afterward. Wassaja had gone over to the "old ones" and his spirit would ride no more on earth. But it did, or so it seems.

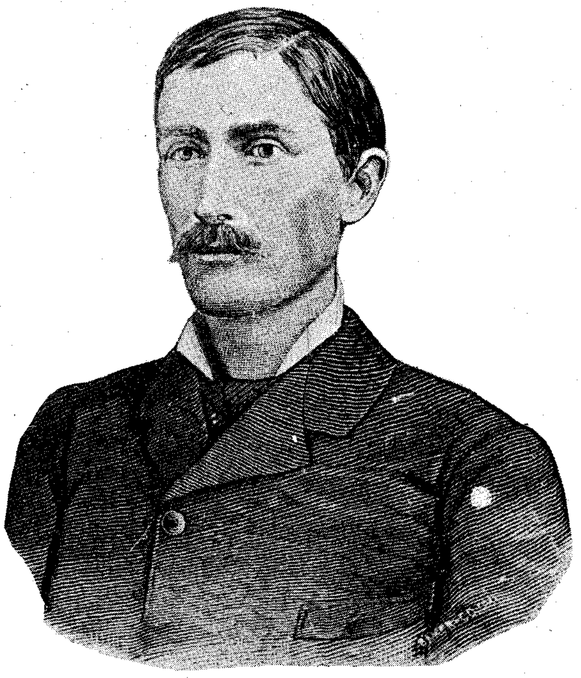
Montezuma had come full circle—from savagery to civilization and back again to savagery. During his half century among the whites, Carlos Montezuma had sloughed off every savage instinct. Possessed of a remarkably keen mind, young Carlos had raced through his education and had received envied degrees. He became a renowned specialist, with fashionable offices at 7 West Madison Street, and an imposing residence at 3135 South Park Avenue, Chicago.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, member of the American Medical Association, publisher, philanthropist, Mason—a brilliant figure

(Continued on page 72)

You can form an opinion of a man
from stories about him, both written and related---
but you only get to KNOW a man when
you've had dealings with him

THE REAL PAT GARRETT



Pat Garrett as he appeared in 1882.

Photo courtesy Eve Ball

By BERT JUDIA
as told to
EVE BALL

YOU DON'T really know a man until you have business dealings with him. You don't know his caliber until you have trouble with him. I had occasion to estimate Pat Garrett from both angles. I knew of the distrust and dislike of his neighbors, but I figured that part, at least, was owing to his having shot Billy the Kid without giving him a chance to surrender. Part was the result of his having killed an unarmed man at the Cox Ranch. Then there was his overbearing, swaggering attitude and his neglect of his family. At that time he hadn't been whitewashed by writers to the extent he has today. Anyway, if a man's neighbors don't know his true character who is in a position to pass judgment? I have a certain respect for information obtained from books, but far more in personal contacts and experiences. Any man can be brave when he has the drop on another.

I was born at Organ in 1880 and have spent my life in New Mexico and Arizona as cowhand, cowman, peace officer, and dealer in cattle and horses. I had constant contact with the old-timers and got stories not intended for publication. As a rule I think court records are reliable, but there are cases in which much of the truth does not appear in the evidence, and the killing of Pat Garrett was undoubtedly one.

From my early childhood I knew W. W. Cox of the San Augustine Ranch and liked him. I knew Wayne Brazel, also. I knew all the old-timers in that section of the country.

Long before I ever saw Pat Garrett I met a man by the name of W. S. Glenn. In later years he came to me to obtain photographs for a book he was writing. He told me that he had come to New Mexico with Garrett when both were broke and looking for work as cowboys. Just west of Tivan, New Mexico, they came upon a half-grown boy washing something in a buffalo wallow.

"Do you expect to get anything clean in that muddy water?" asked Pat.

"It's *my* handkerchief," replied the boy.

"Pretty smart, ain't you?" And Pat shot the kid.

At that time Garrett did not even have boots—he wore brogans. His trousers had shrunk to midway between knee and ankle. He had made a sort of spat of untanned buffalo hide. Glenn and Garrett did not have money to buy a meal. They found no work on the ranches. They would hang about the bars hoping that somebody would buy them a drink. It was there that they encountered Billy the Kid. Glenn said Billy looked Pat over and said, "You may be a man but you sure don't look like one."

They asked to throw in with Billy's gang and Pat did so. Glenn, for some reason he did not explain, changed his mind. Billy took Pat to the trader and outfitted him. He was one of them until Goodnight and others put up a reward for Billy. John Chisum, too, wanted to run Pat for sheriff. Pat deserted his friends for the combination. Billy had much better principles than Pat—he would never have deserted his friends for money.

AFTER Garrett became sheriff somebody asked Billy why he didn't kill him. "I don't want to kill anybody as sorry as Pat Garrett." Obviously Pat had no such scruples.

Years later I went to work as ranch foreman for W. W. Cox at Organ Gap. The headquarters' house, the old San Augustine Ranch, is a long adobe building on a hillside. It had big windows reaching almost from ceiling to floor. In those days there were no screens.

I noticed that no man left the bunkhouse unarmed. Nobody went to the corral without a gun. I said nothing but kept my eyes and ears open. I heard references to a man's having been killed there. There was a horse in the remuda they called Loco because he went crazy when he heard a gun click. This horse must have been powder-burned at some time, for he was deathly afraid of anything connected with firearms. I learned that he had belonged to the dead man. The boys had to carry saddle guns for coyotes, and they had trained him to endure having one in the scabbard. But they did not fire from the saddle.

When the horse's owner had ridden in to ask for work Mr. Cox had no opening except for a cook. The stranger took the job and was quiet and efficient. Nobody asked questions in those days, but all were curious as to why an expert cowboy stayed with the job. If they suspected that he was on the dodge—well, that was his business.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cox left the ranch they always took the children. They were away when Pat Garrett rode up to make the arrest. He saw the cook standing with his back to the window. He went through it, and the man fled through the rooms and out a door. Pat followed. As the man turned a corner he shot the fugitive in the back. He was buried near the ranch house.

One day W. W. asked me to ride up the canyon with him. He drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to me. It contained a typed letter and a piece of paper torn from a magazine. The picture of a coiled rattlesnake was used for a signature. The letter advised Mr. Cox to take his family for an extended vacation. My name was not mentioned but the letter added that his foreman might profitably follow suit.

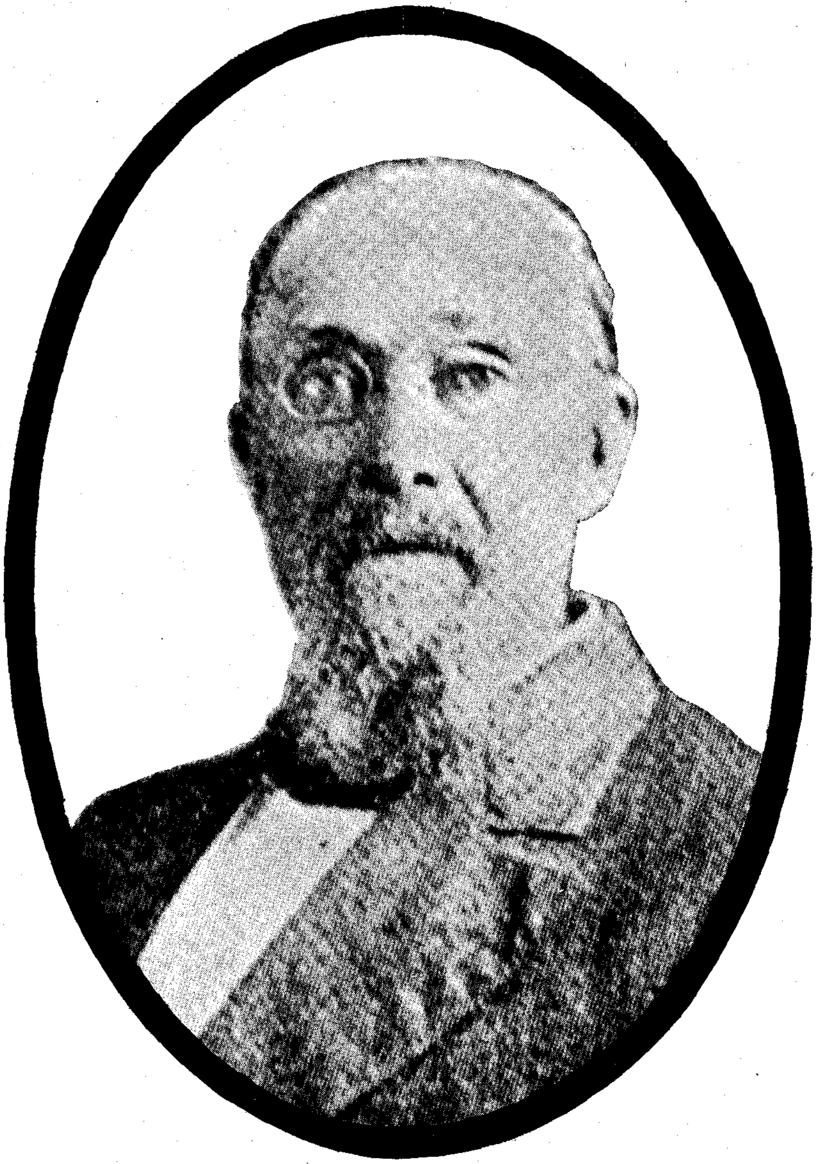
I said nothing.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"What's going on?" I asked.

It wasn't customary to ask questions in the range country, but he'd bid for it. I didn't want to make a mistake.

(Continued on page 46)



Feather River Territorial
Summer '58 issue

Michael J. Cooney

DIAMONDS of the MOTHER LODE

By LEO ROSENHOUSE

Is it true that California's wonderland of natural resources is topped off with a crown of sparkling gems?

LONG before the Kimberly Diamond Mines of South Africa were developed by the DeBeers Syndicate, there were rumors of an abundance of sparkling gems to be found in and near the Mother Lode country of California. In May, 1864, a miner in the Cherokee region found three diamonds which he sold to George E. Smith. A lapidary in the East to whom they were forwarded pronounced them stones of highest quality. Three years later William Brandreth discovered a diamond which was cut to one and one-third carats.

Among the thousands of placer miners, however, the chief interest was still in gold until one wintry day in 1868 when John Moore ran breathlessly through the streets of Oroville telling anyone who would listen, "I found a diamond! A real diamond!"

A skeptical crowd followed him into the assay office whose owner possessed little more than a scale to weigh gold dust and nuggets. Moore pulled a stone from a leather pouch and threw it on the counter. As the assayist placed a jeweler's eye-piece in position and gave the gem careful scrutiny, a hush fell over the audience.

"About six carats, I'd say!" he exclaimed. "Not a very high quality stone, but a real diamond, all right!"

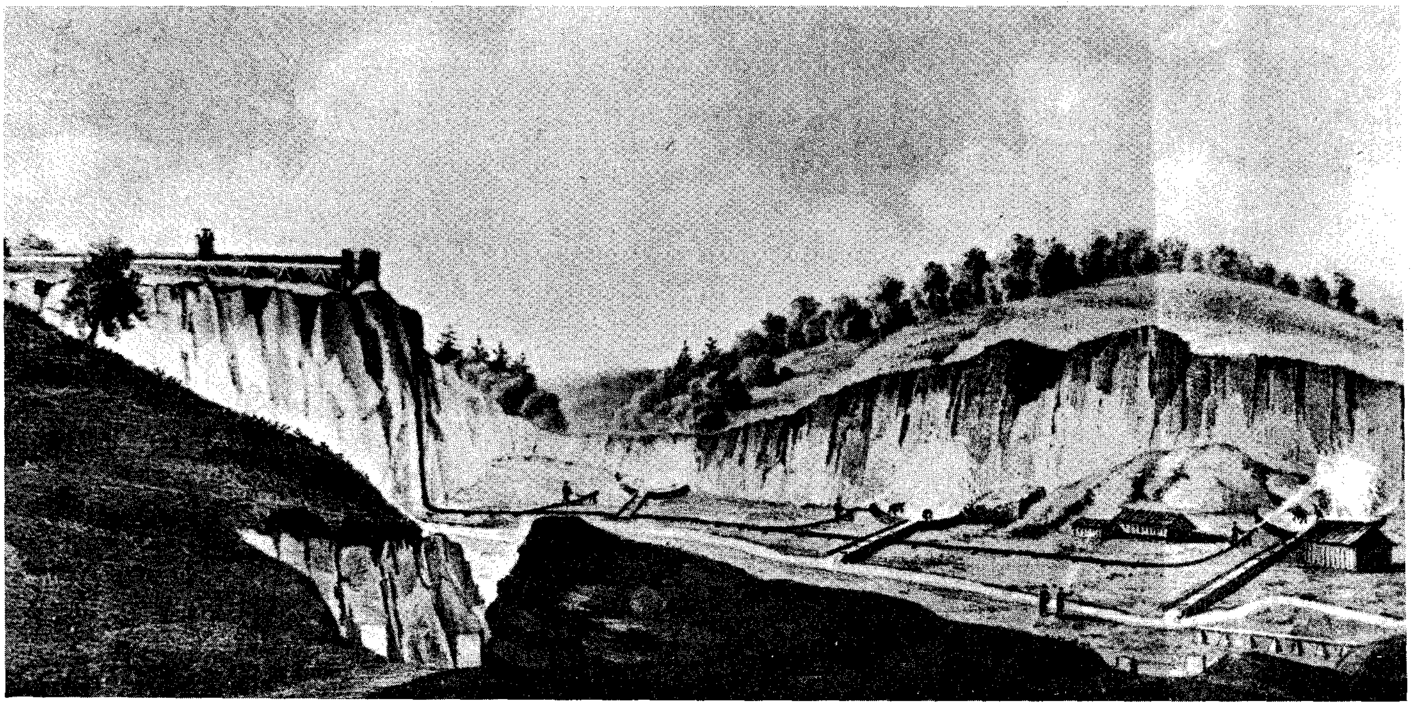
His appraisal was enough to set nearly everyone in Oroville scrambling for pickaxes and other tools, in their haste to reach the foothills where John Moore had accidently stumbled upon a precious stone lying half exposed near a mountain stream.

Almost as much excitement had occurred two years earlier when Mike Maher working near the famed Cherokee Mine, located at the foot of Round Mountain almost midway between the California towns of Chico and Oroville, turned up a hard blue diamond said to be worth a small fortune. The Cherokee Mine is believed by many to still be a rich source of diamonds.

MUCH of California was put into a state of suspense when Michael J. Cooney made his appearance in Oroville in 1905 and boldly announced he was going to develop a diamond mine! Cooney was no "fly-by-night" character, but a mining engineer with a world-wide reputation. Born in Galsworth, Ireland, he had made a name for himself by opening the valuable sapphire mines of Montana.

After this accomplishment, Cooney was invited to help develop the Kimberly Mines in South Africa. While there, news reached him that 200 diamonds had been discovered near Oroville. Cooney took the first ship to the States.

He carefully surveyed the Oroville area and founded a mine two miles beyond the town. Stock was sold and



The Spring Valley (left) and Cherokee Flat Mines near Oroville, California, before the turn of the century. These were actually hydraulically operated gold mines which washed out diamonds in the diggings and started wild searches for gems. The buffs in the background were 300 feet high but pressure washing reduced them to low mounds of rubble after several years. Sketch from Spring Valley Hydraulic Gold Company book, published 1916.

everyone sat around waiting for Cooney to produce fabulous profits in gems; but, although the impeccable and regal appearing geologist dug shaft after shaft, no diamonds were found.

Angered by his failure, Cooney bought out his investors. No one made any money but they didn't lose either, and for years Cooney was on the scene hopefully seeking a valuable pipe.

Always formally dressed, wearing a wide-lapeled suit and tiny metal-rimmed glasses, the Irishman cut quite a figure in Oroville. He sported a drooping moustache and wedge-shaped brush beard; his favorite haunts were the local assay office and the city hall where prospectors came to him for advice. Cooney had plenty to say and tell but somehow, he couldn't make a strike.

Prior to World War I, a miner startled people in Oroville when he appeared with 100 tiny diamonds claiming he had stumbled upon them while washing river gravel adjacent to the abandoned Cherokee Mine. As hundreds again stampeded in a recurrent hunt for gems, the ardor of the search was badly dampened when diamond merchants who were rushed up from San Francisco reported two days later that the stones were of inferior quality, not even worth the trouble of being polished. Again, the Cherokee Mine was left to suffer the effects of natural decay, and people went about their usual business.

Things haven't changed much since. In all of the diamond finds since 1915, no gem has been discovered worth more than $125.00, that one being found by a miner known as John Hufford.

The most unusual incident concerning California's diamonds occurred in December, 1908, right at Christmas time. An Oroville housewife had her husband put their lone turkey to the axe.

An hour later, she let out a scream heard clear to the city limits. Her husband came running and his wife excitedly held up a gem in her fingers. "This was in the turkey!" she shouted. "It looks like a diamond!"

It was! Valued at two carats, it brought a good price but extensive digging for more gems in the backyard where the turkey had been fed, produced nothing.

DURING the Depression days, miner-geologist S. B. Clingham decided to explore the ancient Cherokee Mine and the territory around Oroville. In 1930, he startled Californians with news of a gold find but, more important, he announced he also had discovered diamonds. Clingham found only a few gems but they had real value and convinced geologists that the Oroville area was diamond-bearing territory.

As recently as 1958, the California Mother Lode was surveyed for diamonds by an official from the Division of Mines. The survey produced several small diamonds of limited worth but was further evidence that there was potential mineral wealth in the region.

Can a modern-day prospector come to Oroville or other sections of the low Sierra hill country and hunt for diamonds? The answer is yes, as long as he doesn't trespass on private property and explore ancient mine shafts whose owners want them kept undisturbed.

"We get prospectors in these parts nearly every week," an Oroville resident recently explained. "Heck! We'd like to see a newcomer make a real find—it would be good for the town. However, some of the folks living in the rural areas complain about gem hunters' trespassing. Most diamond seekers can explore freely if only they'll ask permission of a property owner and make an agreement about sharing anything that is found."

The Cherokee Mine which is famous because it produced more than $50,000,000 in gold in its day, lies about fifteen miles northeast of Oroville, close to the Feather River. It has been mined by means of extensive hydraulic washing of the buffs which once rimmed the mine. These buffs are now high mounds of dirt covered with brush and trees, but beneath this loose, gravel-like mass gem prospectors think there's a fortune to be had.

Pick and shovel action in the area has produced as many as 400 diamonds in less than a hundred years. "We call this kind of ground Kimberlite Ore," a mineralogist explained. "It is a volcanic material and appears in vertical extrusion from the lower levels of the earth.

"When this extrusion has a blue appearance and has a rocky composition, prospectors call the substance 'pipe.' The Kimberly Mines in Africa have much the same pipe as this."

Then why aren't the pipes in California mined commercially? Any West Coast mineralogist will sigh as he tells you that a stringent state law forbids large-scale digging for diamonds. Californians have seen the damage wrought by extensive hydraulic mining which scars soil and ruins the land, and they want none of it.

"That's the story going around these parts," chuckled an elderly prospector who frequents Oroville's outskirts, "but mister, the real facts are that there's a monopoly on diamonds. Why, I tell you the diamond merchants tremble every time someone holds up a sparkler and says it came from the Mother Lode. If diamonds were mined here, it would wreck the world market. That's why the Cherokee Mine remains sealed today!"

Actually the most promising sections in the area were purchased by the DeBeers Syndicate of South Africa which still holds them and has closed them down. One shaft in which there was quite a find of diamonds was dynamited.

There are several regions in the United States which are reportedly rich in surface diamonds. One is the hill country of Arkansas where some tiny stones of limited value have been found; another is the sapphire country of Montana; and the dry gulch washes near Reno, Nevada, are said to be diamond bearing. But no other location shows as much promise as does the California Mother Lode, especially Cherokee Flat

(Continued on page 57)

Texas Red Wolf

No animal on the Plains was wilier
than the lobo, so
the bounty he commanded
was good. You
caught him while he was
still just a pup or you
dern near didn't catch him at all

WOLFER EXTRAORDINARY

By CATHERINE RUCKER

Photos Courtesy
Department of the Interior Fish and Wildlife Service

According to Ed Hollebeke, ex-wolf catcher, Texas Ranger and cowboy—now a retired cattleman of the vast Pecos area of the Southwest—the big grey lobos almost took over the open range country back in the late 1800s and early 1900s. They ran in large packs and cost the ranchers thousands of dollars every year.

"I was trained by the best old wolf catcher in the whole dern country," Ed says. "They called him Wolfie Bill. He had a big reputation all over the State of Texas, the Territory of New Mexico, clean on up into Oklahoma for his expert wolf catching methods. He'd draw down as high as a hundred bucks for a set of old dog's or an old bitch's ears and scalp. That was high pay back then, but the ranchers were more than glad to have him work their ranges, their loss in livestock was so great and constantly mounting."

Ed declares just one night's kill by a pack of ferocious lobos meant twelve to fifteen fat beeves scattered over a single range. Only the most preferred pieces like the heart and liver were ripped out and eaten—the rest of the carcass was left for the coyotes and buzzards to finish off.

When Ed was fifteen years old he worked one whole spring and summer under the competent guidance of old Wolfie Bill, learning to be a top wolfer. They started out early that spring with Bill's wagonhouse hitched to four good horses; Bill's old flop-eared, reddish colored bloodhound for trailing, two fine saddle ponies, and ninety days' supply of grub.

Bill taught young Ed that the most profitable way to catch the lobo and make it pay was to strip down naked as the day you were born and enter the dens for the little whelps or pups.

A wolfer was forced to lie down flat on his stomach and slowly worm his way into the den's black depths. Sometimes it was necessary to stop and dig the damp hole a little wider to squeeze on in to the kill. A den usually yielded six to eight pups; that meant three or four trips working backwards by inches, pushing with elbows and pulling hard with bare toes. Never mind the fact that a naked body got skinned and bruised up some—the $5.00 bounty paid to a young wolfer for a set of pup's ears and scalp made him not too mindful of smarting pain in a strong body already used to much hardship.

When they were lucky enough to get the drop on a grown wolf, Bill taught his young pupil the dangerous trick of running down the wily beast by horseback. After roping the lobo, a blunt instrument tied to the end of another rope was flung with deadly accuracy, aimed right between the animal's eyes. He had to be killed before you dared get off your horse. Ed feels that few men living or dead have ever become skilled at this difficult trick of the wolfing trade—and that he is one of those few.

Ed was cautioned over and over never to venture into a den with his clothes on. "Don't go loco and skin into a lobo's den with yor glad rags on. . . .If you do, you won't be coming out alive! Your clothes will work up around your neck, pinning you fast in thare! You won't be able to move either way. That means death, son! Death by suffocation! Thet's a mean way fer a decent man to have to die!"

"Yep," Ed drawled, "Bill's good advice sure has stuck in my memory. The next summer, after I had worked the ranges with him, he came up missing for about eight months. One of the cowhands from the Jal outfit in southeastern New Mexico rode up on his old deserted wagonhouse 'way out away from nowhere. The carcass of his old bloodhound was still tied to a wagon wheel—nothing left but dry skin and bone. The cowhand spread the word. All hands turned out to search for Bill and they found him all right.

"First, they found his heavy topcoat at the mouth of a lobo's den and sure enough, inside was what was left of poor old Bill! A strange thing, him dying like that, as cautious as he was and him with so many long years of wolfing."

FROM 1903 until 1905 Ed hired himself out to the 5 Wells outfit which owned fifty-seven windmills scattered over their 112 sections of range land. Ed was considered too young and light of build for regular ranch work and was given the job of windmill monkey.

It fell Ed's lot to keep the fifty-seven windmills greased and to attend to their minor repairs. At odd times he was expected to serve as handyman and help out at branding time. He drew down $30.00 a month, grub and bunk. Since his job took in so much traveling over wild and raw country, Ed was able to take time out for a really profitable trade—wolf catching. The boss was more than glad to pay Ed the $5.00 for a set of pups' ears and scalp or $10.00 if he managed to bring down a grown wolf.

Ed vows the big grey lobo was the most wanton killer of the whole wolf tribe. He was not like the small timber wolf or the loafer wolf; he resembled the big timber wolf of the Far North. His lonesome and long drawn-out howl could make your hair curl up and cold chills chase up and down your spine.

The big greys ran in packs of twelve to fifteen. Their fur was about one-half inch long, hair about an inch; the fur was a yellowish grey, hair a coarse grey. A full-grown dog would weigh in at about 150 pounds. They had deadly sharp teeth and long powerful jaws. One bite in the right place could break a neck expertly or hamstring a big cow brute and bring her down.

They liked to work in teams of three when bringing down a cow. They would get the unfortunate animal to running fast, then one big lobo would snap the hamstring and bring the cow down into a helpless sitting position. The second would nip at her nose while the third severed the jugular vein with one fierce snap. Ed says if the powerful jaws of the lobo happened to miss the first quick snap at the hamstrings, you could hear the terrible "clack" of those sharp teeth for quite a way.

Just as the Mexican lion is said to prefer colt meat, so the big grey lobo preferred well-fleshed beef on foot. They were excellent judges of that beef on foot, too. Their first choice was a fat yearling, a mature steer or a dry cow, although Ed says he once rode up on evidence of their bringing down a mare heavy in foal.

Back in the early days the open country was alive with antelope, deer, prairie chickens and rabbits, so it couldn't have been the lack of natural food that caused the big grey lobo to hunt and kill fatted beeves with such wanton waste. In the Far North tales have been told about the big timber wolf attacking and killing men, but Ed swears he has never heard of the Plains country lobo, or pack of lobos, attacking man unless cornered.

Sometimes a pack, or one lone lobo, would follow a man on horseback for miles upon miles over the open range country, but Ed feels it was only out of curiosity.

About the only way Ed was ever lucky enough to get the drop on a full grown lobo and run him down horseback was to catch an old dog freshly gorged with fat beef or an old bitch heavy with litter. Even then, if the wary lobo got so much as a fourth of a mile head start, the chase proved futile.

Worn down to a nubbin the old lobo could put up a mighty good fight. Most of the time it took several good fighting dogs to kill one lobo; Ed has never seen a lone dog make much headway.

THERE was absolutely no use in trying to kill out the cunning predators with traps or special poison. Old-time ranchers depended on professional wolfers like Wolfie Bill and Ed to keep their ranges clean of the big killers.

The Government did send in a few men now and then especially trained to trap or poison sly Mr. Lobo. Ed well remembers one Government man who came traveling over the open range on his elegant horse, his head full of technical wisdom, looking for telltale signs of his prey. To all the ranchers and cowhands he made a comical sight, with his straw mat rolled up behind his expensive saddle and carrying in his free hand a brushy limb from a tree. When he did happen to locate a lobo's den or lair, he would step gingerly down from his horse on the spread-out mat and with heavy gloves set a trap or put out his special poison. Then he would step back up on his horse, raise the mat by a cord, take the brushy tree limb and carefully smooth away all evidence of the Government's having been on Mr. Lobo's home grounds.

Time and time again, Ed has checked these learned attempts to fool the keen minded wolf. He found they seldom ever took. He would find tracks where the sly old lobo had circled within fifty feet of the waiting trap or poison. It simply seemed to Ed like he must have sat silently over on yonder hill and watched, amused at man's foolish efforts to destroy him.

The lobo knew so well how to pack the loose dirt around his den and camouflage it that you could ride very close to one and never see it. When they left their den to hunt or go to water, they stepped in the same tracks all the time. It was hard to savvy much from a trail like that.

The pappy lobo was a faithful mate. When the den housed a litter of pups, he, along with the mother, would lie off on a hill about one fourth of a mile from the den. With a clear view of the opening they could watch over their young.

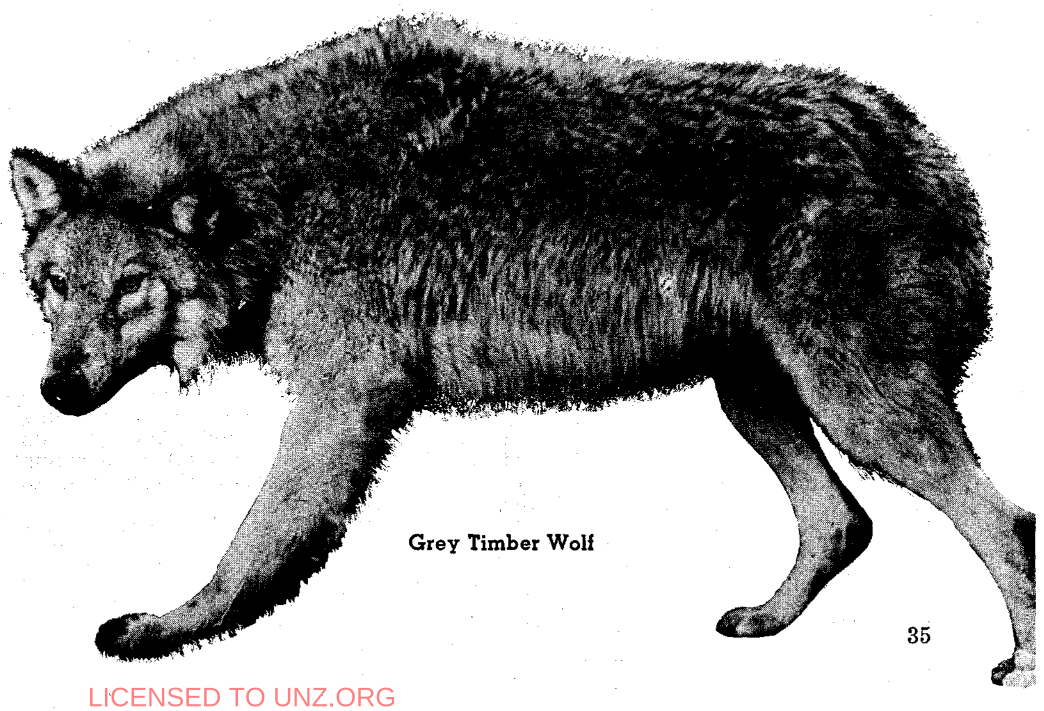
Ed says when he did ride upon a den accidently, the watchful parents would jump up and down about six feet in the air and moan and howl pitifully to attract the enemy away from their pups. Most of the time Ed gave chase to the grown lobos for several miles. They would run for awhile, then turn and look back, anxious to make sure he was following them. Chasing them with that much head start was futile and he would return, satisfied with his den of pups.

If man ever touched the lobos' den, they would leave it forever, but if left undisturbed they would use it year after year for rearing their young. If Ed buried the pups in the den after scalping, the old mammy and pappy lobo would leave them untouched, but if he hung them on a windmill or tree, the old wolves would come to their dead pups night after night and set up the saddest howling. They would try very hard to get their babies down for burial. They would keep up this howling until decayed carcasses fell down, then they would drag off every piece to their secret burial grounds. To Ed's knowledge, no human being has ever come across a lobo graveyard.

ONE EVENING, a few hours before sunset, Ed happened to ride smack upon a den. He thought it strange no diverting howls rose from the surrounding hills. There was not a sight or sound of a lobo. He dismounted and patted the ground at the mouth of the den. Sure enough, little inquisitive eyes peered out of the dark depths to see what kind of strange noise had disturbed their cozy home. Like the grown-ups, the young have a powerful curiosity.

Ed stripped, got down on all fours, and was just about to crawl inside when an awful scared mammy lobo exploded out of that den. She jumped right between Ed's legs, setting him back on his bare haunches, and took off like a streak of lightning over the low hills. Ed jumped on his horse and took out after her. As usual, the clever old she-wolf headed for a drift fence and wasted no time in scooting under. By the time Ed dismounted and knocked the fence wire loose, he had lost sight of his $10.00 prize. Anyway, under the circumstances he felt he would have had a mighty uncomfortable chase after that lobo in his birthday suit. He decided to return and

(Continued on page 47)



Grey Timber Wolf

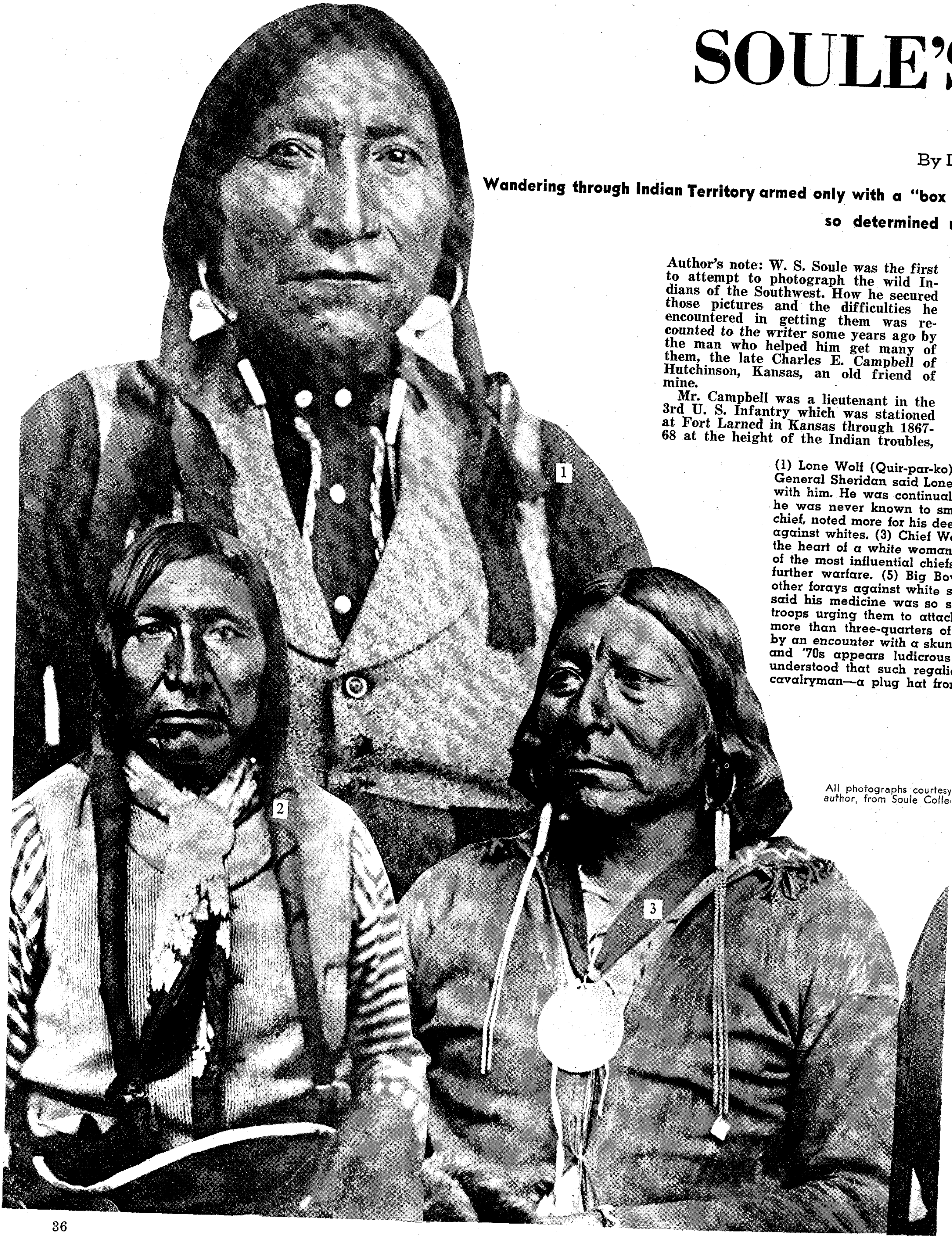
SOULE'S

By L.

Wandering through Indian Territory armed only with a "box w
so determined no

Author's note: W. S. Soule was the *first* to attempt to photograph the wild Indians of the Southwest. How he secured those pictures and the difficulties he encountered in getting them was recounted *to the writer* some years ago by the man who helped him get many of them, the late Charles E. Campbell of Hutchinson, Kansas, an old friend of mine.

Mr. Campbell was a lieutenant in the 3rd U. S. Infantry which was stationed at Fort Larned in Kansas through 1867-68 at the height of the Indian troubles,



(1) Lone Wolf (Quir-par-ko),
General Sheridan said Lone
with him. He was continuall
he was never known to smi
chief, noted more for his dee
against whites. (3) Chief Wo
the heart of a white woman
of the most influential chiefs
further warfare. (5) Big Bov
other forays against white se
said his medicine was so st
troops urging them to attack
more than three-quarters of
by an encounter with a skun
and '70s appears ludicrous
understood that such regalic
cavalryman—a plug hat fro

All photographs courtesy
author, from Soule Colle

INDIANS

LLARD

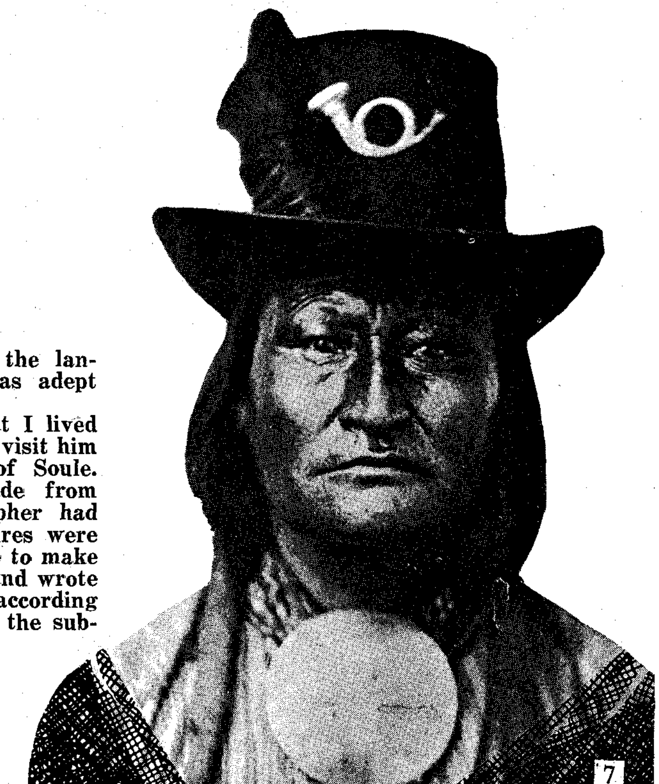
evil eye," probably no other photographer ever had subjects
smile at the birdie!

and at a time when the Government was making great efforts to confine the warring Indians to the reservations. He transferred into the U. S. Indian Service in 1869 when Fort Sill was established in Indian Territory and remained at the Fort Sill and Darlington Agencies *through the 1870s.*

Charles Campbell was one of many who contended that the Indians were never given a fair deal. At the agencies, he became the friend and confidant of many of the most implacable of the Comanches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas. He learned to speak the languages of those tribes and was adept in sign language.

During the several years that I lived near enough to Mr. Campbell to visit him often, he told me the story of Soule. He had numerous prints made from *negatives which the photographer had* given him soon after the pictures were taken. Mr. Campbell allowed me to make copies of those original prints and wrote a brief explanation for each, according to his personal recollections of the subjects. (Continued on next page)

al war chief of the Kiowas. One of the most cruel and crafty Indians of the Plains.
ad outwitted him at every council ever held with him and finally refused to meet
e warpath until the defeats of Adobe Walls and Palo Duro Canyon. It is said
tured and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas in 1877. (2) *Yellow Bear, Arapahoe war*
aring against the Utes, always bitter enemies of the Arapahoes, than for action
Heart (Weib-pe-ah-pa) Kiowa war chief, said to have been so named after eating
in a raid on a wagon train. (4) Little Raven, Arapahoe chief, for many years one
Arapahoes. Although crafty and warlike, in the late 1870s he saw the futility of
ky-ya) Kiowa chief, one of the leaders of the Adobe Walls fight, as well as many
nts and ranches. (6) Eagle's Head (Min-im-ic) Cheyenne chief and medicine man,
o bullet would touch him. Rode war-painted pony up and down before Indian
pony was shot from under him. Shot said to have been made by Billy Dixon from
with Sharps .50 *caliber rifle. Min-im-ic claimed his medicine had been spoiled*
ah-Po-Me, Comanche war chief. The oddly assorted regalia of Indians of the 1860s
trast to our modern concept of Indian dress. The humor vanishes when it is
lly had a bloody history. The insignia of a bugler probably came from a scalped
goods of a pillaged wagontrain.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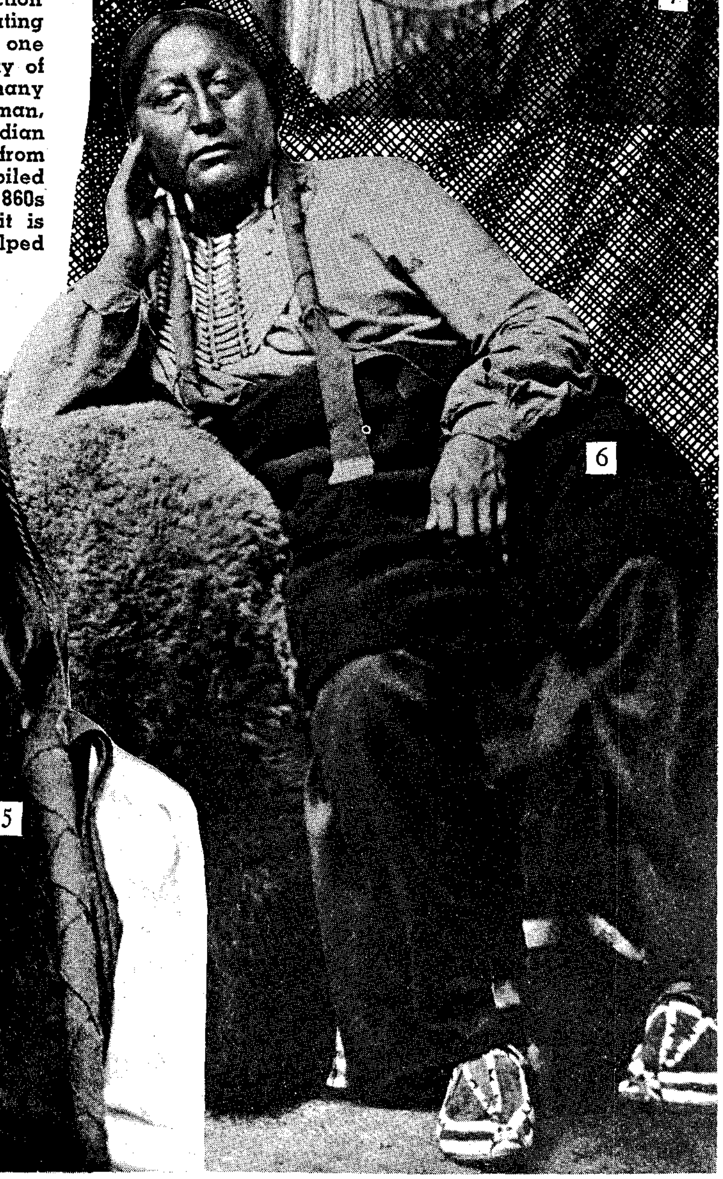
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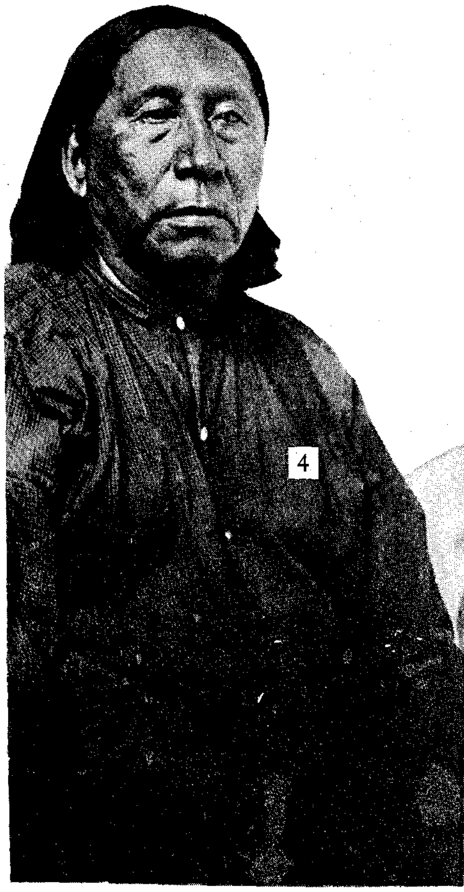
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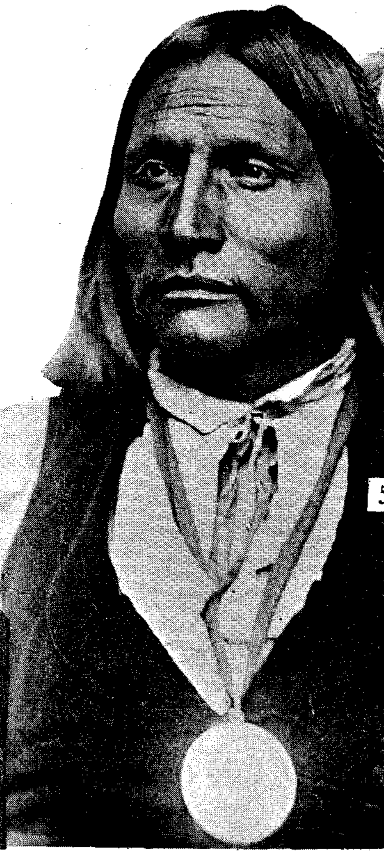
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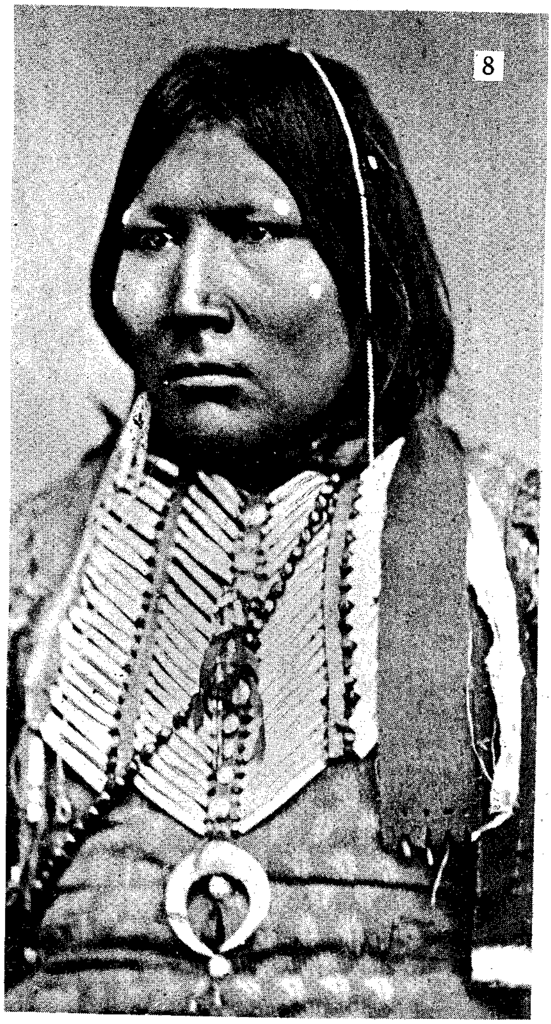


A number of Soule photographs have been published; many have not. Very often the published pictures have borne the wrong captions, both as to the individual and the tribe. Comparatively few people who have seen those pictures have any idea of the obstacles that faced the man who took them.

"WHILE the Civil War was in progress, various Indian tribes in the West and Southwest had been allowed to scatter and roam very much as they pleased. In 1866-67, following the war, several commissions were appointed to round up the Indians and restrict them to reservations.

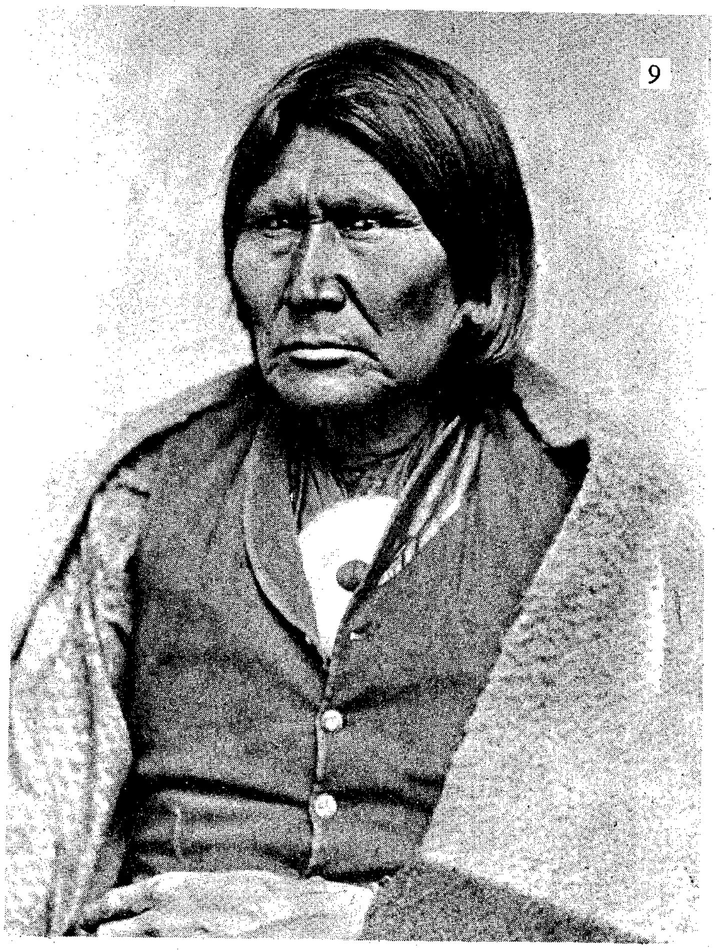
During President Grant's administration a plan for handling the problem, to become known as the Quaker Policy, was proposed and adopted. All of the Western tribes were to be placed under the supervision of the Society of Friends—the Quakers. The proponents of the plan held that the Quaker belief of persuasion over force, which had been moderately successful among Eastern tribes, would work equally well with those of the West. Quaker agents were sent to all of the newer agencies in Indian Territory, and still others replaced non-Quaker Indian agents farther west.

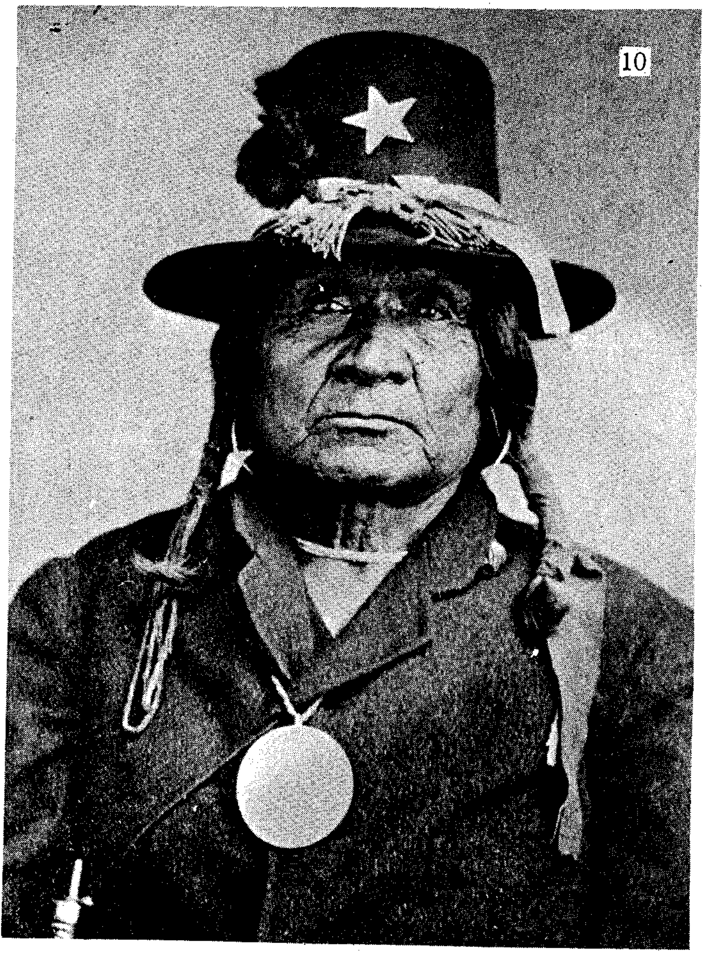
"Prior to the advent of the Quakers, Western Indians had been flagrantly exploited by a political clique in Washington, working through agents appointed and sent out by themselves. It was a very safe bet that most white men to be seen about an Indian agency at that time were not there for the benefit of the Indians.

"There is considerable evidence in agency records that a happy medium between the methods of the Quakers and the sterner ones of the former agents would have been much more effective in dealing with the rebellious redskins. Most of those hard-bitten Indian head men resented the soft-handed coddling of the Quakers almost as much as the robbery and abuse of the men they replaced.

"The Fort Sill Agency had charge of the Comanche and Kiowa Tribes. Late in 1870 most of the military quarters and agency buildings on Cache Creek had been completed. General George Custer's 7th U. S. Cavalry and General Hazen's 6th U. S. Cavalry, previously stationed at Fort Sill, had been moved out—Custer's outfit to Fort Supply about 100 miles to the northwest, and Hazen's to Fort Cobb, some 40 miles to the north on the Washita. Those

(8) Pe-ah-rite, son of Chief Horseback and noted for his unquestioned bravery and hatred of the whites. He had a prominent part in the fight at Adobe Walls and is said to have been the brave who attempted to break open a door with the rump of his pony. Wounded in the charge, he shot himself at the door of the fort rather than face capture. (9) Chief Horseback, Chief of the No-ko-mie branch of the Comanches and implacable foe of the whites. By reason of his prowess in war and eloquence in council he was considered one of the most influential chiefs of the Comanches. His influence was always sought by army officers in efforts to put his tribe on a peaceful footing. (10) Tush-a-way, a Comanche chief. His Comanche name, meaning turtle dove, does not indicate a peaceful nature. Tush-a-way's squaws were filthy housekeepers and his lodges were always dirty and littered. The turtle dove is one of the few birds that fouls its own nest, hence, the name.





commands had been replaced by Negro cavalry troops, commanded by General Grierson, and a detachment of the 25th U. S. Cavalry. The Indians disliked the Negro soldiers even more than they did the whites, calling them “buffalo soldiers” because of their color. Tatum and Haworth, both Quakers, were in charge successively of the Fort Sill Agency through the 1870s.

“The Darlington Agency (also called the Upper Agency) was located near Camp Supply on the North Canadian River. It handled the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The agency was named for Quaker Brinton Darlington, its first agent, upon whose death in 1872 John D. Miles, another Quaker, took over.

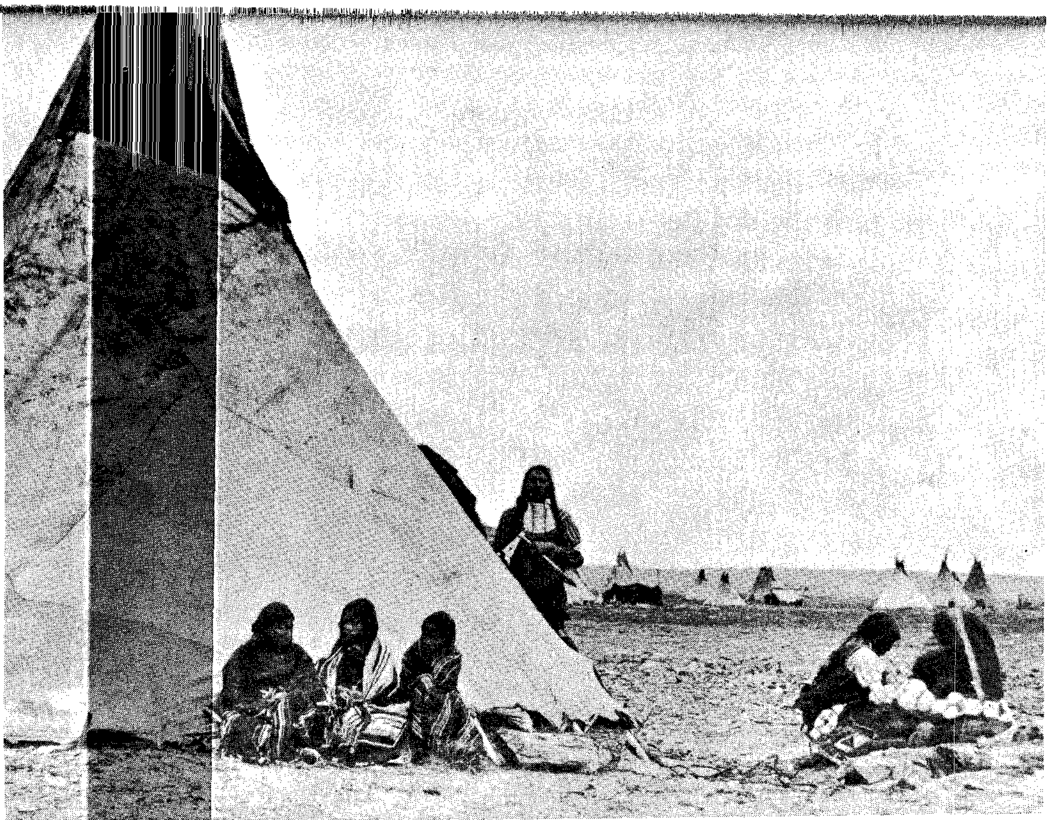
“At that time post traders at all western garrisons were licensed by the Government. Those concessions were much sought after for they were very profitable, both through goods sold and taken in trade, and through rentals or commissions from non-conflicting lines of business carried on at the posts by arrangement between the post trader and the military commandant.

“W. S. SOULE was a photographer from Boston, Massachusetts, who aspired to make an authentic photographic record of important Indian personages and the community life of the wild tribes of the Southwest Plains. He obtained a permit to establish a photographic studio at the Fort Sill post in the early 1870s. Soule had both courage and optimism, along with a full measure of the blissful ignorance of the tenderfoot. Though his services at his studio were available to anyone, military or otherwise, he made it clear that such business was only secondary to his principal objective—to secure the portraits of all the most prominent Indian chiefs and medicine men, the more hostile the better.

“To fully appreciate the task that the Boston man had laid out for himself, it should be noted that he arrived at a time when the troops were in constant pursuit of various bands of recalcitrant Indians in an effort to force them back onto the reservations—or to kill all of them in the process, the preference of the War Department seemingly being the last mentioned.

“Already Custer’s cavalry had almost completely wiped out Chief Kettle’s village of Cheyennes on the Washita River in an action which disregarded age or sex, and resulted in the deaths of some 200 warriors, women and children, including Black Kettle and his squaw. That so-called engagement, that was widely termed a “massacre,” had left Custer in pretty bad repute among most civilians, and even among many army men; and it did much to increase the hatred of the Indians for anyone with a white skin.

“There had been other punitive expeditions by the military which, though fully justified, did not strike the Indian mind as fitting in with the ‘love thy neighbor’ policy of the Quaker agents. Add the fact that the treaty made with the allied tribes at Medicine Lodge in 1867 promised that no buffalo or other game would be taken by whites in a large area south of the Arkansas River, yet for several years buzzards had been feeding on the carcasses of buffaloes left by the forerunners of the hide-hunters a hundred miles south of the Arkansas, and you can see that Soule had problems to solve in getting any chieftains to face his camera. There was hardly one of them who would not have much preferred to hang his scalp on a war shield or an arrow quiver.


Prior to the 1870s, all teepees of the Plains Indians were made of buffalo hides. The use of hides discontinued when buffalo became scarce and army-issue canvas available.

“The hostility of the Indians would have given pause to most men and the undertaking of the back-East photographer looms still larger when you remember that the photographic dry plate was at that time only in the experimental stage and that compact cameras with fast lenses and shutters were yet to come.

“SOULE may or may not have used some of the new dry plates after the middle 1870s, but it is certain that most of his pictures were made on wet plates, a method now largely forgotten. Soule’s ambitions were no doubt sparked by the remarkable Civil War photographs made on wet plates by Brady. Both men faced about the same number of hazards and difficulties, the principal difference being the manner in which the photographer took his chances on meeting a violent end—by a minie-ball or a tomahawk.

“With the wet plate process, the photographer made his own plate—from start to finish—from a piece of plain glass over which he flowed a coating of sensitizing chemicals. After being immersed in an aqueous bath containing silver nitrate, they became the equivalent of an exceedingly slow dry plate of today.

“As the term implied, the plate had to be exposed in the camera while wet and developed immediately before drying could take place. Photos made away from the studio required a portable silver bath and a light-tight tent in which to prepare the plate, load the plate-holder and develop the exposed plate. Water had to be carried in kegs.

“Except for occasional Indian family groups, most of Soule’s attempts to tell a graphic story of everyday life in an Indian village were failures. Except on the post itself such pictures had to be made while in the company of the Indian agent of other recognized authority; there were instances when several armed troopers provided a show of authority while Soule set up his apparatus or was inside his tent darkroom.

“Soule found that even though his escort might provide protection and authority, neither he nor they could overcome the subject’s fear of the white man’s ‘box with the evil eye.’ Many times he transported his bulky equipment to Indian encampments where the Indians were busily occupied in their everyday activities just as he wanted them. Yet, long before he could set up his tent, sensitize and load a plate and be ready to squeeze the bulb, every Indian in the camp, even the dogs, had vanished to peek from within or from behind the tepees.

“He had better luck with the head men when he could persuade them to sit for him in or near the post studio. There he had the help of those recognized by the Indians as friends or, at least, with the authority to give orders. Those stolid Indians were actually just as afraid of the camera as their fellow tribesmen, but fear of losing face with other Indians was greater than their fear of the lens.

“Some of those chieftains held such hatred for anything pertaining to the white man that neither gifts, orders nor threats could induce them to pose. Satank, the fierce war chief of the Kiowas would submit to no white authority. When captured and sentenced to be sent south to Fort Richardson with other incorrigibles, he slipped his shackles and was shot to death while trying to escape. On the other hand, Lone Wolf, Little Raven, Big Bow, Yellow Bear, and other chiefs with just as great a hatred for the whites as Satank, sat for their portraits only because they figured that an attitude of submission better suited the plans they had in mind.

“AT THE agencies there was no doubt that those scheming Indians had been making plenty of medicine while they were sitting before Soule’s camera,

(Continued on page 59)

NUGGETS

HOAX OR NOT?

By Lynn McMillen

EVERY TIME there is an unseasonal downpour in the Scott River country of northern California, old-timers begin to worry that some darned fool tourist who ought to know better has uncovered the Rain Rock tucked away in one corner of the little Fort Jones Museum southwest of Yreka, and that it's working its medicine again.

This two or three-ton piece of soapstone, identified by the area Indians as an authentic relic of their age-old rain rites, was uncovered in 1947 at Gottville by a road scraper. Centuries before it had been buried there by their forefathers and they feel it should have been left undisturbed. Its disinterment caused predictions of disaster among the older members of the Klamath Tribe.

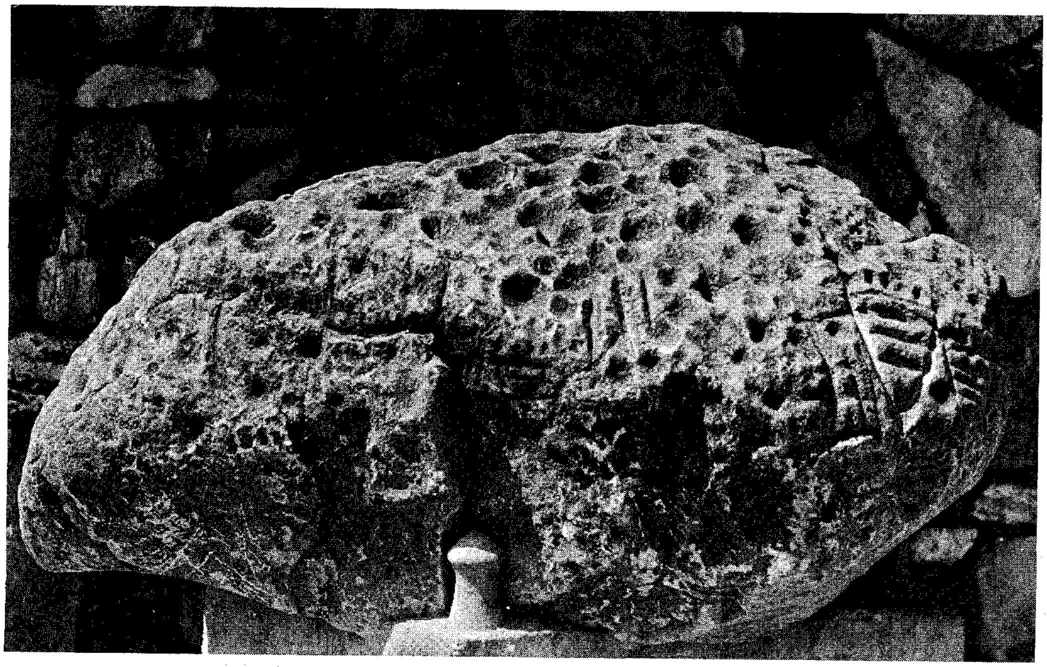
Had their muttering and warning been taken seriously, the full impact of this rock's power might not have been felt by the inhabitants of the valley and surrounding area. As it was, the rock was dug up and trucked to Fort Jones, eighteen miles from where it was found. There it was put on display on a stone base near the museum. An irregular-shaped sandstone rock with an overall dimension of perhaps five feet, its surface is pitted with approximately eighty-eight holes, some resembling bear tracks.

The citizens neglected to secure its full history before displaying it or to heed the warning of a brave who warned, "Keep the rock covered or it will snow all summer."

THE ROCK was left there on its base for all to see. To some it was a marvel, to others just a rock full of holes. Then, almost as if in answer to the skeptical, unprecedented weather occurred in the valley during the winter. It rained when snow was due; snowed when it should have rained; sleeted in clear weather. In mid-May, 1948, a howling snowstorm struck the valley, followed by an unseasonable amount of rain. Not only was their valley flooded, it washed out the sheriff's Siskiyou County rodeo. Cries went up to "Cover the rock!"

Only once since has it been uncovered, and that at the plea of a rancher whose irrigation ditches were dry. The rock was uncovered at six p.m. and by eight p.m. there was a downpour. The weather did not clear for three days, despite the fact that the cover was put back on soon as the rain started.

The famous Rain Rock at Fort Jones Museum, California



After that, the officials were besieged with requests to cloak the Rain Rock, especially when celebrations were to be held. Some requests came from as far away as 200 miles. Shortly after, a detailed story was given by a spokesman for the Karok Tribe who lived northwest of Fort Jones on the Klamath River and was taken down verbatim.

Here is the story as recorded: The rock had been of ceremonial import for many centuries among the forefathers of the Karok Tribe. "When rain was needed, they pounded on the rock, wind came up, keep pounding, sometime big hole, keep on pounding, after while rain come. If rain don't stop, put dirt in holes to stop rain."

When asked about the supposed bear tracks, the Indian said, "Them days sometime maybe not have anything to eat. Can't get nothing to eat, make a track so can get good luck, so can get bear or anything. Make mystery on rock, maybe he can get acorns. Bear track pounded out, have good luck."

Then to the question, "Why was the rock buried?" he replied, "Good reason. One year, earth very dry. Streams dry, Indian need water. Forefathers pound on rock, pound hole for rain. Rain come, more rain. Stop holes with dirt. Rain wash dirt out holes. Sky send more rain, rain no stop, terrible flood along Klamath River. Many Indians die, many sick, game die, all hungry. Indians afraid of Rain Rock now. They bury rock where found. Now Indians believe rock should have been left where their forefathers buried it, then rock not able to make medicine. You saw?"

Yes, they had seen. Uncover the rock and it rains; cover and the rain stops. So it was secured with tarpaulin and tucked away from temptation.

ONLY IN DEATH

By David L. Hieb

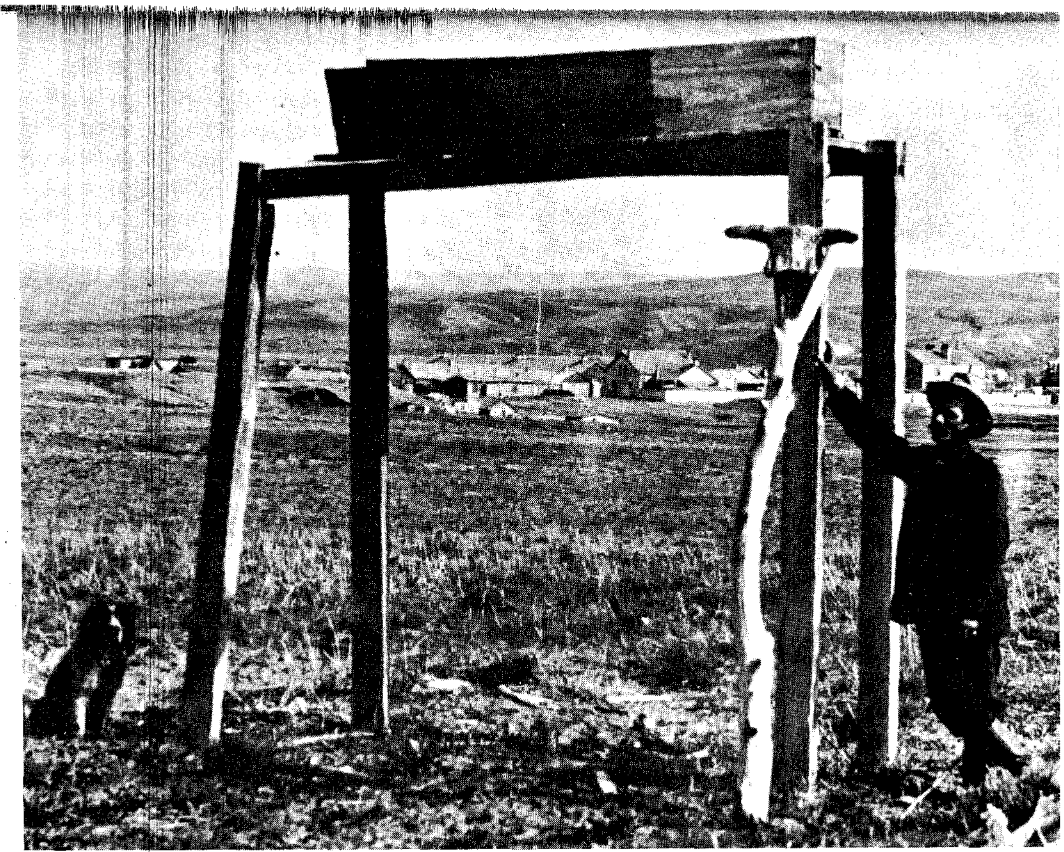
IN MARCH, 1866, Colonel Henry Maynadier, then in command at Fort Laramie, reported as auguring success of the peace council that Spotted Tail, head chief of the Brulé Sioux, had brought in the body of his daughter for burial among the whites at Fort Laramie. Her name was Ah-ho-ap-pa, which is Sioux for "wheat flour," although modern poets have referred to her as Fallen Leaf.

In the summer of 1864, she was a familiar figure at Fort Laramie. While she haughtily refused the crackers, coffee and bacon doled out to the Indian women and children at that time, she spent long hours on a bench by the sutler's store watching the white man's way of life. She was particularly fond of watching the guard mount and the dress parade; and the officer in charge was often especially decked out in sash and plumes for her benefit.

She refused to marry one of her own people, attempted to learn English, and told her people they were fools for not living in houses and making peace with the whites.

When the Sioux went on the warpath in 1864, however, Spotted Tail and his daughter were with them and spent the next year in the Powder River country. There the hard life weakened her, and she sickened and died during the following cold winter.

Having promised to carry out her express wish to be buried at Fort Laramie, her father led the funeral procession on a journey of 260 miles. Colonel Maynadier responded gallantly to Spotted Tail's request. In a ceremony which combined all the pageantry of the military and the primitive tradition of the Sioux, her body was placed in a coffin on a raised platform a half mile north of the parade grounds. Thus, a long step had been taken toward winning the friendship of a great chief.—Reprinted through the courtesy of the United States Department of the Interior. (*Historical Handbook Series, No.* 20.)



Grave of Spotted Tail's daughter, Falling Leaf, near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Photographed in 1880.

CONTRABAND CATTLE

By J. Frank Dobie

WHEN the Civil War broke out, W. W. Burton, whose family was ranching in McLennan County, Texas, was seventeen years old, and he became a soldier in the Confederate Army. When he was about eighty-three years old, I took down his talk about the old days. A few years later he died. I think of him and his family lots of times and from the memory get a tonic that is better than anything ever put into bottles. His words, set down here without quotation marks, require no explanation.

In the '50s a saddle pony was worth seven or eight dollars. Many of ours were from Mexico and had Mexican brands on them. When we got through working cattle in the fall, we turned most of our horses loose on the range with the expectation of their being stolen by Indians before spring. Every spring a Mexican named Juan Sanchez brought horses up from the Rio Grande and sold them to the ranchers.

The Indians who stole our horses would sometimes take them to Mexico and trade them off. In this way we had a chance to buy back our own stock. One year Mot Donahue branded a Mexican pony on the neck. The next spring when Sanchez brought horses up to sell he had the pony in his bunch and sold him to Jim Edwards. Donahue didn't try to claim him.

In 1861 the Burton family branded 1,100 calves. When the War was over and my brother Otho and I got home we found only 200 calves to brand. A great deal of the stock along the Brazos had been driven west by renegades, some of whom became cattle kings. But after the War, cattle were worth next to nothing anyhow. Choice steers sold at eight and ten dollars a head, and stock cattle could be purchased for a dollar or two.

It was about 1867 that our neighborhood had quite a bit of excitement over a slick rascal from the North who came in, put up at the old Peter McLennan Hotel in Waco and bought a string of cattle from surrounding ranchers. He had his own outfit with him and was away and gone with the cattle before somebody discovered that the greenback money he paid was all counterfeit. He paid the hotel and Waco stores in those greenbacks too. A posse was made up to follow him. I was in a cow camp when word of the cheating reached us. I and some other men left right away to join in the hunt.

Some of the posse caught the cattle at Red River. I don't know whether the counterfeit money man went up the river or down it, but I have always understood he did not go across it. There was a saying in those days that the law of Texas was at the end of a rope. There was not any fighting over this matter. The legitimate owners of the cattle simply put one of their number in charge and sent the herd on to Kansas.

Soon after the War ended, my brother Otho and I fixed up some picket pens and a chute at our ranch north of Waco and began to road-brand herds from south Texas. It was a law either written or unwritten that after cattle crossed the Brazos they had to be road-branded.

Of course, many of them were road-branded when they left the southern ranges, but many were not. Furthermore, it was to the owner's advantage to have fresh brands on his cattle when they reached the Indian Nation and Kansas. Then if any got away they could be more easily identified. Anything not road-branded was likely to be cut back at Red River.

Our proposition was to furnish hands and brand the cattle as directed by the owners. For big steers—and many from the lower country were from ten to fifteen years old—we charged fifteen cents a head, and for everything under four years old, ten cents a head. In 1871 we road-branded over 4,000 head of cattle for the King Ranch alone. They came to us in four herds, and about the time we had one herd branded out the next would be on hand. It took five or six days to brand out 1,000 steers.

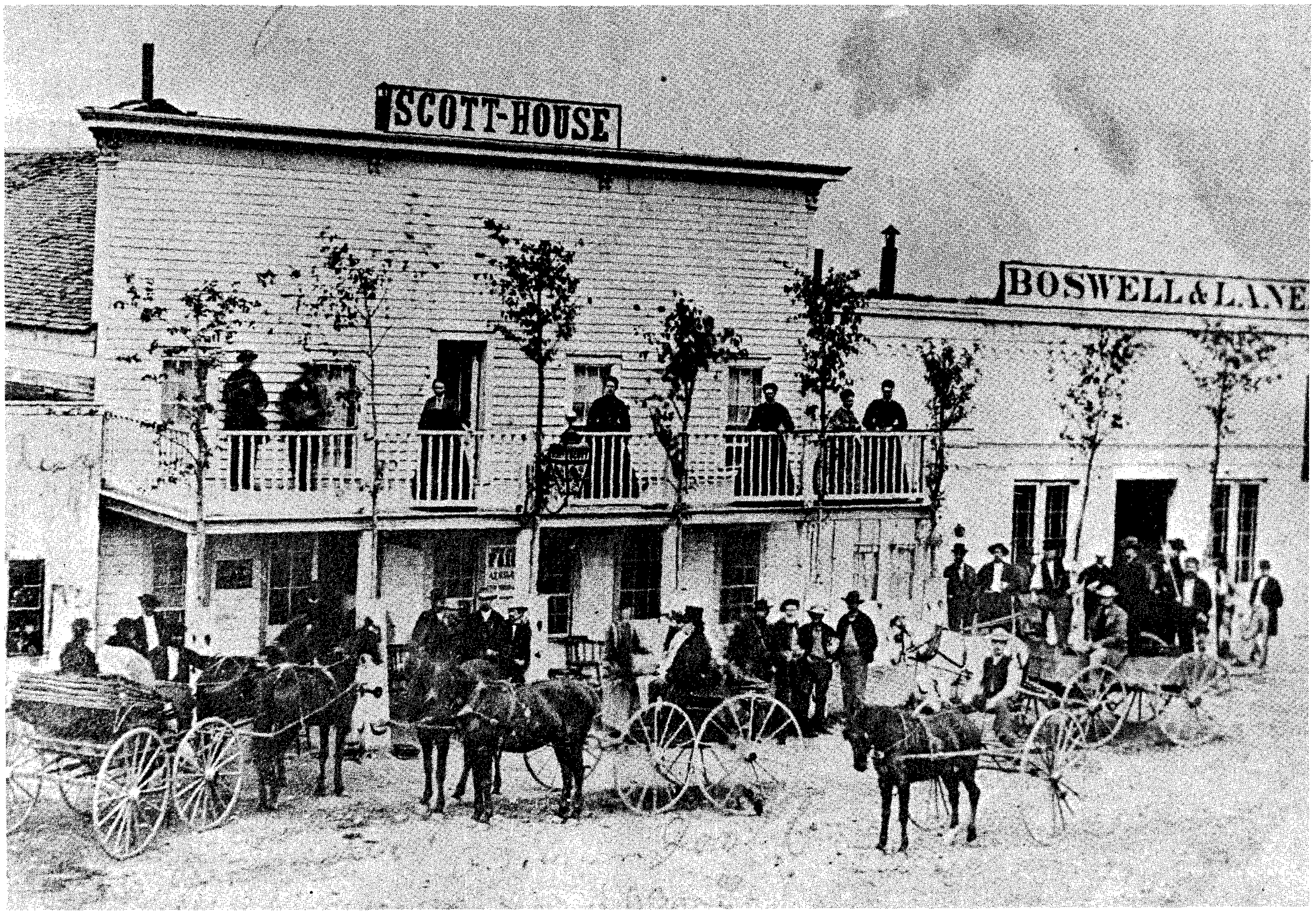
In 1868 Jim Taylor and I started for Kansas with a herd of 900 mixed cattle. We crossed Red River at Colbert's Ferry, where we had crossed in 1859 going to Missouri. But when we got up into Indian Territory, we met men who told us that the Indians were so bad we could not get through to Kansas.

They also said that Kansas was full of cattle without a buyer. It was against the law for us to drive into Missouri, as Texas cattle were giving the native cattle fever. Nothing was known about ticks being the cause of the fever. Texas cattle were simply not wanted. All that was left for us to do was to go into Arkansas.

We went into Benton County, which corners in the northwestern part of the state against Missouri. There we managed to get rid of most of the cattle somehow. We just had to peddle them out, trading off some for wagons and horses, smuggling a few heifers across the line into Missouri. It was December before we got back to Texas.

SMUGGLING cattle into Missouri was ticklish business, for the country was full of men who hated Texas cows and Texas cowmen. We never tried to take more than fifteen or twenty head at a time. One morning a good while before daybreak I and another cowhand were riding back to Benton County after having delivered a little bunch of cattle, when we heard men shooing cattle along. They were not yelling or popping whips,

(Continued on page 57)



Typical Deer Lodge street scene of Springer's day. According to some of the Deer Lodge old-timers of that era, the Scott House was famous for its bedbugs, jokingly said to be so big the guests could ride them down to breakfast.

TWENTY MILES east of Deer Lodge, Montana, is the Continental Divide, the roof top of the Rockies. Dwarfed by Mt. Powell on the west this wild, rugged and lonely land is rather an insignificant looking range, as mountains go. Here the eagle still circles leisurely and the cougar stalks its prey as in centuries past; here, somewhere in an unnamed draw on the sunny slope of the Divide, is the lost and perhaps fabulously rich Springer Lead.

The legend of the Springer Lead, or Lode as some prefer to call it, differs from the conventional lost mine yarns. There is no map passed down by a dying prospector to show the supposed location of the mine; in fact, there is no mine (no one ever, even during Springer's life, saw or visited it)—but for years the peculiar brown ore it produced was displayed in the window of the Larabie Brothers Bank in Deer Lodge!

Old prospectors of Deer Lodge are happy to give you the story in detail, including a warning about the ghosts who guard the Lead. Those who come too close to it—well, they just don't come back. They, it seems, get mauled by grizzlies, slip off cliffs, or are struck by falling trees.

Little is known of the early life of Thomas O. Springer. He came from Sycamore, Illinois, and still had relatives there at the time of his death. He might have come west as early as the California gold rush, to be drawn later by the well publicized strikes of the Montana gold fields. To Bannack, Virginia City, Last Chance Gulch, and Blackfoot City he might have wandered in turn and to each too late. For a man whose luck wouldn't change, from Blackfoot City to Deer Lodge in the heart of the gold country (but itself never a gold camp) would have been a typical move. Here he settled in the late Sixties and continued to prospect, always alone, in the nearby mountains.

There was little to distinguish him; his garb was the familiar one of the day, his long grey hair falling in cascades from beneath the brim of a battered felt hat. His beard he wore long and neatly combed.

Springer was rather tall and heavy set and his gait, at least during the later years, was a slow shuffling walk with frequent pauses for rest. Several mild heart attacks during his stay in Deer Lodge had warned him that overexertion might bring on the fatal one.

He acquired a small cabin at the edge of town but seldom spent much time there; mostly he was out on solitary prospecting trips. In fact, until the day he pulled out that poke of gold, he was paid very little attention. From then on, however, he was a marked man, hunted more relentlessly than the road agents ever were.

RUMORS of his gold spread and men who had only seen him a time or two suddenly became his friends. They welcomed him that evening in a local saloon. His glass was never allowed to become empty. But Springer knew the game too and obligingly became very intoxicated suspiciously fast. To their delight he began to talk of gold—gold of the California and Colorado fields, Grasshopper Diggin's, Alder Gulch and Last Chance—but never a whisper of where he got the nuggets that were in his poke.

As the night wore on it became apparent that no amount of liquor was going to induce him to reveal the location of his strike, but the miners did manage to pry loose one significant piece of information. It was not placer gold but high grade ore that he had packed home, pounded in a mortar and washed. Finally, in exasperation, they escorted him home and returned to the saloon to resume their revelry.

The next morning they were surprised to find Springer and his supplies gone. No one knew where for no one saw him go. As time passed and nothing more was heard from the old prospector, the excitement died down. Many were inclined to consider the whole thing a cleverly staged stunt to cadge free drinks. They had been played for suckers and it was best to forget it.

Then suddenly Springer was there again, calmly paying for some purchases from a hefty poke of gold. Wild tales of a fabulous strike electrified the

Time and again the crafty old prospector outsmarted the town as he set out for his treasure—
until that fateful day his footsteps were followed by One
from Whom there is no escape

LEGEND of the SPRINGER LEAD

By T. J. KERTTULA

Photos Courtesy Author

town, and again the boys entertained him for a stray bit of information.

Digging deep into his coat pocket he brought out samples of brownish ore thickly streaked with gold. These might have been the ones later displayed in the bank. Springer, it was supposed, had found a rich vein from which he pried out ore with a pick, taking only the best.

Again the men escorted him home, presumably as royally drunk as before. But this time they posted guards to watch his door lest he again escape. Morning found them shivering at their posts while Springer snored loudly in his snug, warm bunk. To everyone's exasperation, Springer loafed nonchalantly in town a bit later in the day, in no hurry to go anyplace.

Month after month the town watched, trying to catch old Tom in the act of leaving, but every time he gave them the slip. After one especially long sojourn in town, a grocery clerk whispered to his friends that judging by Springer's purchases he might be preparing to make another trip soon. The vigil was on.

AFTER Springer's light had been extinguished that night one guard took up a position in the bushes near the cabin door. His confederates were waiting in a house nearby. A strong thin cord stretched from the guard to the wrist of one of the men who were holed up.

One jerk would be a signal that Springer was moving around, two jerks that he had slipped outside, and three that the guard was starting to follow him. The men in the cabin would repeat the signal in acknowledgement.

Time passed slowly for the guard. As he shivered and wished for a blanket, the thought of his companions lounging in a warm room did not improve his mood.

Suddenly he tensed and stood listening. There were sounds of movement inside the cabin. He took up the slack and gave the cord a jerk. No answer. He tried again with a jerk calculated to pull his companion clear out of his bunk. The reply was immediate and vicious enough to suggest he had accomplished his purpose.

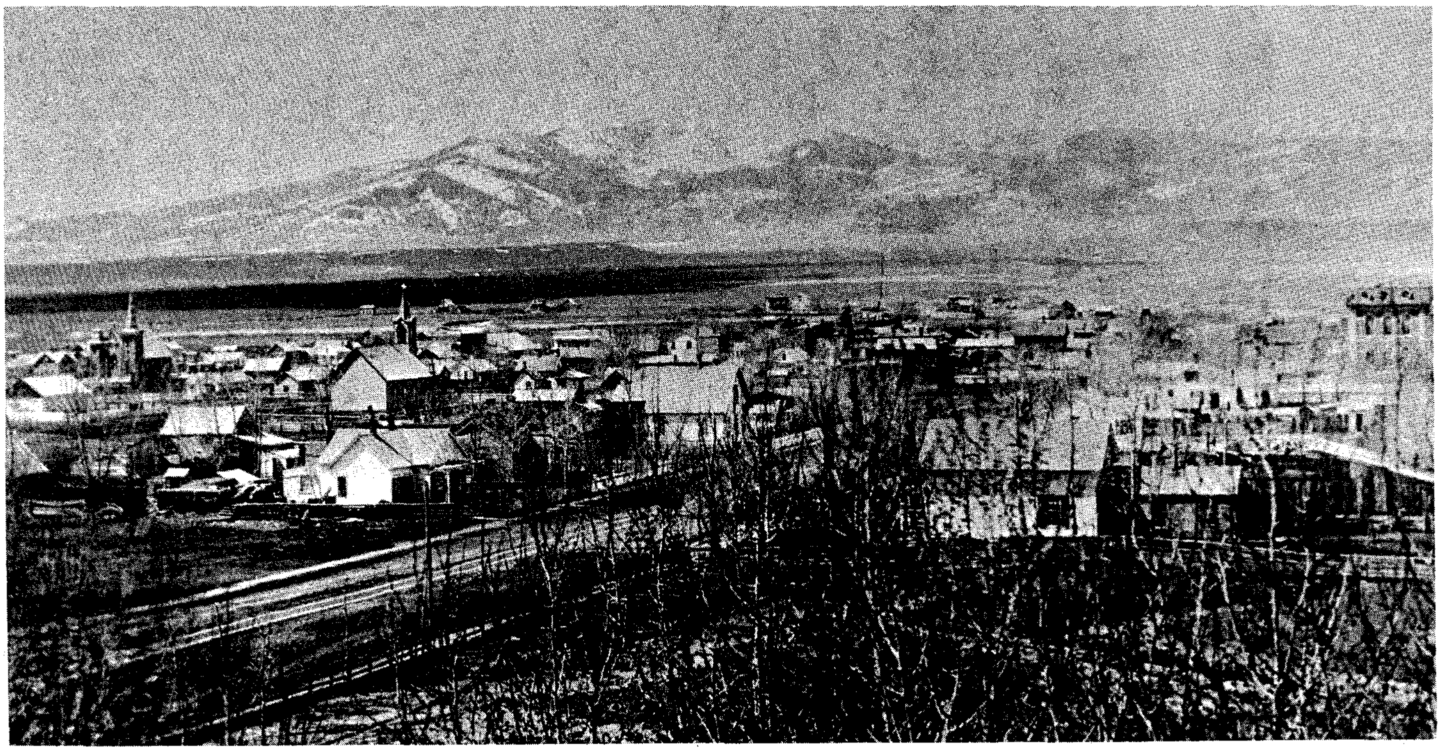
A muffled squeak of a hinge—the guard froze and held his breath. For a long time there was no other sound or movement. Springer, he guessed, must be standing in the doorway watching and waiting.

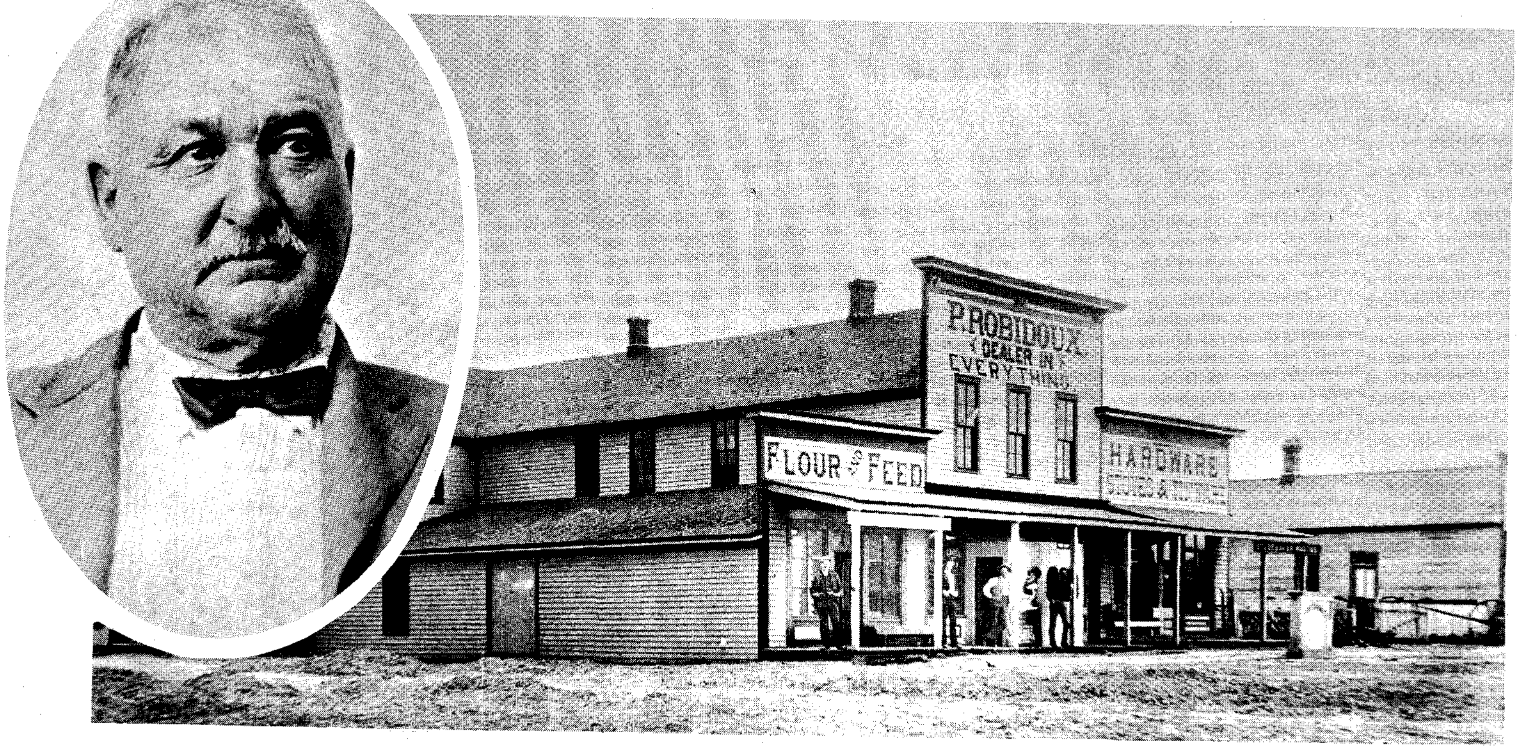
Again there was the unmistakable sound of hinges as the door closed. A vague form was moving along a narrow strip of shadow beside the wall. As soon as Springer disappeared around the corner the guard rose to follow.

Once out of town, Springer followed the trail up Cottonwood Creek, seemingly without a thought of pursuit. The

(Continued on page 48)

Dwarfed by Mt. Powell on the west, Deer Lodge as it looked a few years after Springer's death. The picture was taken from the part of town where Springer's cabin probably was located.





Kansas State Historical Society

Peter Robidoux's store in Wallace, Kansas in the late 1880s. (Inset) Peter Robidoux as he appeared in later years.

The Strange Destiny Of TWO PIONEER MERCHANTS

By KITTIE DALE

Whatever cream there was on the frontier, this pair knew how to skim off. Old acquaintances, they liked each other, ran the same sort of hard-headed business and were apparently riding high. Then something happened . . .

THE FIRST merchant to arrive with his covered wagon cargo of goods in Ellis, Kansas, was Tom Daly. He and his partner, Fred Felitz, set up their half-canvas, half-wood store on the prairie close to the railroad and were ready for business.

Daly, a well educated young Irishman, had foregone his plans to enter the priesthood to join the flow of his fellow countrymen to America. After service in the Civil War, he followed the railroad west and reached the little Kansas boom town in 1870.

After the townsite was surveyed in 1873, Daly, who had bought out his partner, put up a one-story fifty-foot stone front building; his territory extended from fifty to seventy-five miles in any direction and his outpost store carried merchandise valued at $40,000.

Wooden ox yokes hung from the ceiling, sets of harness hung on hooks around the walls and saddles straddled the sacks of sugar stacked close by. Muskets, cartridge belts and boxes of ammunition cluttered the corners. Stacked on the shelves were coffee and coffee grinders, soothing syrup, beans, canned goods, iron skillets and cooking pots. Barrels of whiskey, molasses, flour and crackers lined the front of the counter.

In the back room was a barrel of whiskey with head removed and a tin cup attached where thirsty customers who had driven in from their homesteads for supplies, went in and helped themselves.

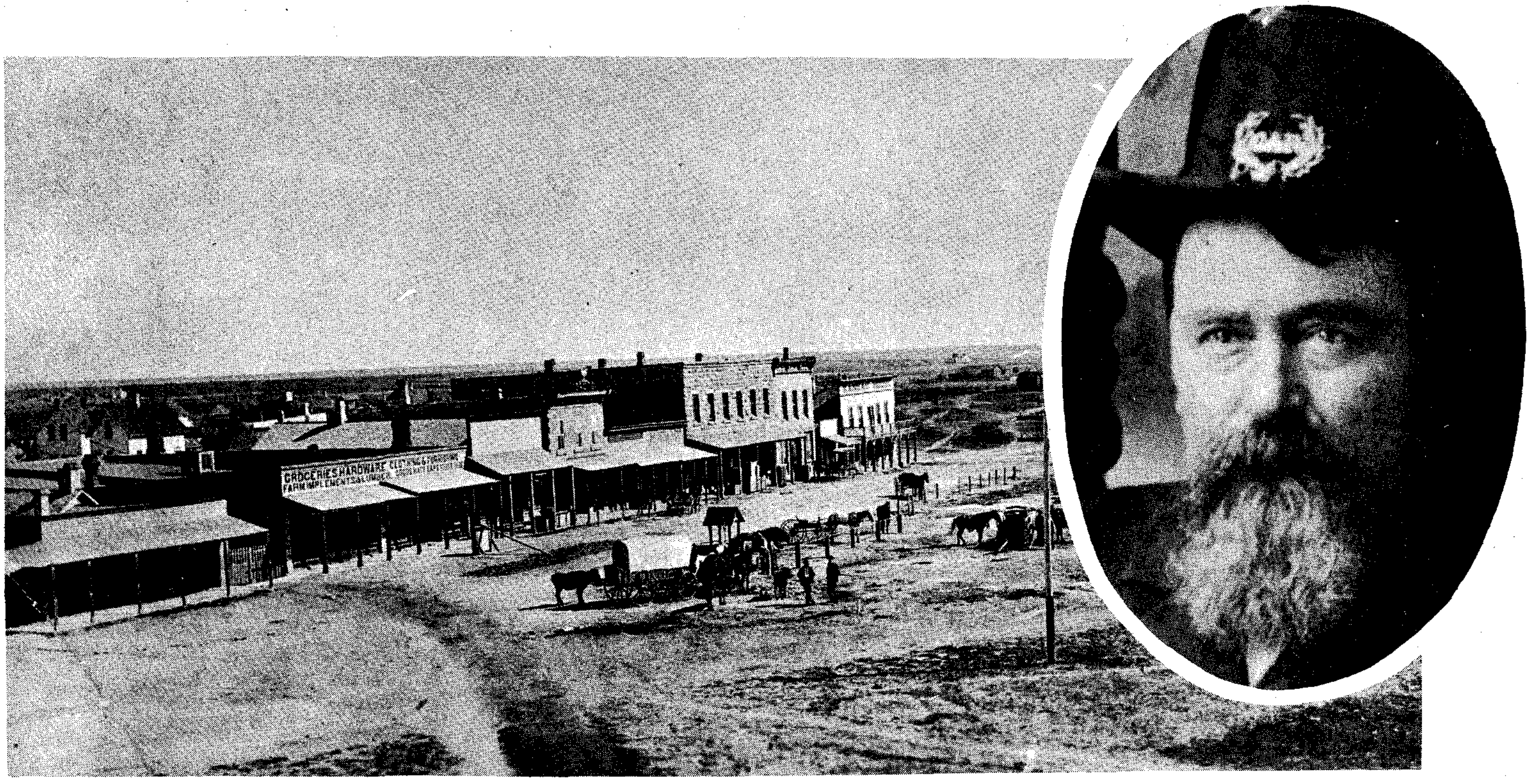
Tom Daly's notorious bar was underneath his store. A stairway led down to a doorway with a fancy saloon sign above the entrance. A favorite spot of cowboys and ruffians, the walls were bullet scarred from their frequent riotous shooting at mirrors, lights and glassware. The owner never interfered in their wild horseplay and boisterous celebrations but charged them double for all damage incurred and the cowpokes never argued the point.

Harry Buskirk, who worked for Daly, had a room above the saloon and had the space underneath his bed covered with heavy sheet metal to keep from being killed at night from a stray bullet.

The Irishman was a civic-minded person as well as a shrewd businessman and a hustler; he contributed to the churches and was a benefactor to the poor—and to his credit he never wanted his name mentioned. Many a cattleman would have gone broke had it not been for Daly's loans and extended credit.

A serious reader, he took time to implant seeds of knowledge into the minds of the town's small barefoot boys by lending them his own books. An improvised library, where he often sought refuge, was the loft in his big red barn. He told a friend once, "My true friends I visit by lanternlight in the hayloft at night." His favorite books were the Bible and those of Shakespeare and Burns.

Daly erected frame houses along the streets of the newly platted town, and dug a well on an open area across from his store. "The Well" became an oasis for covered wagons off the wilderness trail; townspeople gathered to greet newcomers to the region in the open-handed generosity of the pioneer. Scouts, hunters, trappers and soldiers from near-



Photos Courtesy Author

Ellis, Kansas, around 1880. Daly's store is the general store in the left of the photo. Note well in front of the store. (Inset) Tom Daly in his Civil War uniform.

by Fort Hays rode up and stopped to share a drink of cold water.

ONE OF Ellis' first citizens had been a young man by the name of Peter Robidoux. Originally from Canada, he decided to head west. He went to the C. B. & Q. railroad station in Chicago and asked for a ticket to the farthest point in that direction that $70 would take him. He was given a ticket to Ellsworth, Kansas, and handed $3.35 in change. He existed on bologna and crackers until he arrived there with seventy-five cents left in his pocket.

The Kansas Historical Society in an article written by W. F. Thompson, printed Robidoux's account of his arrival there on a mixed train that had taken a whole day to make the trip from Kansas City.

"I sat beside the depot . . ." he said, "not knowing just where I would stay the night. So I ventured across the street to a big saloon with a big sign over the door, 'U.S. Saloon'. It was a big one about 125 feet deep. I took a chair in a corner near the front where I could watch everything. It was getting interesting. Soldiers from old Fort Harker were coming and going. The dames and gamblers were there. Yes, there were Indian scouts, teamsters, bullwhackers and citizens of all sorts promenading the streets as well as the dance hall. The orchestra was playing melodious tunes and the ball was on. Drinking, gambling and dancing were in full blast, all of which was a new picture to me, and I sat there looking on.

"Every now and then groups of long-haired men wearing high-heeled boots and spurs, red underwear, cartridge belts full of cartridges, scabbards at side with a pair of six-shooters and bowie knife would come, call for drinks, and as they went out, bang, bang, bang, would ring out from their guns. Poor Pete, sitting in the corner, would jump every time a gun was fired, and believe me, it was some new experience for Peter.

"Long after midnight the crowd began to thin out. About three o'clock the barkeeper tapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'Kid, wake up. We are going to close up.' I knew this meant get out. He was a fine-looking fellow with black hair and black mustache, white shirt and glittering shirt studs. With me it was quite different. I was 2,000 miles from home and friends. I was broke, hungry, tired and sleepy. I asked the price of a bed. 'One dollar,' he said.

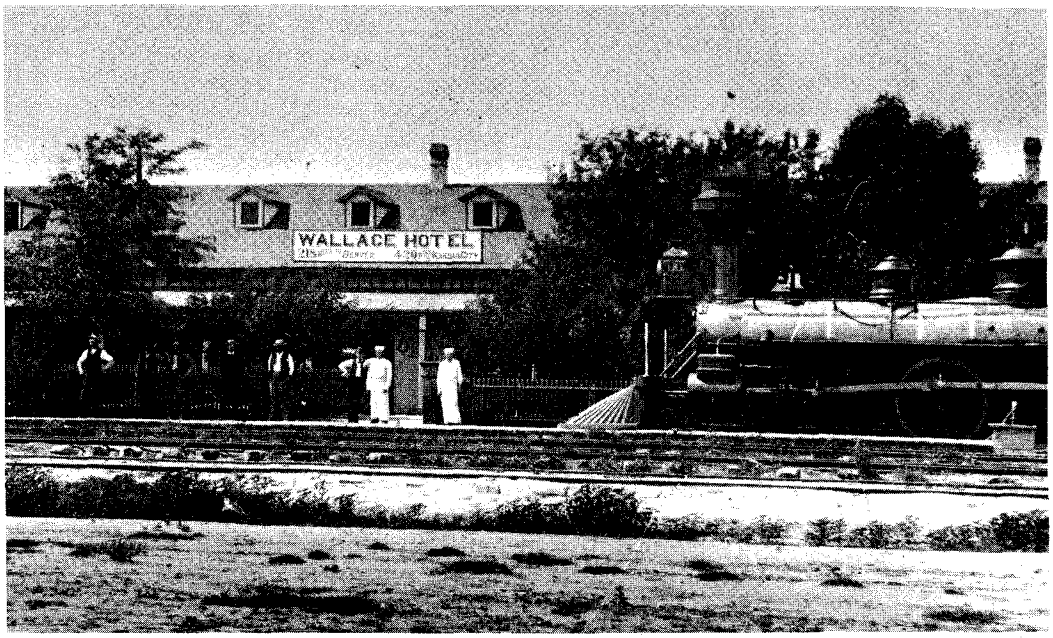
"There was no choice, no need to argue, so I just turned my pockets inside out to show that seventy-five cents was all I had. He accepted and led the way up to 'drunkards' heaven' where there were about fifty single cots containing that many drunk men. I lay there with fear and trembling until daylight, then got out quickly by the outside stairway, thanking God I was spared once more. At seven o'clock I boarded the construction train that landed me in Hays about noon August 20, 1868, hungry and busted."

After washing dishes there at a hotel for room and board, he left for Ellis where he got a job on the railroad as pumper. The location was lonely and remote and fearing Indians, he quit his job. The old Dutchman who replaced him was bolder but not wiser. He was murdered and scalped by the Cheyenne Indians who burned everything in sight.

(Continued on page 60)

The Wallace Hotel was built right by the railroad tracks, a custom in the early days of the railroad.

Kansas State Historical Society



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The Real Pat Garrett

(Continued from page 31)

Mr. Cox shook his head and said no more. But I put two and two together. I picked up bits of information occasionally. Pat Garrett had been appointed Collector of Customs at El Paso by Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy's appointments had almost ruined New Mexico. The primary qualification was a man's having served in the Rough Riders. If he hadn't done that, he must be a cowboy. Fitness for the office didn't play any part.

Pat's record was such that even Teddy Roosevelt couldn't reappoint him. He did little but hang about the bars in El Paso, drinking and gambling. He got a good salary but his family was usually in want. Several times Mr. Cox had loaded up a buckboard with food and sent it to Mrs. Garrett. His men were embarrassed at taking it, and Mrs. Garrett at receiving it, though she did it graciously as women of Spanish-American blood do. These things had happened before my coming.

Pat was always in difficulties financially regardless of his income. He had borrowed money from Mr. Cox and given a first mortgage on some cattle. As long as he paid the interest Mr. Cox permitted him to renew the mortgage from year to year. But when the interest was not forthcoming Mr. Cox told me to hold the cattle and I did.

Then a letter came from northern New Mexico telling Mr. Cox that Pat was trying to borrow money up there, on the promise of a first mortgage. Mr. Cox cautioned me to keep tab on the cattle, and see that they did not disappear. He did not put his brand on them. I knew brands and which were the mortgaged ones.

I HAD had no personal difficulty with Pat Garrett up to that time. I knew Frank Adams, his foreman, if you can call a man who has one employee in charge a foreman. That man was a Mexican whose name I don't recall. They were in the habit of going to Organ and beating up anyone too drunk to defend himself. They never attacked a man who was sober or had the reputation of being able to fight, and they were evaluated by old-time Western standards as no-goods. However, I'd had no trouble with them.

One day I started to Organ to visit my family. As I rode over the hill from the east I saw a rider coming. At first I did not recognize him, but when he pulled his Winchester I saw that he was Pat Garrett. My mount was a gray with the Cox brand, easily discernible at a distance. I rode at a walk toward Garrett. When I got within hailing distance he called, "Ride that horse back up the hill so I can see the brand."

Who was he to be ordering me around?

"If you can't read this brand your eyes must be bad."

I kept on toward him. I wore chaps with a holster in the pocket. I dropped my hand to my gun and said. "You know this brand, and you know me."

"Smart guy, ain't you?"

"Just horse sense—that's all."

We stopped side by side, with me on the right, of course. I knew he was trying to catch me off guard. He said he wanted to trade horses—just as though I'd have disposed of one of Cox's horses. He still had the Winchester lying across the saddle. I watched every move.

"How 'bout a drink?" he asked.

Bert Judia and friend, Alec Arnett

He put his hand inside, reaching for his shoulder holster.

"Pat, better not try that!"

He took his hand down.

"I'm on my way to Organ—got to go."

I've ridden away from many a man with caution, but that was the tightest spot I've ever hit. I could just feel that old bullet. I knew he was the kind who would shoot a man in the back. I hadn't forgotten the cook at the Cox Ranch.

I hadn't forgotten, either, that Pete had two men who would do to watch. I did not go to the corral without a gun. I watched clumps of brush along the trail. Every one of the men did. Again I took Cox aside and asked the score. He shook his head. I asked what was going on.

"Nothing, I hope," was all I could get out of him.

He sent me and a Negro to the Globe Ranch down the Organs, to repair the house and windmill preparatory to roundup. I took my violin because the Negro liked to hear me play. In the evenings we sat before the uncovered window with a kerosene lamp in the center of the room. Usually I sat with my back to the window. I always had a look around before going to bed. One night I thought I saw a movement behind the woodpile. I put out the light and circled the house but found nothing. I went to bed in the dark and did a lot of thinking.

Next morning, busy though we were, I told the Negro we'd have a look around. We circled the corral until we reached the gate, a quarter of a mile above the house. A horse had stood there for some time. There must have been a small hole in the morral, for there were a few grains of corn on the ground. The boot tracks were very small. We found them about the woodpile, too, and I knew whose boots had made those tracks.

I trailed the horse to the headquarters' ranch. One gate was always left open so the cattle could water. Both the horse's tracks and the occasional grains of corn led to the trough. Again the horse had stood some time. I followed the tracks north but lost the trail on rocky ground.

Garrett's ranch was north of the San Augustine. Why would a rider coming that distance carry corn? Was it because he might hit for Mexico if he accomplished the purpose of his errand? It looked very much as though that had been the intention.

I SAW NOTHING more of them until some of the Cox boys came in with the report that Pat had been shot. Others went to the scene of the tragedy, but I stayed on the ranch. They reported that Wayne Brazel had given himself up and said that he shot in self-defense.

Pat Garrett had leased the land to Brazel, and then attempted to run him off. Brazel was a quiet, inoffensive man and had a very good record. I never knew of his ever having carried a six-shooter. Like everybody else he had a saddle gun for coyotes.

Brazel finally told Pat he would vacate if a purchaser could be found for his goats. I'd seen them on the range. Just how many he had I do not know, but not a big herd—certainly not more than 500. They had agreed upon a price and Garrett undertook to find a buyer.

Wayne Brazel was helping us shoe horses at the San Augustine ranch when his wife sent a note stating that Garrett wanted him to go into Cruces the next morning and meet the buyer. Wayne started off on Loco, the gun-shy horse. The buyer went to the Garrett Ranch, and he and Pat drove toward Cruces. He laid a shotgun on the seat behind him. The two stopped in Organ and were told that Brazel had gone through and was on the road ahead of them.

It was a cold morning and Wayne was wearing a canvas coat lined with sheepskin and he had it buttoned.

WHEN they sighted him Pat said, "Yonder's the fellow who's been giving me trouble." And he put two loads in the shotgun and replaced it on the seat. They overtook Wayne and drove up on his right. He turned out on the left. Garrett introduced the buyer and they discussed the sale. When the price was mentioned Wayne told Pat that the offer was supposed to be fifty cents more around than the purchaser understood it to be.

Pat insisted that Brazel was wrong.

"Well, if that's your price you might as well forget it," Wayne said, and he started on.

Pat called, "Wait! We'll fix it up someway."

They followed Wayne awhile. Then Pat turned the wheels so that he could get out of the buggy easily. When he returned to the buggy he reached for his gun. That's when the shooting occurred—two shots from a .45. Either would have killed the man before he hit the ground.

Wayne Brazel rode into Cruces and gave himself up, stating that he had fired in self-defense. Nobody who knew Brazel believed that he had fired those shots. Whoever did so was a much better marksman than Wayne, and the killer was unhampered by a horse that went loco when a gun was fired. He was also unhampered by a heavy coat buttoned about him. Wayne couldn't have done it—it just wasn't physically possible. Most important of all was the character of Wayne Brazel. He was a quiet, fine young man with an excellent record. He was mild and inoffensive—just incapable of killing, and especially in cold blood.

Mr. Cox went to Cruces; so did many other ranchers in that area. When bail was fixed at $10,000 it was forthcoming, and Mr. Cox said he could have got a $100,000 if necessary.

Though the so-called purchaser did not even appear at the trial it was his testimony given at the inquest that cleared Wayne. The trial was a joke in a way. Even the prosecuting attorney failed to introduce witnesses whose evidence might have caused conviction because of circumstantial evidence. Everybody knew Pat Garrett and there just wasn't much use to attempt to convict a man of killing him.

The buyer called himself Adamson, and he may have been. But many suspected that he was Jim Miller, a noted killer, and they thought, also, that he had been brought in to kill Garrett. Whether or not that was true I do not know, but there were so many men who had sufficient cause to want him killed that it well may have been.

Only Wayne Brazel and Adamson knew the truth of the matter. The latter disappeared and Wayne kept his counsel.

Wolfer Extraordinary

(Continued from page 35)

be content with catching the pups. The den yielded eight.

The same evening, riding along with his pups ears and scalps tied to his saddle, Ed topped a low hill and saw down in a hollow a mother cow bravely fighting off three big greys. She was putting up a desperate fight to save the six or seven young calves she had been left to guard. Mother cows on the open range never left their young unprotected. They would club together, taking turns at baby sitting. That way each mother cow always had free time to graze and go to water.

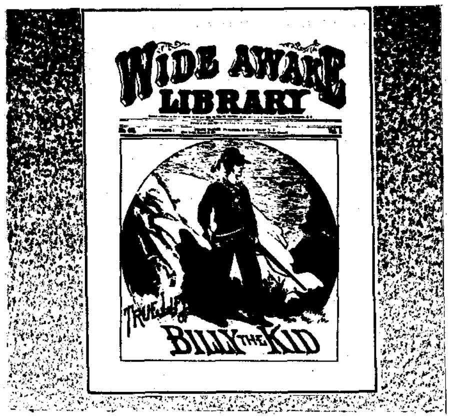
The brave mother cow left to baby sit was still able to hold her vicious enemies at bay with her sharp horns, but they were purposefully wearing her down by degrees. The frightened calves were huddled together in a tight bundle.

The three big lobos were so busy concentrating on their kill that Ed was able to ride within a few hundred feet of them before they spied him and made off like three grey streaks, each dashing in a different direction.

Ed took out after the one headed south. He chased him for fifteen miles, jockeying his horse and letting him run half speed part of the time. Somehow Ed managed to keep up with that fast moving lobo—for one thing, his pony had been trained to catch up with whatever he had set out to chase.

It was growing dusk when Ed finally rode in close, swung his lariat over his head, let the loop hiss out low and sure, and caught that tired lobo right around its powerful neck. Ed finished him off with a heavy monkey wrench tied to the end of another rope. You had to be double quick with the kill or the lobo would come out of his spin and attack your horse, probably doing him permanent damage.

ED HAS lost count of the times he almost got his neck broken while riding lickety-split after an ornery lobo. He'd like to have a dollar for every time his horse stepped in a gopher hole and threw him spinning. Even if he were hurt, he managed to catch his mount and drag



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back into the saddle. It would have been no joke to be left afoot out there "between hell and the Haw River" and have to hoof it in.

Ed still loves the smell of precious rain on his dry Pecos land. He still rides far today, only in his '59 Ford with its extra sturdy, puncture-proof tires. He enjoys visiting with the other ranchers and will travel for miles a day and talk for hours. The only thing—he thinks *driving on the smooth pavement is too* tiresome! He picks the rutted dirt roads when he can—or simply strikes out over the open country.

Not having spent a day of his life in a schoolroom, he is a genuine child of nature. His sharp eyes do not miss one thing, even today. He holds a fierce passion for loyalty, truth and freedom for a man to think and move about as he pleases.

"Had a sick spell awhile back," he tells you with a smile. "Sorta left me draggin' one wheel, but *I'm fit* as a fiddle now!"

In his opinion, "The damn sod-busters have jest about ruined our great range country!" The tall grass and free running water of his youth is no more. "Our great land," he adds sadly, "is all blowed to hell an' gone."

He still makes and relishes his son-of-a-gun-stew and likes his beans soaked overnight in rain water and simmered the next day for hours. He will eat them cooked no other way.

For his years, Ed keeps active. He brags, "I ain't gonna stop being on the go until I'm forced to let this dry old Pecos grass grow over this here old carcass of mine!"

Author's note: I have just learned that the hero of my story, Ed Hollebeke, is now resting under his dry old Pecos grass. Ed was born in Antwerp, Belgium, and came to America in 1879 with his parents.

Ed ranched for fifty years in the Pecos country, along with his brother, Dogie Hollebeke. Dogie is gone, too, but both old boys died as they would have wished—quick and clean, with their boots on and going strong. Neither ever married. Ed said they didn't have time!

Legend of the Springer Lead

Continued from page 43)

trailer slipped from shadow to shadow, just close enough to keep his man in sight. His companions should be following him in like manner.

Frequently Springer halted, forcing his tracker to duck for cover. Was he merely stopping to rest, the guard wondered, or was it a disguised attempt to catch anyone following him?

Farther and farther they moved up the creek with the gap slowly closing between them. Then, just for a moment, the moon slipped behind a cloud, leaving the entire valley in shadow. The guard moved quickly ahead but when the moon emerged, the trail was empty. Thomas O. Springer had vanished into thin air once more.

Dawn found a dejected and footweary crew slogging back to town. They were surprised to find that they in turn had been watched and followed. All the way back to town they continued to meet other hopefuls heading up the trail who, too, sheepishly turned back.

FOR two long years it was one old man against a whole town. The citizens alternately tried to trail him or pump him *for more information.* They searched the hills in the hope of coming across his diggings by chance. The intervals between his trips grew longer and longer. He seemed to be easier to trail out of town but each time he led the pack into the wilderness of North Cottonwood Creek (now known as Baggs Creek) where he abruptly left them to scratch their heads in amazement.

Because of ill health and age, perhaps, Springer gradually tired of the game. He knew that eventually *someone* was bound to overtake him. He had not recorded his claim and if anyone happened to stumble over his find, it would be an easy matter to gain legal possession. Under the circumstances, he reasoned, the only thing to do was to take some friends in with him on the mine before it was too late.

On the morning of August 25, 1872, Springer rode boldly out of town and up Cottonwood Creek in the company of John Hildreth and John Stearns. No one followed them for no one suspected their destination. The town was so conditioned to trailing the solitary Springer at night that it never occurred to them that he might ride out to his mine in broad daylight—and especially in the company of others.

The three men stopped for lunch some ten or fifteen miles from town and about three o'clock in the afternoon prepared to move on. Stearns and Hildreth had already mounted when Springer suddenly turned his horse over to them and said he would walk over the hill and try to pick up a few grouse for supper. Springer studied the mountains while they discussed and agreed upon a campsite for the night. For a long moment he was silent and then he suddenly straightened up and said, "About this time tomorrow we ought to be at the mine." Without another word he shouldered his gun and disappeared into the brush.

Stearns and Hildreth arrived at the meeting place early, pitched camp, picketed the horses and prepared supper. Anxiously they sat waiting and watching the trail for Springer. When darkness settled down, they piled wood on the fire until it could be seen for miles. They shouted and fired their six-guns but their only answer was the echoes.

Then from across the ridge came the *faint yelp of a coyote.* Stearns grasped his companion's arm excitedly and asked, "Where'd you say that coyote is?" Hildreth promptly pointed out the direction.

"That's my idea too," agreed Stearns. "The way that coyote's talking there's something down there he's afraid of. They always yelp like that when they're afraid to go close. Bet that's where Tom is!"

As they sat by the fire waiting, Hildreth summed up the situation. "If Tom got hurt he would shoot and let us know where he is. If he's dead, no man will ever know the secret of that mine."

AT DAWN they began to search in the direction of the coyote call, and kept it up all day. When by evening they had found no sign of Springer, they decided to return to town for help.

Accompanied by a party of ten volunteers they started out at dawn, beginning at the point where the three had first separated. Searching the hills in the direction Springer had intended to travel produced no sign of the old miner.

The search party was reinforced by twenty more volunteers the next morning. Shortly before noon, three days after he had said goodbye to his companions, they found the prospector in a clump of trees on a small ridge, lying at the base of a lightning-shattered old pine. Old Tom Springer was dead.

As they gathered around him every man there realized that with his passing the mine had suddenly become a legend. C. E. Irvine, justice of the peace and acting coroner, held an inquest on the spot. The verdict was that "the deceased came to his death suddenly while hunting, by over-exertion and some organic disease believed by the jury to be disease of the heart."

The *New Northwest*, published in Deer Lodge, gave this account of the tragedy: "Everything went to show that he had had no warning of death, as he was holding the gun on his shoulder, his right hand encircling the barrel which lay on his shoulder. He had fallen a little to the right, his head touching the ground, as though he had died as easily as falling asleep."

Funeral services were conducted in Deer Lodge by the Odd Fellows, of which he was a member. There is no way to determine now whether any attempt was made to contact relatives.

Four score and ten snows have melted from Sugarloaf's Peak since old man Springer died. Skeptics suggest that his ore was high grade stolen from the Jib or the Cable Mines, but it is doubtful that either of them had been discovered before Springer died.

Others say he just found a little rich float; but where there is float, somewhere there is a vein. That there is gold in the general area is proved by the fact that the mines of Emery, later established at the head of Cottonwood Creek, produced considerable gold.

A spiritualist once claimed that Springer's ghost had told him where to find the mine. On the strength of that statement he raised considerable money and after building himself a comfortable home on Baggs Creek, began to drive a long tunnel into the hillside. When money and credit were exhausted, he held another seance to "tell the spirit he lied."

That is the legend of the Springer Lead. A half-day's ride from Baggs Creek (by horse not car) might bring you closer than any other person has knowingly been to Springer's mine. Which way from Baggs Creek? Well, maybe over toward Sugarloaf, or north toward Dog Creek Hills, or even back toward Thunderbolt. Springer was a hard man to follow.

Ranchero Grande

(Continued from page 16)

inquired what remedies were employed in treating its bite.

"Why," said Tom, "the principal thing we do is slit the fang holes with a knife. Then somebody bites down on the wound and sucks out the mixture of blood and venom."

"I see," said the stranger. "But suppose the victim is hunkered down and gets struck in *derriere*?"

"In that case," replied Tom, "the victim quickly finds out who his *real* friends are."

The Waggoners had put together a kingdom for a comparative pittance. However, the burgeoning young king did not act like a king. "In a cow camp you couldn't tell Tom Waggoner from any other puncher," Shinnery McElroy, a famous tophand who rode for Three Ds as early as 1879, once remarked.

"No, not by looking," agreed one-time foreman Harley Portwood who came to the ranch about 1875. "But he knew more

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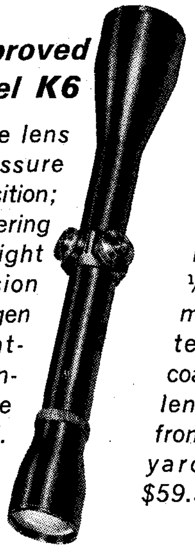

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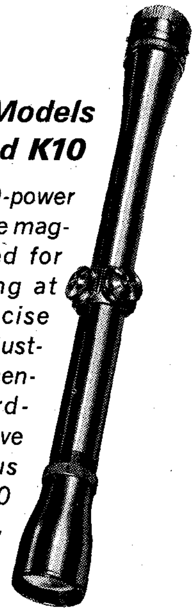

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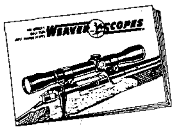

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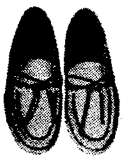

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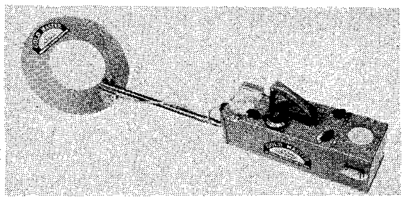

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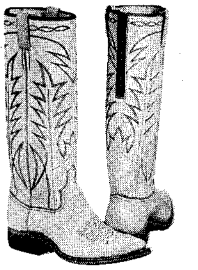

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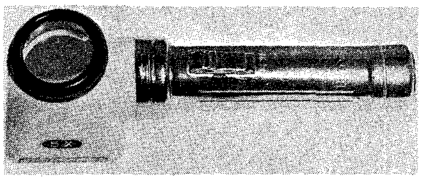

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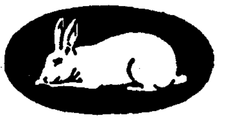

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about cattle and horses and men than any puncher I ever knew. Whatever needed doing, Mr. Waggoner was ever eager to do it."

So unpretentiously did the young man live that a train robber in Oklahoma who emptied his pockets bawled him out for having only $3. He warned him that a Waggoner better carry more cash than that if he ever rode another train through the bandit's territory. Not many years afterward, the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* would trumpet in banner headlines:

W. T. WAGGONER AND WIFE GIVE THEIR THREE CHILDREN TWO MILLION DOLLARS EACH AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

LONGHORN cattle tended, of course, to be a scrubby lot that consumed just as much grass as superior stock. Tom Waggoner was one of the first among important range cattlemen to do anything to improve the situation.

Some records indicate that he imported purebred Shorthorn bulls as early as 1885 to upbreed his cattle. He decided by 1892 that Herefords were superior to Shorthorns as range cattle and shifted to that strain. His ranges were practically free of scrubs before most ranchers had done anything about upbreeding.

Meanwhile, he went back by rail to Wise County, dressed in his customary cowboy attire, to inspect a large herd of cattle he was ranging there. He alighted at Decatur alongside an Easterner who grumpily offered a silver dollar to anyone who would tote his bag across to the hotel. Tom immediately obliged. As the man handed over the money, he noticed the old Waggoner family home which loomed up on the prairie with the prominence of a sore thumb.

"Who in blazes around here lives in such a grand mansion?" blurted the stranger.

"I do," said Tom quietly.

"Why, how can *you* afford it?"

"Because I carry my own bag," replied Tom.

That night, returning from the ranch by buggy with his local foreman, he saw an undersized young man fiercely mopping away at an opera house billboard by lantern light.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"That's Robert L. More, known around here as 'Rory O'More'," replied the foreman.

"What does he do?"

"He's the best abstract man in the country by day and runs the opera house at night."

"Keep your eye on him. There'll come a day when I'll need him."

That day was closer at hand than Tom Waggoner thought. In 1900, with father Dan already seriously ailing, a bombshell hit the Waggoners. A Federal proclamation ordered termination of all grass leases with the Indians in the Territory. Many people thought the Three Ds was caught high and dry with its tens of thousands of cattle.

"No use in crying over spilled milk," Tom advised in a letter to his stampeding associates. "We must get immediately about the business of acquiring new ranges."

He sent for twenty-seven-year-old Rory O'More.

Tom had not been taken completely by surprise by the new federal directive. Efforts to extend his holdings along Red River in Wilbarger and Wichita Counties had been largely stymied by nesters or other cattlemen, but he had begun as early as 1885 rather large-scale experiments in buying and selling land along Beaver Creek in lower central Wilbarger County.

When the federal proclamation hit, he had a sizeable colonizatioin effort underway there. He immediately halted all selling of land and set More to frenzied buying. This human dynamo criss-crossed the country running down missing heirs and perfecting titles.

More even razed houses in the Beaver Creek development; he laughingly remembered that some had the only glass doors that most of the people in the area had ever seen.

Dan Waggoner died in 1902 during Tom's determined struggle to offset his loss of acreage in the Nations. By the close of 1903, the new range covered more than 500,000 acres. It is a great block more than thirty miles from east to west and some twenty-five from north to south. More than 300 cowboys and other employees are required to keep things operating. Tom Waggoner had done it again!

The task of putting this complex together was not without its price in "public relations," however. Somebody occasionally turns up to this day to shout that he or some ancestor "wuz robbed" in this deal. These sentiments seem to derive from cases where acreage was sold at the low market price and later proved rich in oil resources. Further, there was bitter conflict in the area between small landowners and large. Resultant scars were deep and some persist.

Possibly a more reliable measure of the quality of the Waggoners' dealings lies in the extraordinary number of able people who never had any other employer, or who entered their employ early in life and never left. Records indicate that these people benefited from generous treatment when their working days were over. As Tommy Reed, who punched cattle for the outfit for more than forty years and made foreman, said: "If you work for Mr. Waggoner for as much as a year, you'll fight for him."

IN THE collection of family portraits is one showing Tom holding a silver dollar which legend says is the one he received in Decatur for carrying the stranger's suitcase. He appears to be lecturing the family group on its value. If his contemporaries had reflected upon its implications, they might have been prepared for his next move.

The properties centered at China Creek were too far from the new range on Beaver Creek for efficient utilization. And conflict with nesters in the area was endless. Resultant clamor was stirring up political pressures against big landholders.

Tom Waggoner killed two fat birds with one stone. He calmed the would-be farmers by breaking up the land and selling it to them for $15 per acre. He took the proceeds and purchased 100,000 acres on the Wichita River for $5 per acre. This land was about as valuable acre for acre for grazing purposes as the Red River acreage and there was three times as much of it. Of great importance also was the fact that it rounded out his new pasturage.

It is good to report that apparently the farmers also came out well on the deal. No record could be found of foreclosures by the Waggoners on any of the Red River farms.

The above picture of Tom Waggoner dominates the present conference room in the Waggoner Estate Building.

In the midst of these breathtaking real estate ventures, a church committee from Wise County approached Tom for a contribution to a new church.

"Gladly," he responded. "Put me down for $100."

"But Mr. Waggoner," one of the solicitors objected plaintively, "your son had us put *him* down for $1,000."

"Yes, I know," replied Tom calmly. "But that boy has a rich daddy."

Tom Waggoner's disdain for the pools of black gold believed to rest beneath his grassy acres stymied oil exploration in his pastures even after petroleum was rediscovered in 1908 under his land around Electra—a town in Wichita County named for his daughter. Again the object of the drilling was artesian water, but the hole was not plugged this time. Farmers from all over the region regularly visited the well to scoop out petroleum for spraying henhouses to control parasites.

Finally in 1911 a casual search for oil in quantity was made in the Electra area. On April Fool's Day, Clayco Number 1 blew in as a mighty gusher. Irresistible pressures then ruptured the dam of the rancher's resistance. He allowed oil development to proceed. The man who had more than held his own in the cattle world also proved more than a match for the brains of the oil industry.

He and Bob More evolved very special lease forms which provided a big edge dollarwise as well as regulating the where, when and how of drilling and operating. This forced an orderly and systematic development of the oil resources. The operators wept and wailed to no avail. On one occasion a lessee wandered away into a sand bog. When found three days later, his rescuers inquired if he were not nearly starved to death.

"Hell no!" bellowed the irate oilman. "There are enough *provisions* in a Waggoner oil lease to last a man a lifetime."

Before long the pioneer who only wanted to be the best *ranchero* of them all found himself involved in oil leases, oil drilling, oil refining, recovery plants, pipelines, water companies and banks. By 1928 there were nineteen oil companies operating in the Three Ds pastures.

Ranching problems were never far from his mind, however. He and a group of oil barons were checking on a drilling operation and happened upon one of his chuckwagons in a remote section of the ranch. The cook was hustling the evening meal, his wagon pointed away from the line of advance of the roundup. Tom's ranching instincts were outraged. He halted his party in the brush and quietly sat his horse until the youthful wagon boss drifted in after sundown. Then he rode out and called the lad over.

"My boy," he said in his fatherly manner, "always have the cook head the wagon at night in the direction you're going to travel next day. That way he won't have to waste time turning round in the morning."

BEYOND the boundaries of the Three Ds, the oil boom raged out of hand as Tom Waggoner had anticipated. Greedy operators covered the once sparkling streams with petroleum and filled them with salt water, choking out fish and driving away game. The beautiful elms, black walnuts, redbuds and cottonwoods withered away in the noxious air. The once shining hills and green prairies blackened with oil.

Within the Three Ds pastures, however, each succeeding spring found great flocks of wild turkeys gobbling from the tall bluestem grass. Endless coveys of quail, countless turtle doves, and herds of sleek deer drank sweet water from the Waggoner streams and tanks.

Came the day when Tom Waggoner wearied of conditions. Increasing governmental regulation of business naturally set this staunch individualist to pressing Bob More for a legal way out.

They decided to implement a business arrangement embracing the principal tenets of the Massachusetts Common Law Trust. Essentially this was an instrument to promote and protect the assets of the state, particularly from excessive tax gouges, while escaping much of the governmental control to which corporations are subjected.

The assets of Tom Waggoner and his three living children were transferred to this trust in 1923. The father became trustee and the children the board of directors. Legal experts are said to consider the formation of this trust the crowning achievement of a genius whose life was characterized by big and daring decisions. It is significant that tax gatherers have long since induced the State Legislature to outlaw the forma-

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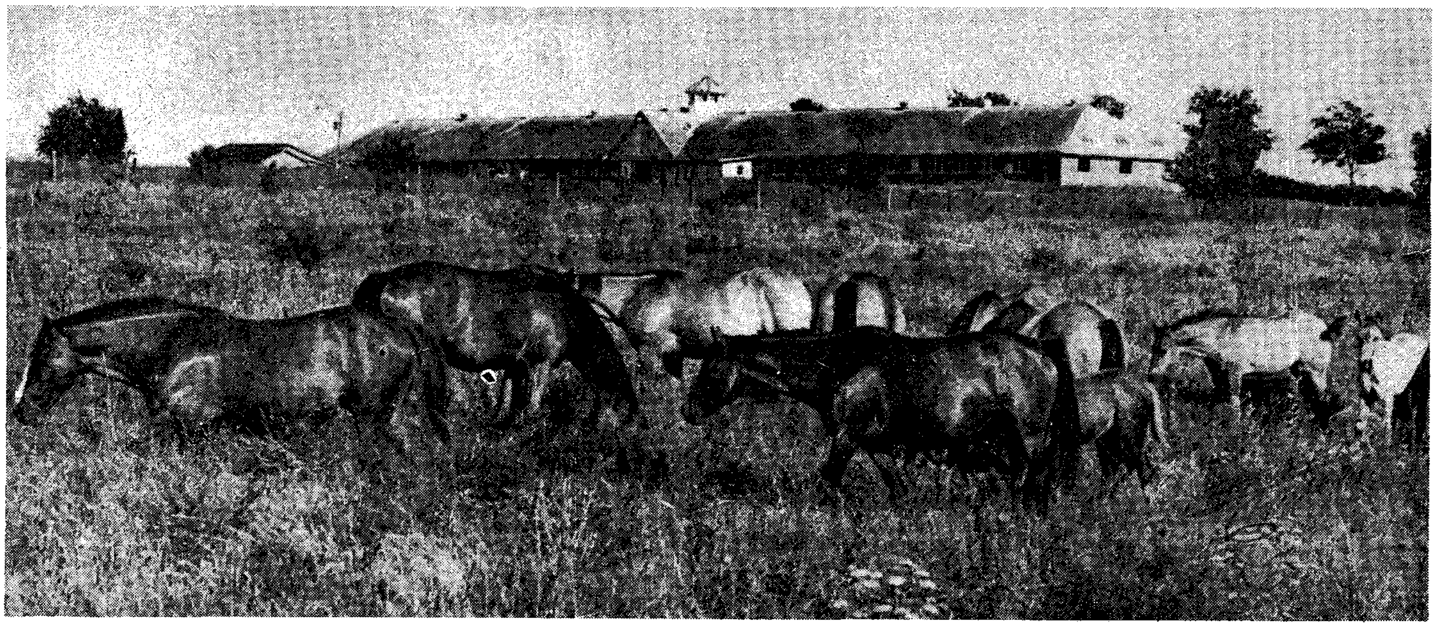

A scene on the Three Ds horse ranch in Arlington, Texas

tion of any more trusts of this type.

Naturally the Waggoner cowboys heard about the formation of the Trust.

"Who's our boss now?" asked a puzzled kid puncher.

"The best bloomin' cowhand ever, Foreman Tony Hazelwood, of course," replied a grizzled puncher.

"Who's over him?"

"The general manager, Mr. More."

"And over him?"

"The trustee, Mr. Waggoner."

"And over him?"

"Only God A'Mighty."

Under the Trust it was feasible to delegate so much authority that Tom Waggoner was able to return in large measure to his true love of ranching. He put fresh drive into further improvement of his cattle herds, strengthening his grass, eradication of scrub mesquite and conservation of his soil. Production increased to as much as 14,000 calves a year. Ranch records reveal one period of seventeen days in which 8,068 calves were branded.

A new wagon boss was needed for one of the branding crews. Tom passed over numerous older prospects and selected a terrific bronc stomper only eighteen years of age named Lige Reed. Lige was to remain with him for thirty years. He rode Lige around for two hours in his buggy.

When he decided that the youth was tremblingly receptive to advice to be remembered, he skewered him with a stare and said, "Lige, always remember to keep the chuckwagon *ahead* of the drive. That way the punchers will be moving forward fast all the time instead of slowing down or turning back when they get hungry."

THE *ranchero grande* quietly continued to seek more land. The great oil boom had skyrocketed land prices in his country to where it had been expedient to add only a few acres along his boundaries in the past twenty-five years. He had long ceased to sell land. When a plot of ground was needed for a school, church or place of business, he would execute a lease. But sell the land—no! When queried on this inviolable policy, he replied, "They aren't making any more land."

The Great Depression fell upon the nation and the bottom dropped out of prices. Neighbors felt that Tom Waggoner would now make his move for large-scale acquisition of more land in the area. They braced themselves accordingly. He surprised them by buying 160,000 acres of the Don Pablo Montoya Grant in New Mexico.

In the midst of this Jovian venture, the eighty-year-old cowman demonstrated that he was right on the ball by firing a letter from New Mexico back to his secretary, Mrs. P. M. Kebort, in Fort Worth protesting a contractor's estimated cost for some minor repairs to his house in Decatur.

"I liked to have dropped dead when I read it," he exploded.

A few days later, however, he demonstrated in a letter to the same secretary, whom he had admonished to cut corners in an approaching barbecue, that he would not sacrifice principle to economy.

"I note that you say you can trade the hindquarters for other meat not so good as ours, but I wouldn't do that. I'd barbecue our whole beef so that we could tell the public that this is pure Three Ds beef and not misrepresent."

There was only the crest of one more hill to climb. Tom Waggoner back in 1865 had listed "To own the best horses" as one of his three major objectives, and one of his famous sayings ran, "A man who doesn't admire a good beef steer, a good horse, and a pretty woman—well, something is wrong with that man's head."

The lower reaches of this final hill had long since been traversed. Tom Waggoner had owned some of the best quarter horses in the nation since the turn of the century. These were bred primarily as cow horses but the fastest were raced on his private tracks, first on the Wichita River in 1900, at Electra beginning about 1920, and later at Whiteface headquarters on the ranch.

He had a decided preference for yellow horses. His all-time favorite mount was a reddish-yellow named Cowpuncher trained by the famous handler, Pete Sneed. Yellow Jacket, sire of Cowpuncher, Yellow Wolf and Yellow Bear remain household gods among old-time quarter horse fanciers. Sires of other colors such as the roan Midnight, the buckskin Pretty Boy, the bays Cotton-Eyed Joe and Doctor Mack were also widely heralded.

Whatever the color, a Waggoner horse had to have spirit. It followed that they were pretty tough to break out. Their owner generally attended this annual show. One of the bronc stompers known as "Okie" always wore a big high-crowned ring on the little finger of his left hand. Tom had mentioned the probability of the ring's getting lost in the heat of combat, but the stomper doggedly continued to wear it.

Came the day when he was faced with one of Yellow Wolf's meanest get. Bronc and stomper put on such a show they drew a full house of hard-bitten cowpokes. The horse knew all the tricks of a would-be outlaw and invented quite a few of his own. After a record buck he finally caved in amid thunderous applause for the indomitable stomper.

"See you finally lost that ring," was Tom's only comment.

"Yes, sir, and the finger with it," replied the imperturbable cowboy as he wrapped a bandana around his bleeding hand.

Waggoner sires were brought from the outside. Whenever Tom heard of a really good stallion, he had to own him. His breeding policy was "Breed the best to the best and hope for the best." These outside studs were sometimes products of line-breeding, but within the Three D pastures, no line-breeding—much less inbreeding—was permitted.

THIS out-breeding policy required a steady succession of new sires to get the 500 foals dropped annually. But it could hardly be faulted since the designation "Waggoner horse," in a pedigree not otherwise spelled out, came to be accepted in the cow horse world as a guarantee of quality equivalent to a stamp of "sterling" in the silver trade.

While Three Ds wouldn't breed or sell suspect individuals, they expected them to pull their weight as long as tolerated on the ranch. There was the season when Tom Waggoner gave orders that the magnificent palomino Rainy Day be bred only to mares with white manes and tails. This was an experimental bid for a higher percentage of palomino foals, the most valued color. Sure enough nearly all of these get came up beautiful palominos, but when they were broken out, they proved to be glass-eyed (blind in the sun) and stumbled around even on level prairie.

A squad of official pipeline inspectors had been assigned to the ranch whom the owner considered little better than interlopers. Circumstances required the ranch to supply them with mounts and the terrain of their inspection routes was rough and tough. The presumptuous inspectors requested palominos.

Deliciously contemplating coming woes for the inspectors, Tom sent word to his foreman, "Those freeloading tenderfeet had the gall to demand palomino mounts. Okay. The time has come for those glass-eyed palominos to start earning their keep."

The upper reaches of his final climb were filled with dreams of thoroughbreds. Tom had come to believe that thoroughbred breeding and racing would help to lead the ranching country and the state out of economic chaos. A first step was to develop a suitable place to race.

He proceeded to pour $2,000,000 into his dream in the depths of the Depression when other people of affluence were seeking to hide their assets. By the end of 1931, Arlington Downs between Fort Worth and Dallas had emerged as one of the shiniest and finest racing plants in the world.

Meanwhile, Tom Waggoner was grinding hard to set up a top thoroughbred breeding establishment at Arlington. The most celebrated thoroughbred stallion of the day in America was Man O'War owned by the multi-millionaire Samuel D. Riddle of Philadelphia. The *ranchero grande* made an offer of $500,000 for this stallion. It was spurned. He raised the offer to $1,000,000. It was refused. Then he handed Riddle a signed check and requested him to fill it in for whatever was required to acquire the son of Fair Play—Mahubah. The dour Riddle had considerable experience in the king business himself. He accorded Tom Waggoner one of his few rebuffs by rasping, "You go to France and bring the sepulchre of Napoleon from Les Invalides. Then you go to England and buy the jewels from the Crown. Then go to India and buy the Taj Mahal. Then I'll put a price on Man O'War."

In contrast to the extravagance of which he was capable, the new racing tycoon demonstrated that he was still aware of every operational detail by directing his faithful secretary in writing to "save a few dollars by lowering the insurance on that horse we turned out."

The boldness of this octogenarian in his racing venture can be better appreciated if it is understood that "granny lady" influence in Texas politics is very great. Horse racing where betting was permitted was *most* illegal. While this little detail was being attended to, betless racing on a small scale proceeded at Arlington Downs.

Tom Waggoner obviously never doubted that he could get a state pari-mutual law enacted. He could have gotten astronomical odds against the possibility. As usual he left no stone unturned in pursuing a difficult goal. On one occasion he contacted an old cowboy friend who had long since exchanged his chaps and spurs for the garb of a minister.

"Reverend," said Waggoner, "you're bound to have influence with your state representatives and these damned preachers are about to put me out of the racing business. I need your help."

Legend has it that the minister went to the post for his old compadre. Such typical loyalty got results and horse racing was legalized in the state in 1933. Big time racing followed right behind.

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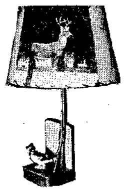

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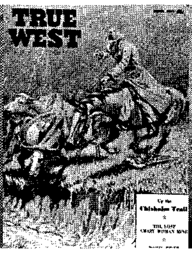

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The red, white and blue silks of the Three Ds were pounded to fame by such hard-knocking thoroughbreds as Chuck Wagon, Money Getter, Strideaway, Quatre Bras II and Kerrio. But the sands of life were running out fast for the indomitable old cowman. His dreams had come full harvest far beyond reasonable hope.

It was a mercy that at his death in 1934 he was not to know that little old ladies in tennis shoes would shortly outlaw his tingling sport of kings and his beloved thoroughbreds would be dispersed to less feeling owners.

"The only time in all my life I ever saw tears in my father's eyes," says Robert L. More, Junior, prominent Wilbarger County businessman, "was when he picked up the phone in Vernon and the folks in Fort Worth informed him that Mr. Tom was dead."

Cattle Kate

(Continued from page 23)

mounted between closing the first and opening the second gate. The enclosure was too narrow for his horse to jump and hopelessly trapped, he demanded a warrant for his arrest. One man pointed a six-shooter and told him that it was his warrant. Without further protest Jim mounted the wagon with Kate.

The procession lumbered slowly up the rutted road while its members quarreled angrily and noisily. Four miles from Sweetwater the leader of the self-appointed group stopped the wagon and offered to release Averill and Kate if they would promise to leave the country. Both refused; they were confident they would be freed.

Averill had never been accused of cattle rustling and neither civil nor criminal action had been taken against him up to this point. The cattlemen were reluctant to wait for the slow processes of Wyoming law and had hoped that their role of "Judge Lynch" would induce the couple to clear out. Once more the spokesman tried to urge them to leave by threatening to drown them in the river. Averill smiled; Kate laughed.

The group drove on. They were nearing Spring Creek Gulch—almost five miles from the nearest possible witness. At a signal two ropes hissed over the lower limb of a scrub pine, the ugly nooses dangling in the still, hot air. A man shouted, "Tie her skirts," and Kate was terrified. One version goes that she fought the noose and damned her captors; another that she begged and asked them to think of their mothers and sisters.

Averill, still hopeful that it was a bluff, let them place the noose around his neck. Even as the nooses tightened, he shouted, "They'll never do it, Kate."

Things might have been different if there hadn't been an interruption. The fourteen-year-old had found Frank Buchanan, a rustler and henchman of Averill's, and he suddenly began shooting from the other side of the gully. As the rifle shot cracked viciously, the amateur vigilantes became excited and rattled. Some of them pursued Buchanan; those who stayed, fired by hysteria more than justice, pushed Kate and Jim out into space.

There was only a slight drop; the men had not tied their hands or muffled their faces. Jim Averill, who forgot that absolute power corrupts, and Cattle Kate, who loved well but not wisely, struggled horribly for a long time.

IT WAS more than thirty hours before they were found and cut down by a deputy sheriff and some men from Casper. Both were buried near Averill's saloon. There was an inquiry and six or seven men in the hanging party were arrested but the trial was conveniently delayed for three months. Witnesses were spirited out of the country; one or two died under circumstances that pointed to murder. Even the fourteen-year-old boy died mysteriously. Some claimed it was Bright's Disease; others claimed it was poisoning.

In those violent years in Wyoming, perjury, jury-packing and rascality were the order of the day. When the case came to trial, the grand jury could not return an indictment for lack of evidence. The verdict was—Jim Averill and Cattle Kate had met their death at the hands of "persons unknown." Kate's father from Kansas and Jim's brother from Tacoma, Washington, attended the trial but were warned against "learning too much" so they returned home.

There are two quite opposite opinions concerning the events that led up to Wyoming's only hanging of a woman. It was, and remains, almost as controversial as the Johnson County War.

One Brave Against the North West Mounted

(Continued from page 9)

convinced he was on the heels of his man. At a trail-side cabin he learned that an Indian had recently attempted to steal an overcoat from a settler's wagon.

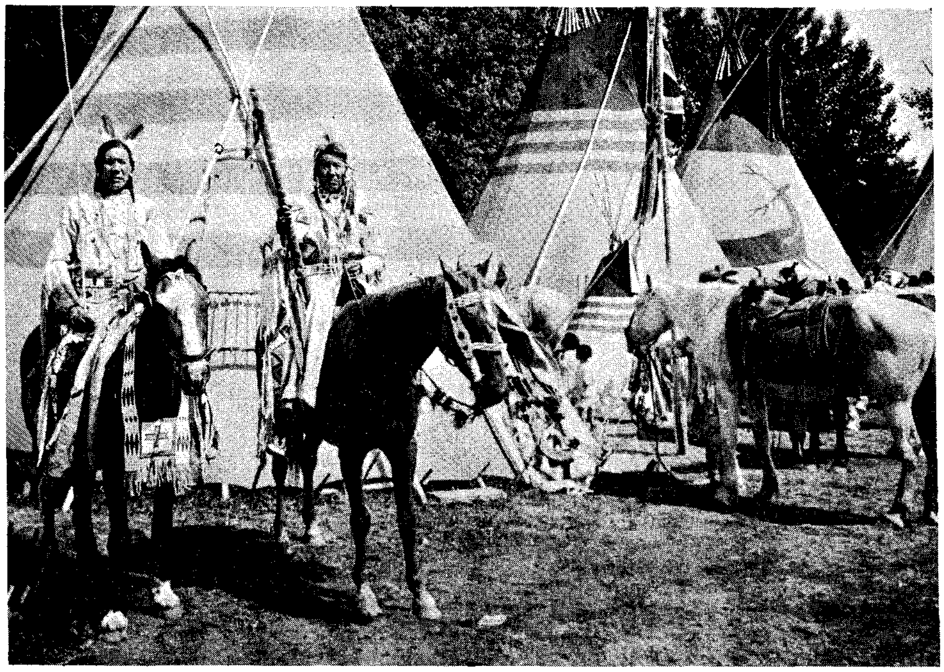
Joining forces again that night the posses made a fireless camp and awaited daylight in chilled impatience. At daybreak the Indian scouts removed their blanket *capotes* and everything that might scrape against the brush and betray their presence to the Indian who, they were convinced, was hidden somewhere within the contracting circle of armed men.

Not a sound broke the silence of the foothills as twenty Mounted Police with their Blood and Piegan scouts flitted through the underbrush from willow-clump to willow-clump. From the Bloods came the discovery signal. Down in the center of the valley and only half revealed in the early light, rose a single smoke-stained tepee—the lodge of the fleeing Charcoal!

THE MOUNTED POLICE, scouts and half-breed flankers were within fifty yards when a young rookie stepped on a dead twig. As it snapped beneath his foot the sound echoed on the still morning air like a gunshot. Charcoal jackknifed through the tepee door, casting swift, bird-like glances about him and in defiance of orders, an Indian tracker raised his gun and fired. Charcoal dived into the bush and sent a shot whining toward the encircling Police that whipped the Inspector's Stetson from his head and creased his scalp.

With Indian scouts pouring volley after volley into the scrub, and angry taunts flying between pursuers and pursued, the Police rushed the tepee to find only the fugitive's mother-in-law, a girl and his youngest son huddled in a disorder of buffalo robes and *parfleche* bags. His provisions, tepee and horses captured, the odds against the elusive Charcoal were mounting.

Again a wide circle of armed men was thrown around the fugitive and the posse proceeded to close in on the spot where the Indian was thought to be



An encampment on the Blood Indian Reserve

cornered. A rustle echoed through the underbrush. Fingers leapt to triggers.

"For God's sake, men—don't shoot!" Jarvis' frantic voice rang out." Those are our men ahead!"

The left wing had met the right over the very ground where Charcoal was supposed to be lurking. The runaway redskin had bored a hole through the human dragnet and led his squaws to safety!

Big-Face, a Piegan scout, rode up on a sweat-lathered horse. "Charcoal," he yelled, "him steal-um all horses. Him take-up from corral at Hollowell Ranch!"

Not only had Charcoal slipped like a spectre through the cordon but he'd replenished his lost horses at the expense of the Mounted Police, leaving them dismounted and afoot! Prematurely, Jarvis had dispatched a scout to notify Superintendent Steele at Fort Macleod that he had the desperado surrounded. And now this humiliating letdown!

Sergeant Wilde at Pincher Creek had had a burning desire to be in at the kill, but hardly had he led his posse into the foothills before the scout brought erroneous word of Charcoal's capture. Wilde was disgustedly stabling Major when Piegan Joe reined in at the Police corral.

"Me see-um Charcoal," the Indian told the astonished Sergeant. "I'm just leave it, dat white man's ranch on de creek, four miles nort'. Charcoal, him come dere, shake knife in woman's face an' steal-um grub!"

With his posse, Wilde hastened to the ranch where he found the woman and children in a state of terror. Picking up the outlaw's trail the men pushed panting horses over the buttes and coulees of Porcupine Hills, then swung back to the Piegan Reserve and discovered the Mounted Police horses that had been stolen languidly cropping grass. Charcoal had headed back to the hills with fresh horses stolen from the Piegans.

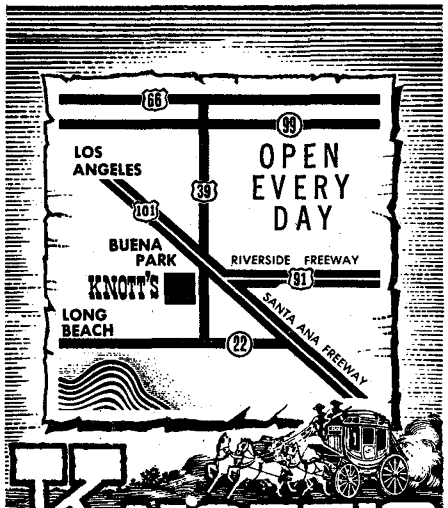
FOR THE ensuing ten days Mounted Police, bucking cold and blinding blizzards, combed the country in vain. Angered by the outlaw's success, Jarvis realized that unless the Indian could be rounded up promptly, the prestige of the Force would receive an irreparable blow. Already at Fort Macleod and other settlements, whites reported a growing insolence among the young bucks that augered ill for the handful of settlers at their scattered ranches.

A chase, identical with the pursuit of Charcoal, had been taking place in the Duck Lake country to the northward that had already lasted for a year. Breaking jail and pursued by Sergeant Colebrooke, Almighty Voice, a Cree, had shot the Mountie from his horse just as he reached out his hand to arrest him, and disappeared into the forests near Prince Albert. Now, despite the fact that the northern detachments were still hounding his trail, he was continuing to lead them a hare and hounds chase that was to terminate in the killing of Corporal Hocking, Constable Kerr and Postmaster Grundy, and the wounding of four others. Newspapers of the West predicted further killings if Charcoal weren't swiftly apprehended.

Meanwhile rumor crowded rumor; Charcoal was reported here, there and everywhere—simultaneously from spots hundreds of miles apart. Frightened ranch women were seeing him in every bush and shadow. As though deliberately challenging the Force, Charcoal appeared on the night of November 2 at Cardston on the southwest border of the reserve and before disappearing into the night appropriated some of Inspector Davidson's equipment, and in a spirit of bravado shot the lantern out of Sergeant W. Amer's hand as he watered the horses.

Trailing north with the hue and cry behind him, the Indian was surprised on the Piegan Reserve in the act of lifting more horses. Coming Deer sent a shower of lead after the fleeing horseman who halted before the dwelling of Colonel William Cox, ex-Mountie and Farm Instructor to the Piegans. Charcoal saw his head silhouetted against the blind and trained his gun on him, but when distracted by a noise, simply gave a defiant whoop and thudded off.

Emboldened by success, he left his son as a lookout while he attempted to steal some food.



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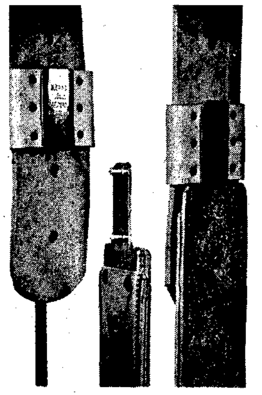
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The youngster was turned over to the Redcoats after wandering into the home of a Piegan half-breed, and agreed to lead them to his father's hideout. But neither Charcoal nor his son was ready for capture. The fugitive hid on a hilltop and with a derisive smile watched his son lead the hated *Shimaganishuak* by a long and devious route to an old abandoned camp.

CONVINCED his squaws were planning to abandon him, Charcoal had been taking the precaution of tying them up when he left camp. This time he merely bound them hand and foot instead of to trees, and left them lying on opposite sides of an improvised tepee floor. Before leaving he had hissed into the ear of Pretty Wolverine that she had made too much trouble—that he planned to kill her when he returned.

With considerable effort the women succeeded in rolling toward each other. Finally Sleeping Woman managed to free Pretty Wolverine's wrists with her sharp teeth, the latter severing the other's bonds. They had hardly reached the edge of the woods when Charcoal was seen jogging toward the lodge and a few minutes later was heard shouting at them to come back.

Pretty Wolverine decided to keep traveling, dragging her companion behind her. Badly crippled, their moccasins torn to shreds with the rough walking, they reached the Blood Reserve only to be captured by Scout Rides-at-Dawn and turned over to the Mounted Police. Charcoal was now facing his enemy alone, and the pace was telling.

A few nights later Jack Spear, in his cabin near the Piegan Agency, was aroused by a cautious knock on the door. "Whose house is this?" a guttural voice demanded. Indians gambling within recognized Charcoal's voice and fearful of his ever-ready bullets, sat frozen. As the question was repeated in threatening tones each dived to the nearest point of safety.

"Where does Running-Crow live?" rasped the voice from the darkness.

"At the next house," someone answered.

Riding to Running-Crow's cabin Charcoal remained in the saddle as he ordered, "Bring me food, brothers, I'm hungry."

"Come in and we'll give it to you." Running-Crow covered the door with his Winchester while his squaws stationed themselves inside on either side of the door with upraised axes.

Charcoal's intuitive sense saved him. Spurring his mount he took the fence at a bound with Constable Hatfield and a party of Indian Scouts close on his heels.

The posse lost the trail and pulled into Pincher Creek at dawn. There they notified Sergeant Wilde. On big black Major, the Sergeant led a posse of Indian Scouts and ranchers toward Dry Forks to cut off the fugitive's escape to the Kootenay.

Ahead, Indian trailers, pushing their horses through the drifts, had surprised the outlaw calmly kindling a fire in a gully to snatch a hasty meal. With a defiant whoop the trail-worn Charcoal leapt on his mount and galloped off. One lone famished Indian against a field of vengeance, he howled out his battle-song in the hysterical joy of coming combat.

"Come back, my friend!" Many-Chiefs of the Piegans yelled after him, "Nobody will harm you!"

For a second the fugitive reined in his horse, undecided—then Charcoal laid the quirt across his horse's flanks and was swallowed up in a spume of driving snow.

Riding the swiftest mount on the Piegan Reserve, Jack Spear was quickly on his tail. Twice Jack galloped his horse head to head with the Indian's cayuse, but each time a significant movement of the blanket-enshrouded gun across Charcoal's thighs, caused him to falter and drop behind.

"Let's change horses," Police Interpreter Hatfield and Many-Tail-Feathers urged him. But Spear refused to make the exchange that would have brought Charcoal's flight to a swift and sudden end.

Sergeant Wilde, who had sighted and swiftly overhauled the blanketed Indian, forgot Sam Steele's orders to take no chances. Leaning forward with outstretched hand to yank the Indian from the saddle, he shouted, "*Chesqua*! Stop!"

As Wilde's hand was about to close on his quarry a muffled report from the blanket sent the Mountie hurtling to the snow.

Uttering a victorious whoop Charcoal quickly dismounted, leaned over the wounded officer, and placing the muzzle of his Winchester against his forehead, sent a bullet crashing into his brain. A moment later the berserk Indian had again disappeared in the storm—this time on the Sergeant's horse.

AROUSED by the death of his white friend, Scout Many-Tail-Feathers mounted Charcoal's abandoned cayuse and followed doggedly through the drifts, intent on exacting vengeance. Hours later the lone horseman routed Charcoal as he again attempted to prepare a hasty meal.

On through the bitter night the chase continued, the scout heading the fugitive toward the reserve. The next day Many-Tail-Feathers, worn, weary and almost frozen, staggered into the barracks. For ninety miles, without food or rest, he had ridden over blizzard-lashed hills, buttes and prairie only to lose the trail at last.

Interpreter Halloway and his possemen, meanwhile, had gathered up the body of their fallen comrade and carried it to the nearby cabin of John Didapore. From there it was conveyed on packhorse to the barracks at Pincher Creek.

Stunned by the news, a wave of burning anger and humiliation swept the ranks of the Force. Superintendent Steele, accompanied by the devoted Many-Tail-Feathers, who had hardly stopped to rest, and Inspector Sanders, who knew Indians like a book, rode from Pincher Creek at the head of fifteen volunteer friends of the dead Mountie. Southern Alberta became an armed camp.

Picking up traces of the fugitive, who was heading across the Rockies for the Kootenay Valley, Sanders' party continued to dog his trail. Charcoal was once sighted on a mountainside, covering his pursuers with a rifle, but the Indian scout who spotted him prudently, from his own viewpoint, held back the information till the party was out of range.

With public opinion ridiculing the Force's inability to cope with one lone Indian, while disregarding the difficulties with which the Police were faced, Jarvis decided on a new line of action. Behind bars at the Fort Macleod guardhouse was Charcoal's brother, Left-Hand, who had been jailed on a minor charge to prevent his assisting the outlaw. "Charcoal was your brother" the Inspector told the Indian coldly, "but no man calls a murderer 'brother.'

"Charcoal's hand is red with blood. It's raised against your people as well as mine. He must be captured before he does more harm. Charcoal is hungry and tired with no place to go. Sooner or later he'll be forced to come to his relatives for aid. If you promise to help us we will let you return to your cabin."

For a long time the Indian was silent. Finally he nodded.

NOT COMPLETELY trusting Left-Hand, the Inspector stationed three constables at the Indian Agency and directed his Indian scouts to keep watch on the cabin.

It wasn't until the night of November 12 that the expected knock sounded on the door of Left-Hand's cabin. Casting a sidelong glance at his other brother, Bear's-Backbone, who had also been released from jail on similar terms, he called through the door, "*Owenen?*—Who is it?"

"*Paka-Pa-Nee-Cape* — Bad-Young-Man —Charcoal," came the cautious answer.

In the darkness Left-Hand made out a horse and beside it a dim shape. Gaunt and weary Charcoal entered on moccasined feet, unaware that White-Topknot, delegated to watch the place, had moved stealthily from a clump of willows and disappeared.

He furtively accepted a pipe from Bear's-Backbone and exhaled the smoke, but again some instinct seemed to warn the fugitive that all was not well. Even as he devoured the dried meat placed before him, a fleeting exchange of glances between his brothers caused him to make for the door. Before he could reach his horse, Left-Hand had whipped the Winchester from Charcoal's hand and was calling for help. From the willows White-Topknot landed like a projectile on the outlaw.

Too worn and exhausted to put up a fight, Charcoal was hauled inside and bound hand and foot with rawhide. Dawn was breaking when his captors noted an ominous trickle of scarlet oozing down his hands. In a last desperate effort to thwart his enemies he had stabbed his wrists with an awl. The attempt at suicide failed.

Charcoal was turned over to the Mounted Police and lodged in the guardhouse at Fort Macleod. To far-flung ranches and lonely homesteads word of the capture brought a feeling of intense relief—a relief shared by the Mounted Police Comptroller at Ottawa.

A mixed jury of ranchers, traders and citizens of the cowtown of Macleod pronounced a sentence of death by hanging —a death that in the Indian's belief would forever exclude his spirit from the Sacred Sandhills.

Three months later he ascended the scaffold in a horse corral without a tremor and as his last defiance, sang the eerie death song of his people.

For his part in bringing about Charcoal's capture Left-Hand was awarded a chieftainship by the Government, but his tribesmen refused to recognize the honor. Considering his actions treacherous and unbrotherly, they adopted a hostile attitude. When leading chiefs of the Bloods gathered to pay their last respects to Charcoal, one tall majestic Blackfoot, a childhood friend of the dead man, accosted Left-Hand, hurled at him all the vile epithets he could think of, and all but cut him to ribbons with his quirt.

Such a reaction is hardly surprising. In the minds of men, murder is a cleaner crime than betrayal—for whatever reason or for whatever good.

Diamonds of the Mother Lode

(Continued from page 33)

and Spring Valley. There is more Kimberly rock in this region than at the DeBeers Mines in Africa! Geologists know that, but they are quick to add that the Mother Lode region plays hard to get.

Access to these gem fields is easy. U. S. Highway 99E leads to Oroville, and from there a good country road takes you into the butte land and foothills where the old Cherokee Mine can be found.

You will see scars left by Forty-niners and the commercial diggers long before you reach the area. Gravel beds and pits are plainly evident. If you visit in Oroville long enough, you'll also hear how hydraulic digging for gold nearly ruined the beautiful Feather River by clogging it with rocks and debris.

Each year an increasing number of amateur prospectors show up near and about the Cherokee Mine armed with pickaxes, shovels, and gold pans. Some even come with long-toothed rakes with which they prod the earth, hoping to find a surface extrusion of gems.

Rockhounds are numerous and lately skindivers have taken over the river in a specialized search of the bed for gold.

There have been a few small finds which produced a lot of hand-shaking, back-pounding, envy and admiration but the countryside is waiting breathlessly for the truly big discovery.

Engineers and geologists insist the rough sloped region is ripe for someone to rush down from these hills into Oroville with a fistful of diamonds worth a king's ransom. Will it be you, partner?

Nuggets

(Continued from page 41)

I want to say, but whispering to those dogies. I knew that Pete Ross, brother to Sul Ross, later governor of Texas, was holding a herd a little way below ours, and I recognized his shooing.

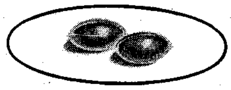
"Hey there!" I yelled out in the best disguised voice I could muster, "Hold up and explain where you're taking those Texas cattle. We've been looking for you."

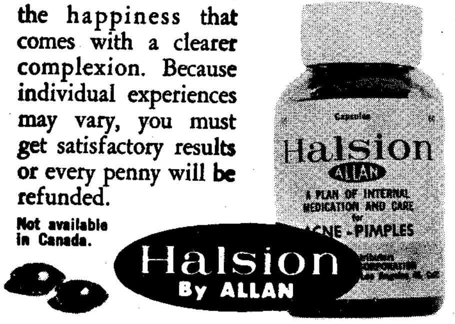
Well, you ought to have heard that man explain! Why, his cattle had just broken a barn fence down in the night and were running away when he caught up with them and now he was taking them back home. I carried the joke on as long as I wanted to and then told him who I was.

Our most memorable experience on this trip was swimming Red River. When we reached it we found Duckworth and Scaling of Hill County with a herd of 2,000 mixed cattle. They had been trying for three days to get their cattle across and were still trying. A scalawag living in the neighborhood claimed that he was an expert at crossing cattle, and they were hiring him by the day to point the cattle across. His practice was to ride in a little upstream and then about the time the lead cattle were well out in the water, to drift down and head them back. He claimed that he couldn't hold his horse or something, but as an expert riverman he was getting a fancy price every day and making the job last.

Duckworth had heard that we were coming and had sent back word for us to hold our cattle out from the river, which we did. I went on down, and the first thing I said was, "You call yourself a cowman, do you?"

"Now don't try to guy me," Duckworth said. "I'm a cowman and you know it."





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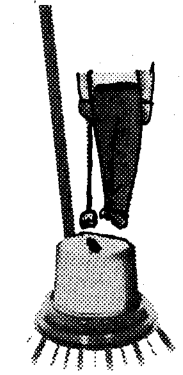

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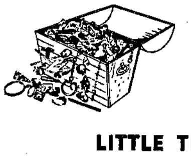

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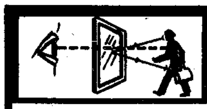

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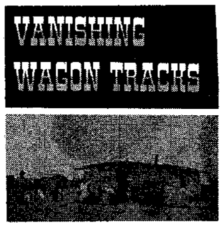

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"Well," says I, "if you're a cowman, why don't you get your cattle across that river?"

Then he told me all about the expert they had turned themselves over to.

"I'll cross your cattle," I said.

The first thing I did was to send back to our herd for four old cows we had used in swimming the Brazos. "That's right," said the expert river man, who had heard all that had passed. "That's right, put those cows in the lead, the steers will follow. I'll ride in a little above the herd and point 'em sorter down."

"No," says I, "you'll stay right up there on the bank where you are, and if you wet a hair of your horse, you'd better expect to float a damned sight farther down Red River than you've been yet."

Well, the expert kept clear of the water, the old cows took to the water as natural as alligators—especially when Duckworth put one of their calves in a skiff and pulled out with it for the other side—and in no time we had the cattle across. We put them over in two bunches, returning after the second bunch with the old cows that had proved so true in piloting over the first lot. Jim Taylor and I swam over our mixed herd without a bobble.

THE PASSING PHRASE

As overheard by Ed Jeffries

Polishing your pants on saddle leather don't make you a cowhand.

•

You can judge a man by watching the horse he's riding.

•

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more'n once.

•

A man that don't pay his bills lives on his jawbone.

•

You'd better watch that guy; he'll file you on a claim out in the sandhills.

•

That woman's as ugly as a new-sheared sheep.

•

I'm as hungry as a woodpecker with a bad headache.

•

Mighty few men ever drown in their own sweat.

•

His folks on his mother's side wore moccasins.

•

She's so skinny she could sleep in a shotgun barrel.

•

He had his hair all larded down and was grinning like a dog catching yellow-jackets.

THEY SWUNG HIM FROM A WAGON TONGUE

By George O. Hopkins

FROM the experiences of Uncle Ben C. Majors comes the story of a posse's taking a man from his wagontrain and hanging him to the end of a wagon tongue. Majors was eighty years old when I knew him in Headrick, Oklahoma, in the 1930s, but he wasn't "Uncle Ben" when they hanged his driver.

He was the son of the famous Majors of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell who rode to western glory with their Pony Express. Ben Majors made a three-months' trip with Buffalo Bill Cody from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1867. However, he made his first trip as a freighter in 1865 to Fort Laramie, probably starting from St. Joseph, Missouri. It was on one of these trips that one of his drivers was hanged by a group of men, representing themselves as a posse. Uncle Ben tells the story:

"It was considered a bad crime to steal a case of liquor, or to steal a horse. Many times liquor was stacked in front of a saloon. No man carried it away since it meant death if he could be apprehended.

"I gave my men particular orders not to take or touch liquor of this sort, and thought my orders were obeyed. But when I was two hours out, a posse caught my wagontrain, and the leader told me that one of my men had taken some whiskey. I denied the charge but they produced witnesses who had seen the stealing.

"My man was brought out and he admitted the theft; western justice demanded that he pay the penalty. They had him dead to rights and the posse had my drivers covered. In spite of my protests they tried him on the spot, pronounced him guilty, and proceeded to tie his hands behind his back.

"The teams were unhooked from one of my wagons. Single-trees were placed under the wagon tongue at the base to hold the end high and steady in an upright position. A rope was placed around the condemned man's neck, and the end of the rope was drawn over the end of the wagon tongue sticking high in the air. He was hung to the end of the wagon tongue, and there he twitched, jerked, swung and died. The posse departed and we buried him there beside the trail."

MEN, WOMEN AND THE WEST

By Lora M. Conant

MEN WHO left their homes in the East to build a new life in the West changed; their women did not—they always clung to the past. It was especially true in the region where cattle ranches flourished.

When my father came to Colorado he did not dream of a vast cattle ranch; his dream was of a farm with rich, black loam. He built a two-room frame house on roaring Horsetail Creek and plastered it.

He farmed—or tried to farm—for one year. He watched Horsetail Creek grow dry and stay dry, and realized it was merely a creek which flowed when there had been a cloudburst at its source. Dad saw his corn shrivel, his garden burned out by sun and wind, and understood at once.

"Cattle and land," he admitted, "are all that matter here," and thanked God that he had a bit of money left. One by one, as his fellow homesteaders gave up and moved away, he bought their shacks, their milch cows and, if possible, their land.

That was when Mother began to reflect the strained, harassed look of women brought West by their men—men who were athirst for land and cattle. Dad did not take the extra shacks and put them under one roof; he merely cut doors and hitched them securely together. Also he discarded plaster as a necessary finish to a building. Mother had been pleased with her neat little home. The ugliness of the new rooms with the rafters and the two-by-fours in the walls exposed, hurt her pride cruelly.

Father did fairly well. He was handicapped in but one way—he was scrupulously honest. His cows could not have two calves, nor could the maverick, who joined his herd, trot forth one morning bearing Dad's brand, the 3 J.

"Honesty," my father said, "is a serious handicap to acquiring a cattle herd." But in his careful, forthright way Dad did fairly well.

Mother clung with all her strength to the niceties of her upbringing. She found the food of the cattle country very distasteful; Father adopted the new diet without a regret. He would gladly have sold every milch cow and followed the Western habit of drinking his coffee black and substituting water for milk in cooking. Cowboys had long used water for milk in gravy and in dropped biscuits. My mother would have none of this, nor would the other women from the East. Even the women who came from the South demanded milk and were willing to care for the cows if they could not inveigle a doting husband or a docile roustabout to do this menial job—and make no mistake, it was menial. No top-notch cowboy, who treasured his self-respect, would condescend to milk a cow.

After the luxury reached the table, the men accepted it—used cream in their coffee, ate the delicious cream pies, enjoyed butter and cottage cheese—but always superior in the knowledge that they could have gotten along without them.

THE disdain of cattlemen even extended to chicken and pigs—and sheep were too horrible to consider. My father took up this idea very quickly. The slogan of the West, "Nothing matters but cattle and land," had become a part of him.

Mother managed the chicken situation nicely. Six fat pullets were lodged in a large packing crate and there were eggs on the table before Father had heard one cackle. Getting a pig was a more serious concern. The West had lived for years on beef, beans, coffee, biscuits and molasses. Why now this sudden need for change?

Dad as usual was outwitted. One day in early spring, he returned home after a long day mending fences to find a fat brood sow penned in an inconspicuous spot near the sloping garden below the mill. In this garden Mother yearly fought her losing battle with agriculture. It was beyond this area of defeated hopes that she secreted the brood sow.

My father, like the rest of the men, never refused the fresh pork, the bacon or the cured hams. He just ignored the distasteful sow and her family.

"Father," Mother always declared tartly "has gone native."

He did not consider oil cloth a necessity for the table, and tablecloths were an absurdity. Most cattlemen ate from the bare boards of a homemade table, and Dad saw no harm in that. Mother compromised a bit. White tablecloths were beyond her capacity for hard work, but her table was always covered with a blue and white or a red and white checkered cloth.

Most standards of Mother's were viewed as harmless by her four children, but some we considered an unnecessary hardship. The worst cross was the customary outhouse. My father knew about germs. I have often wondered if he were the only rancher in our section of the Plains who had knowledge of this unseen enemy. Dad built his outhouse a long distance away, on ground lower than the well and beyond the open space where horses and men would be coming and going.

There was a very nice, large greasewood clump between the ranch house and the little building. We children looked at the greasewood with longing—so much nearer the house—but Mother was adamant. Night or day, sunshipe or howling blizzard, found mother's children taking the long trek to the privy.

It was hard to be bathed every Saturday night in the big washtub, to have our hair shampooed often, and worst of all to have to wear sunbonnets. But girls were not supposed to have complexions like old saddle leather.

We struggled hard against these irritating evils and we never won—but eventually we understood. The little minister from England who stayed at our ranch for a while and looked at Mother and her brood with eyes of respect and wonder, my father's sister who came to criticize and stayed on to praise—these made it clear what Mother and all the other women had done. They had kept refinement alive in a frontier land.

Soule's Indians

(Continued from page 39)

for shortly afterward most of them jumped the reservation to lead their several war parties on a series of raids which brought death to a number of whites of both sexes. Those forays reached a climax when the raiding bands and their leaders showed up among the several hundred other implacables of the allied tribes gathered along the north Texas border. There they were being urged into a concerted stand against the whites by the noted medicine men, Min-im-ic of the Cheyennes and Isha-tai of the Kiowas, along with Quanah Parker, the powerful half-blood leader of the Comanches.

"The conclave resulted in the fantastically unequal fight out on the Staked Plains at the makeshift fort called Adobe Walls in July of 1874. There, about twenty buffalo hunters, with their .50 caliber guns, stood off for a week, and finally defeated, the entire force of the allied tribal assembly. Lone Wolf, Little Raven, Big Bow, Yellow Bear, and others off the Fort Sill and Darlington Agencies were known to have been in the Adobe Walls fight.

"Participants in the Adobe Walls battle all mentioned the young Indian brave on a war-painted pony who repeatedly made solitary charges right up to the walls of the stockade to fire his pistol through the portholes. A shot finally knocked him off his horse, badly wounded, only a few yards from the little fort. He killed himself with a shot, which was found later to have been the last live charge in the pistol. Pe-ah-rite, the war-

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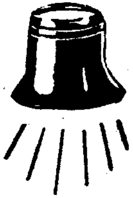

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Seems like when we get them in the hands of a new person, we've got another reader.

rior son of Chief Horseback, was never seen on the reservation after that time. Later on, some of the Indians at the agency said that the brave and reckless young Indian of Adobe Walls was Pe-ah-rite. When Chief Horseback was questioned on the subject, his answers were never more than surly grunts.

"Though the Adobe Walls affair was in no sense a military engagement, it was a most important clash for it broke the back of the allied tribal federation, and it thoroughly discredited their supposedly infallible medicine men. Several of the most persistent of the intractables tried to regain lost prestige by heading up their own raiding bands, but one at a time they were killed or driven back to the reservations.

"Lone Wolf and some of his brother chieftains were cornered by General Mackenzie and his 4th Cavalry in the Palo Duro Canyon of the Texas Panhandle and whipped so thoroughly that the warriors all took to the hills, leaving the squaws and children, along with the lodges and all belongings of their big camp. About 2,000 head of ponies were shot to put the Indians afoot.

"The Palo Duro Canyon debacle left Lone Wolf so thoroughly discredited among the Kiowas and allied tribes that when he was finally corralled and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas in 1877 there were no great regrets among his tribesmen.

"None of Soule's portraits of even the most noted Indian chiefs showed them clothed in the regalia which the white public later on assumed to be the everyday dress of an Indian of rank. The ornate portraits came later, after those well subjugated Indian notables had grown canny enough to realize that there was a cash reward in donning beaded and quilled costumes and feathered war bonnets before posing before a camera.

"Although most of Soule's subjects owned Indian finery befitting their rank, they kept such items carefully packed away for use only at tribal affairs. Most often the dress of even the most important chiefs was an incongruous array of white man's apparel, both civilian and military—odd vests and coats, old hats of every kind, pants (usually with the seats cut out to conform to Indian ideas of comfort and convenience), brass buttons, epaulets, and other military insignia.

"To the Indians, the mismatched outfits of white man's clothing was very impressive. To whites who were unfamiliar with Indian ways and their methods of warfare, such apparel on dignified Indians was very funny. However, those mirth-provoking outfits ceased to appear so funny when it was explained that such clothing more often than not came from the bodies of massacred whites.

"All early day photographers had their trials and tribulations, but it can be safely said that few, if any, faced rougher going and tougher subjects than did W. S. Soule from Boston."

Destiny of Two Pioneer Merchants

(Continued from page 45)

Old Tom Daly noticed the very fine hand of the signature written in the Ellis House register, and hired Robidoux to "fix up" the books at his store. Both men benefited from their acquaintance. Robidoux taught Daly how to keep books and was in turn taught how to manage and run a general store.

The $100 Robidoux earned by bookkeeping laid the foundation for Robidoux's acquiring 35,000 acres of land in Wallace County while it was still cheap. Some put the figures at a round 70,000 acres.

The Union Pacific Railroad's Eastern Division was building west across Kansas, and had established a division headquarters in Wallace County with a round house and machine shop. Duplicating Daly's pattern, Robidoux started business in a tent on the open prairie close to the railroad. He bought a barrel of whiskey and a box of cigars and soon had enough money to buy lumber for a small building.

"Within a few months after Wallace was established," Mr. Thompson wrote, "it had a population of nearly 5,000 persons. The town of Wallace derived its name from the strategically located Fort Wallace on the Smoky Hill River, two miles to the southwest. One of the last frontier forts in Kansas, its brave soldiers attempted to suppress the savages that civilization might advance."

Wallace was a typical frontier town and Robidoux prospered amazingly. He doubled his prices and building space, and his store grew rapidly until it was the largest between Kansas and Denver. He sold everything from a postage stamp to a Sharps rifle; he traded merchandise to the hunters, scouts and Indians for buffalo hides and shipped hundreds of carloads to Leavenworth.

Peter Robidoux owned a saloon that for twelve long years never once locked its doors. It sold nothing under $1. A beer keg with a slot sawed in the head was the cash register. "Folding money" was seldom seen but silver dollars were plentiful. When filled Robidoux shipped the keg to Denver by stage, along with barrels of money from his general store.

THESE TWO merchants were to meet with a strange destiny. One day in 1898, the forceful and energetic Tom Daly took his old Captain's chair and placed it beside the door of his store, sat down in it, pulled his cap down low on his forehead (some said he never took it off again) and just sat there in taciturn silence.

He would not answer his friends' or his customers' greetings, and when they said they wished to make a purchase of some article, he would mutter, "Get it yourself!" If he happened to be inside the store and a customer pointed to what he wished to buy, Tom Daly would laconically insist, "Ain't got any!"

He just sat there and let things crumble away. He was never known to lift a hand inside the store again. Late at night he would light his lantern and walk away; the next morning found him slumped down in his chair near the doorway almost as though he had never moved from it.

In Wallace, at about the same time, a strange thing was happening to Daly's old friend. Pete Robidoux walked to his general store, boarded up the windows, barred the doors and turned the key in the lock on merchandise valued at over $20,000. Only once in the next twenty years was it ever opened again.

Ironically, Daly's and Robidoux's behavior caused their fame to spread rather than diminish. In Ellis County the curious would walk inside Daly's store and view the crumbling ruins while glancing apprehensively at the old man sitting immobile in his Captain's chair beside the door with his cap pulled low over his eyes.

A similar aura of doom surrounded the notable old Robidoux landmark in Wallace County, with its barred doors and boarded up windows. Even vandals who ventured close lost courage and went away when they heard scampering feet among the abandoned merchandise inside.

In the case of Tom Daly, a hidden romance may have been the cause of his withdrawal from the human race. Tired of backstreet secrecy, the lady in question finally warned Tom that if wedding bells did not chime immediately, she would burn down his store—to begin with.

Drastic and persistent pressure forced the reluctant merchant to start for Hays, the county seat, to buy a marriage license. As usual, he was driving a pair of spirited horses hitched to a buckboard. In some way he lost control of the team and was thrown from the buggy.

From that day forward he was transformed into the stranger who puzzled his friends and intrigued the gossips. The former supposed his behavior resulted from a head injury received in the fall; the latter maintained that it was all pretense in an attempt to escape from reality.

Daly managed to purchase the wedding license that fateful day but he never used it. Instead, he gave it to a friend, Asa Adair, who carried it in his billfold until it became creased and worn. When the marriage finally took place, it was performed by a colored minister who lived over on the prairie along the Solomon River in a little town called Nicodemus.

The bride's disposition did not improve with time. During their life together, Mrs. Daly became more and more cantankerous. After she died, as the funeral procession was passing Ramsey's old barber shop, the checker players and heat soakers' union came outside to watch. Old Tom was sitting up in front of the hearse with the undertaker. "Tom wants to make damn sure she's in there—and gets there!" one old-timer remarked.

Daly returned to his chosen world of complete oblivion. He sat in front of his gloomy old building until his death in 1908. Then, dust-laden and in ruins, his stock, a collection of curios and relics of bygone days, was sold for a song. The building is still standing. It has been absorbed by a local hotel but the original rock walls supporting the modern interior are as sturdy as ever.

PETER ROBIDOUX'S surrender to circumstances may have originated from a more prosaic form of bad luck, although he, like Daly, did not deign to satisfy the town's curiosity.

According to local newspaper accounts of that time, Robidoux's ranch was considered the richest in the country. "The round-up boys during cattle branding time were mostly riders drifting along through the country. They ate their beans from a chuckwagon, spread their bedrolls beneath the stars . . . and squatting around the campfire, slapped the smoking Robidoux brand on thousands of little dogies."

Then disaster struck. In the terrible blizzard of January, 1886, a storm with below-zero temperatures raged across the prairie for three days. Cattle on the range around Smoky Hill territory drifted along with the storm as far as fifty miles. Some reached the Santa Fe right-of-way where they piled up and perished along the fence.

Men sent to skin the dead stock said that one might walk from Garden City to the Colorado line on the frozen bodies of dead animals bearing the big "R" brand of Peter Robidoux. His loss was estimated at 4,000 head.

At the same time he was suffering reverses on his ranch, his general store was also fighting for its life. Railroads settled—and unsettled—the West. Many small communities, if they were bypassed by the line, lost out to a town a few miles down the creek or across the next rise of the rolling prairie. In the late Eighties, Wallace suffered a setback when division headquarters were moved to Sharon Springs. In a few months' time, it was only a whistle stop.

For several years the influx of new settlers furnished Robidoux with enough trade to keep the store going but business was dwindling and other merchants were undercutting his prices.

"If ever the day comes when I do not have one customer," Robidoux told his wife, "I will lock the door and never open it again!" And that day came. He sat through the morning and afternoon and night and not a person entered the store. There was scarcely an occupied house in town; he looked out upon a scene of desolation.

The next morning he boarded up windows and locked the door, and his family moved to a ranch he owned twelve miles north of town. His empire had fallen. Afterward, when he wanted goods, he bought them from merchants in other towns while his own groceries, dress materials and a fortune in shooting equipment rotted and crumbled away in his own general store.

In 1911, heavy snows blocked the railroad cars and drifted over the prairie. Livestock was starving, including Robidoux's own cattle. It was then, after twenty years, that the merchant thought of the store room stacked with bales of hay. For the sake of his neighbors, he consented to unlock the door. It would have been better to have let it remain closed. Moldy and crumbling at a touch, there was nothing left in the building fit for man or beast.

When the foundation of the old landmark showed signs of giving way, the building was torn down. The Robidoux saloon lived down its former reputation by becoming an improvised Sunday School room.

Pete died in 1927. There is still some land around Wallace County that bears the Robidoux name—a name which in itself conjures up the days of wagon-trains, buffalo hunters and cavalry chasing Indians.

Human misery is dramatic and many-faceted. In the West where new frontiers beckoned and men like Peter Robidoux and Tom Daly sharpened their aim on its advantages, an individual's destiny could take many turns. Only a few men, however, threw in their cards before the game was lost—and that is the puzzling part in the case of these pioneer merchants.

Wickedest City of the Plains

(Continued from page 26)

about the Italian and his cave than any other man now living. He worked for my father at different times for many years. Uberto Gabello was a miner from the mountains—Cripple Creek, I think. He came here about two years before I did, in 1885.

"He homesteaded the land, and being a miner with knowledge of rocks and

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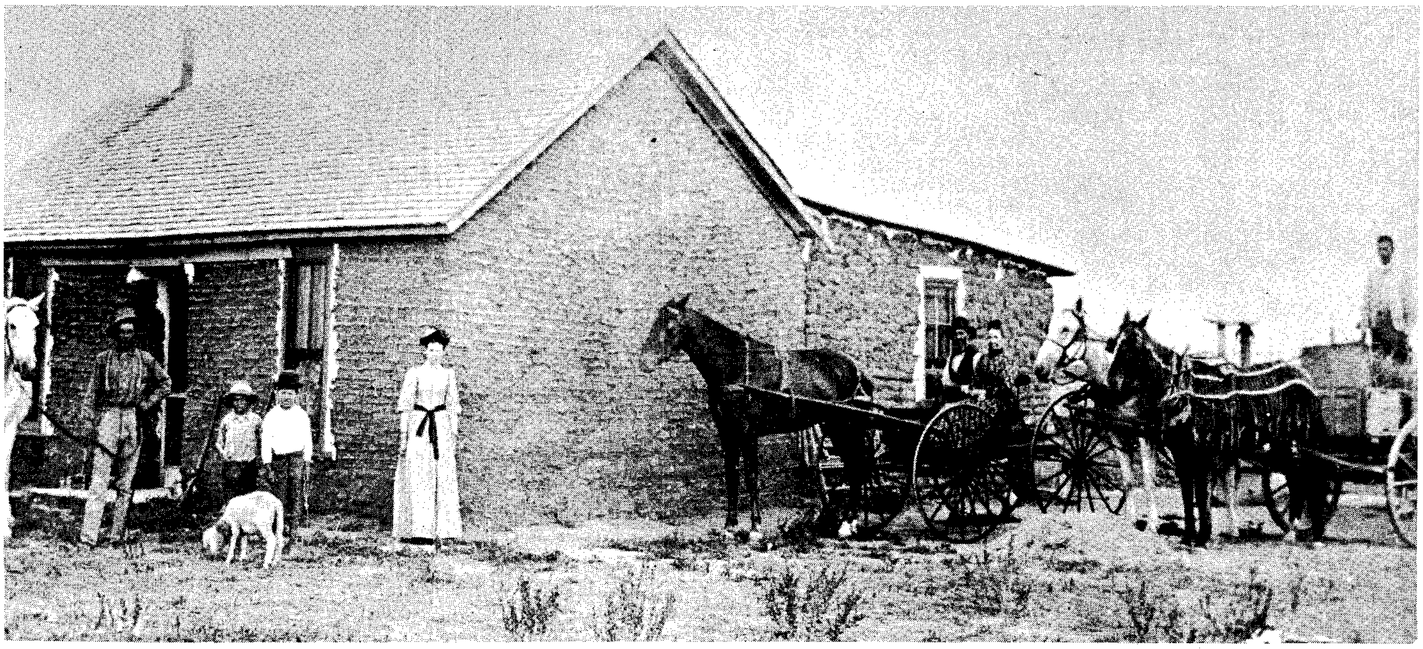

The C. H. Wright residence near Julesburg No. 3 in 1888. Photo courtesy R. L. Wright shows; (left to right) W. Wright, Frank Ottiman, R. L. Wright, Delia Wright, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wright and Fred Wright.

rock formations, he soon started enlarging a natural cave by taking out stones for constructing a house. A nearby wash furnished sand; he carried cement on his back from Julesburg, three miles away, to make mortar for holding the rocks in place.

"His first building was a two-room cabin with a shingle roof, to the left of the cave entrance. He built a wing-walled approach to the cave and a beautifully arched entrance to the tunnel. About fifty yards up the hill from the cave, Uberto dug a basement which he walled up with rocks from the cave. On this foundation he erected a two-story house, with four rooms on the ground floor and two in the second story. That building was a work of art; he cut and shaped every one of those stones, and some of them were so big I could never understand how the little man got them up there. He put up another stone building north of the house, in which he kept chickens and a couple of goats.

"Uberto needed a well. He had a spring back in the cave, but toting enough water for his livestock and himself, not to mention water for his flowers, was too much work and took too much of his time. In the roof over the spring he started digging up; he kept on digging until he came out at the surface. A pump was installed; then, out of stone he fashioned a handsome watering trough for his stock. That was the only well dug up instead of down, I ever heard of. All this took many years. As Uberto took out rocks he enlarged his cave in the form of tunnels. Beautiful work it was, and he built fancy stone pillars to hold the roof where they were needed.

"People came from all parts of the country to see the 'Italian's Cave.' Uberto never charged admission; he made a fair living from voluntary contributions. The little old man died in bed in July, 1910. He was no more than buried when vandals and treasure hunters took over and literally took the place apart. For many years a rumor had circulated that Jules Beni and his gang had used the cave for a hideout and had buried some of their loot there. There is no record, however, of any of it ever being found."

"In its days of glory Julesburg was visited by Horace Greeley, General Grant, Mark Twain, and other notables. It was here that Buffalo Bill, then a stripling of eighteen, began his career of buffalo hunting, when he was hired to supply meat for the roaring, boisterous railroad construction workers.

"When the railroad continued its western march, Julesburg lost its hell-raising, migrant population and settled back to being an ordinary western cowtown. The Union Pacific built a branch line to Denver in 1881, and Julesburg began its fourth and last move, building around the railroad at the point of junction. From then on the boom days of Julesburg were over."

The town now has a population well over 2,000 with fine schools, a new and modern hospital, an excellent municipal airport, a well-stocked public library, and a museum with exhibits far surpassing those of the average community.

The Nesters

(Continued from page 27)

that day attended some swell banquets —I have even dined in the Governor's Mansion—but never in all my experience have I encountered an odor that gave me anything like the enjoyment I derived from the smell of that hominy frying on the campfire that cold morning so many years ago. So began my initiation into pioneer life in western Oklahoma.

WE SOON moved into our own dugout which was like my uncle's, except it had only one room. We had a fireplace but we also had a cookstove. Here my little brother was born without medical aid, died, and was buried in a crude coffin of cottonwood lumber. The farmer who plows over his little grave today with his modern tractor, is unaware of the solemn scene that occurred there more than sixty years ago.

There were still thousands of cattle roaming about the country. Among these were many fighting bulls which were a terror to the settlers who generally went about on foot with no trees to climb or fences to protect them.

I recall one occasion when a woman was hoeing in a garden. A fierce bull approached and she took refuge in the little sod house in which she lived. The animal had powerful horns and at once began tearing the house down, its walls being soft and vulnerable. It so happened that a cowboy was passing by and saw her predicament. He roped and threw the bull and chopped his horns off with a chopping ax, probably saving the woman's life. Such was the lot of the early settler.

Another terror was the prairie fire, which was a very frequent occurrence since the country was covered with a heavy growth of native grass. Around most every settler's dugout was a "fire guard," a strip of plowed furrows wide enough to stop a blaze. The chief fire-fighting apparatus was a wet blanket or cotton sack, with which the fire was whipped out. In 1901, the Stacker family emigrated to Western Oklahoma. The father and oldest son Jake (who lived on his homestead until some twenty years ago), filed on claims on the head of Sandstone Creek. The mother and five other children were left camped in a draw surrounded by tall bluestem grass while the men went to Weatherford, a distance of seventy-five miles, to buy lumber to build a house.

Mrs. Stacker noticed the glow of a prairie fire several miles to the northwest but paid little attention to it. However, the wind changed and before she and the children could get away, the flames bore down and engulfed the entire family. Although some of them reached the home of Dennis Carr before they died, not one survived. Many such incidents happened during the settlement of Western Oklahoma.

During the late 1890s that part of the country was blessed with plenty of rainfall, and bounteous crops were raised —but prices were low. Hogs were sold by the head rather than the pound. The price amounted to about two cents a pound. I remember in the fall of 1900 my father and a man named Chaffin hauled two wagon-loads of sweet potatoes to Mobeetie, Texas, a distance of 100 miles, and sold them for twenty-five cents a bushel. Corn was eight or nine cents per bushel and was frequently used

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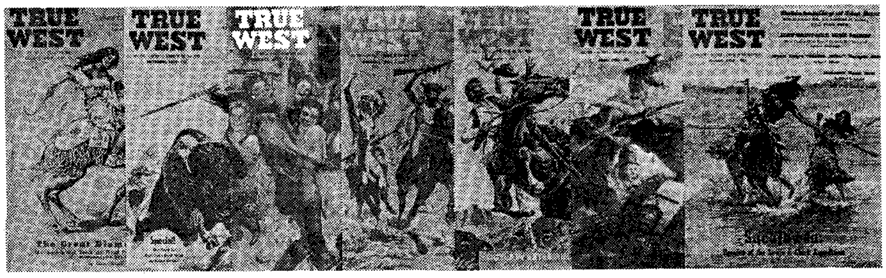
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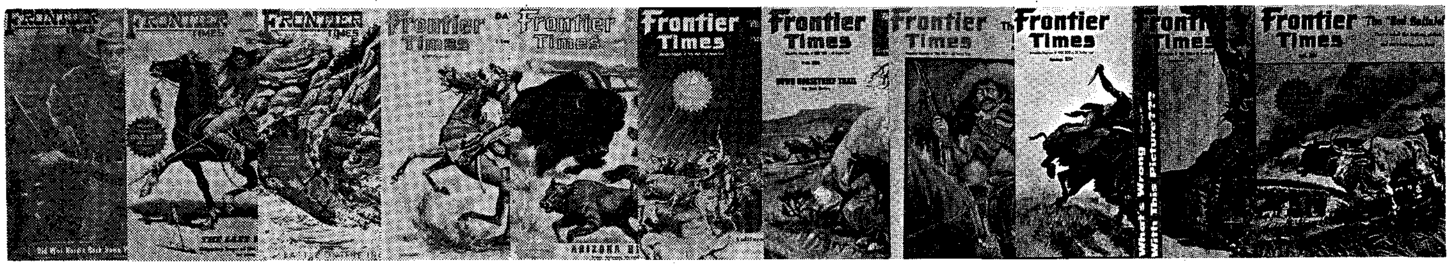
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for fuel by those living too far from the creeks to haul wood.

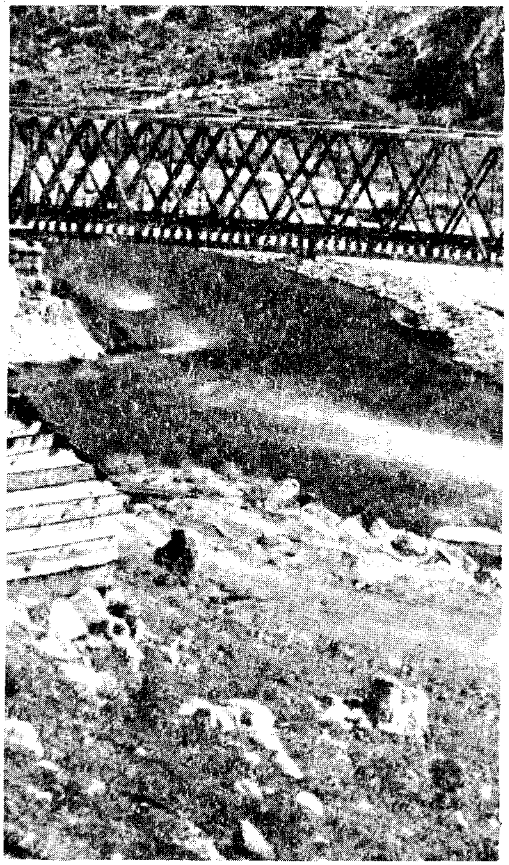
There were many tragedies enacted including murder, and some of the citizens were undesirable, due to the newness of the country, but the majority were law abiding and a fair degree of law and order prevailed.

The usual mode of travel was on horseback or in buggies or hacks; the distance covered varied from forty to sixty miles a day. A record was set in 1901 for a day's travel on horseback by Charley Lee who was delivering a death message. Lee rode a mustang cow pony from the head of Upper Sandstone Creek, near where Elk City now is located, to Canadian, Texas, a distance of 100 miles in twelve hours. His pony, whose name was Cigarette, required the combined efforts of three cowpunchers to put him in a livery barn when he arrived. He had never seen one and was just a wee bit dubious! When I arrived in this country, there were scarcely any fences except drift fences. These began nowhere and ended nowhere; they were built to prevent stock from straying off the home range.

People had poor food and clothes. The children had about one pair of shoes a year and these were buttons for the girls and buckles for the boys. Some of the settlers who were better off did not have to economize so much, but I am speaking of the "nester" class to which I belonged.

I well remember the winter of 1908. It was an extremely severe one, with four inches of snow and sleet covering the ground from November until February. We were wintering on Timber Creek and ours was a two-room box house offering little protection. Our heating apparatus was a wood-burning cookstove and our fuel was slabs of green cottonwood and elm. That was the winter I froze both heels and I wear the scars to this day.

And so the story goes. Only when I look around and see the splendid progress that has been ours in the intervening years do I feel that the sacrifices made and the hardships endured by those hardy pioneers were not in vain.



Double Robbery of Train #1

(Continued from page 17)

hundred miles later she was flagged down by four men outside Independence, Nevada, a tiny hamlet that is no longer listed on today's timetables. Implausible as it may seem, history's pen wrote the name of Train #1 for the second time that fateful November trip.

Unlike the Verdi Gang, this second band had evidently decided to rob the train on the spur of the moment. Comprised of army deserters from nearby Fort Halleck, two of its members exposed their stupidity by wearing their uniforms. Without a weapon, hapless messenger Marshall watched as they scooped up $4,000, severed nearby telegraph wires, uncoupled the obliging linkpin and rode off while the disengaged engine once more drifted down the track.

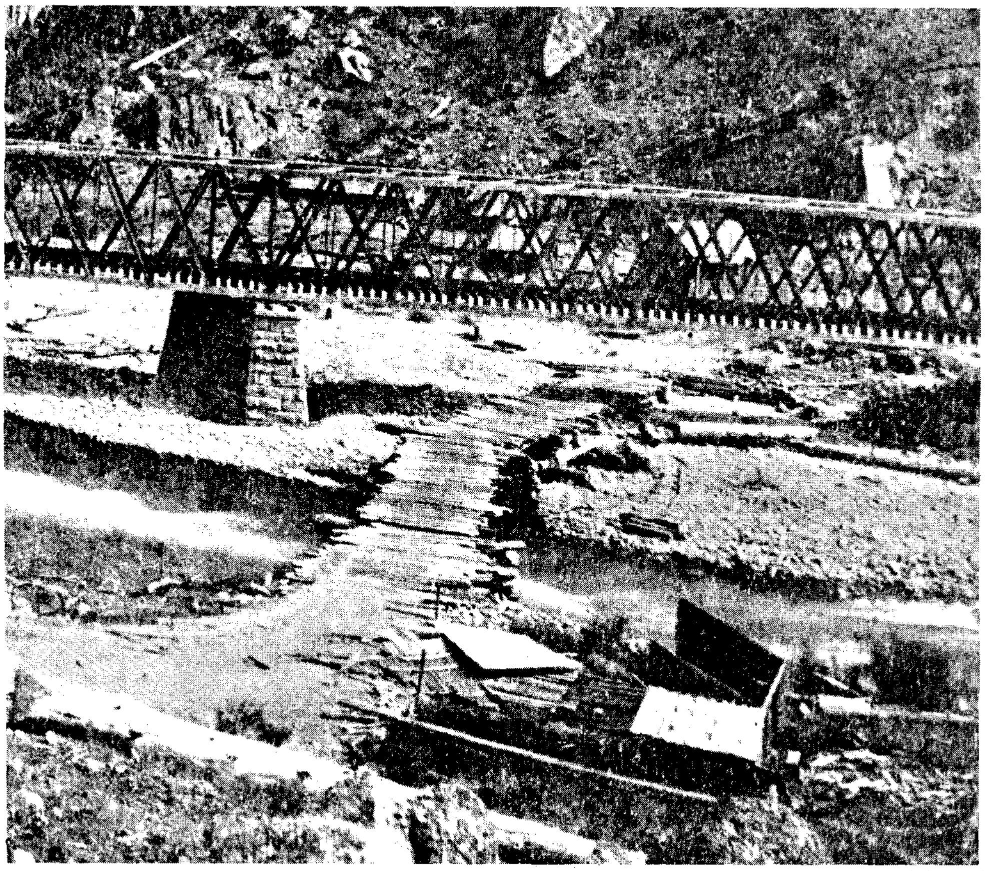
Lightning did not strike a third time, however, and the little train completed the remainder of its run without further incident. As a result of both holdups, rewards totaling $40,000 were offered for the apprehension of the robber gangs. Numerous posses were hastily formed and the chase was on.

Weeks of planning had preceded the Verdi incident. Aware that the Yellow Jacket payroll was due for shipment, the gang bided its time in Reno while their contact man waited in Oakland. The tip-off finally came in a coded telegram with the brief message, "Am sending $60.00," which, of course, referred indirectly to the mine payroll.

Wells Fargo detectives searched their files in vain while posses scurried over the countryside. Then, northwest of Verdi, in a spot known as Sardine Valley, a stranger rode up to the door of a remote lodge-tavern at dusk and asked for a room. Shortly after, two other men arrived and checked into an upstairs room opposite the first caller. During the night, the interest of the tavernkeeper's wife was aroused by the sound of footsteps crossing between the two rooms overhead. At dawn the two men left in the direction of Squaw Valley.

The first arrival, named Gilchrist, peeked through a curtain and watched the dutiful wife hail a passing Wells Fargo agent and deputy sheriff who were in pursuit of the desperados. Overhearing the woman voice her suspicion of her boarders, Gilchrist ran out the back door. A search of the premises found him hiding in the barn loft where he meekly surrendered and named his accomplices in crime. After Gilchrist, Squaw Valley yielded the other errant lodgers; two more were arrested in a Reno brothel; and one of Virginia City's supposedly respectable businessmen, Jake Davis, turned out to be the ringleader of the lot.

The seventh man, J. E. Chapman, who had sent the coded telegram from Oakland, had ironically taken a later train for Reno, which also carried Wells Fargo detectives who were hot on his trail. Upon arrival, Chapman headed for a nearby tavern to quench his thirst. Simultaneously, the two brothel patrons appeared in tow with two local detectives. Spying Chapman, one of them unwittingly shouted, "Hello, Chapman!


Nevada Historical Society

It was here that Train #1 made its second crossing of the Truckee River.

What brings you here?" Poor old Chapman. That remark gave him eighteen years.

Within four days of the robbery most of the gold was recovered from various hiding places and the Verdi Gang passed into prison and into oblivion. As for the Fort Halleck deserters, they sought escape across the torrid Utah wasteland to the foot of the Great Salt Lake. Attempting to lighten their saddlebags, they carelessly left a marked trail of gold double eagles and rolls of silver dollars. Wanted on many counts, the four rank amateurs were quickly overtaken and dispatched to their ancestors with military precision.

The pride of the Central Pacific continued her run from California to Utah until the passing years relegated her to the locomotive graveyard. And if trains had ghosts, you could probably hear her today, chugging through the desert night with her whistle shrieking, telling one and all the story of Train #1 and of the part she played in the case of the Old West's first double train robbery.

Rifle King

(Continued from page 13)

poor shots, and Doc was acute enough to know that he must shoot low scores in order to promote other matches, and this match started him off with 66 against Scott's 62 at 100 birds. For the record, the highest score that had ever been made in England up to this time, an 83 out of 100, had been tallied by Bogardus three years before.

Now, with the shooting ice broken, Doc proceeded to shoot scores of matches, being careful to keep only a few birds ahead of his opponents. He had adopted as his shooting iron a 12-gauge W. W. Greener with interchangeable barrels, presented to him by the maker and titled "The Widow."

The London *Sportsman* sponsored a match for the live bird championship of the world, to be shot on March 14, 15, and 16. There were thirteen entrants, including Ira Paine and Carver, and the shoot was held at the Upper Welsh Harp, Hendon. Carver and Scott stayed to the last, and Doc won, 79 to 74 in a 100 bird match.

On February 15, 1882, at the Stanley Grounds in Liverpool Doc shot a three-way match with W. Graham of London and J. H. Fowler, champion of Scotland, winning by a score of 74 out of 91 birds. After a few other matches, with competition lacking, Carver crossed the channel and toured Europe again with his horse and .44 Winchester, after which he went to Wales for a vacation. He had one thing only on his mind now—to corner Bogardus. With $80,000 in winnings and a sackful of diamonds presented by royalty, he returned to New York in the fall of 1882.

AT LAST the old man came out of hiding, and a thousand live bird shots converged on Louisville, Kentucky, for the long-awaited tussle of the champions on February 22, 1883. The shoot was held at the Jockey Club, with stakes $500 a side and gate money, 100 pigeons each, 5 ground traps, 30 yards rise, London rules. Doc won the very close match, 82-83. Since no great superiority had been shown in the match, the two went to Chicago and shot again, Doc winning again, 82-79.

"Let's try clays," said the captain, and they tried clays, Carver winning again, 72-63. Returning to St. Louis, they found an offer awaiting them from the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Company: 25 matches, city to city, 100 clays each, 5 traps, 18 yards rise, both barrels and English rules, winner to receive $300

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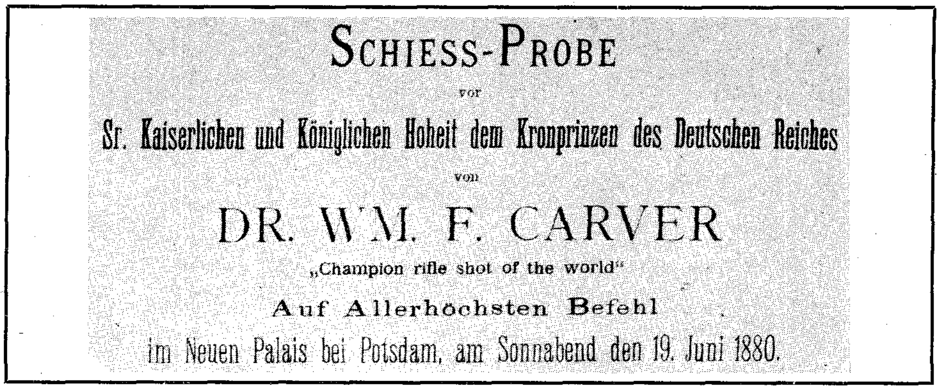
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von
DR. WM. F. CARVER
„Champion rifle shot of the world"
Auf Allerhöchsten Befehl
im Neuen Palais bei Potsdam, am Sonnabend den 19. Juni 1880.

Heading from the program put out on silk by William I when he called Doc back for a second shooting engagement.

per match, and $100 extra for breaking 82 or more clays, winner or loser or both.

The manna from heaven was accepted with alacrity, the contract signed and the guns greased for the greatest tournament in history. Both men had been brainwashed in England by having to shoot niggardly scores in order to promote further matches. Now that was ended; no more handicapping, just two kings of the traps out for blood. The newspapers heralded the series as "The Battle of the Giants." No shooting dates were to be changed for snow, rain, sleet, earthquakes or lack of spectators.

Carver was using a 12-gauge Greener hammerless weighing 7 pounds, 13 ounces, with shells composed of a mixture of Eley's green and U.M.C., loaded by himself with 4 drams of Curtis and Harvey No. 4 powder and 1¼ ounce of No. 6 Chicago chilled shot. Bogardus was using a W. C. Scott & Sons hammerless 12 gauge weighing 7 pounds, 6 ounces, and Von Lengerke's Swell and Waterproof shells, hand-loaded by himself with 4 drams of Orange Lightning powder No. 5. He also used Chicago chilled shot, 1¼ ounce No. 8 in the first barrel and No. 7 in the second. It was agreed that the match shot at Chicago at clays would count as the first of the 25.

Doc's scores soared immediately. His are the first shown: St. Louis, 85-69; Cincinnati (in a snowstorm), 89-74; Kansas City, 91-69; St. Joseph, 92-63; Omaha, 94-90; Leavenworth, 85-63. Now Bogardus' scores went up, and stayed up, Doc's still shown first: Des Moines, 100-97; Davenport, 95-89; Council Bluffs, 96-96; Burlington, 99-99; Quincy, 100-92; Peoria, 99-92; Terre Haute, 99-95; Indianapolis, 98-97; Dayton, 94-94; Columbus, 76-93. When asked by a reporter to what he attributed his poor showing here, Doc replied, "Me." Pittsburgh, 94-95; Philadelphia, 96-95; Jersey City, 98-94; New Haven, 96-82; Springfield, 96-91; Worcester, 99-86; Providence, 92-94; Boston, 93-91. The battle was over. Bogardus had won only 3 out of 25 matches, at Columbus, Pittsburgh and Providence and had tied 3, at Council Bluffs, Burlington and Dayton. The score stood:

Carver . . . Hits—2327 Misses—173
Bogardus . Hits—2173 Misses—327

The bluff old captain had growled all the way across the country, while shooting high scores. The weather was too cold, too hot, or too wet; his gun was too heavy or too light; Carver was younger than he; sciatica bothered him; he had a sore trigger finger and had caught a cold.

A reporter asked Doc if he too had a cold, and he replied, "Of course. Who hasn't?" But Doc liked the old man and had humored him all the way, allowing him to switch at Omaha to a 10 pound, 10-gauge Parker, which probably accounted for his higher scores.

IN JANUARY, 1885, Doc conducted his first 60,000 ball shoot at New Haven, and has his first "falling out" with Winchester. Applying to them for guns, he was told that only a fool would undertake such a job.

"No man living can raise and lower a 10-pound gun and fire it upward of 10,000 times a day," he was told, "and no guns made could stand the strain." Doc went to the nearest store and bought his own guns and finished the shoot on the seventeenth. In March he was shooting bats with a shotgun at New Orleans, killing 1,003 in 71 minutes. He then went to Austin, Fort Worth and San Antonio, Texas, for horseback shooting engagements with his Winchester.

In December, 1888, Carver shot his second six-day, 60,000 ball shoot at Minneapolis, in which he used five .38 caliber Winchesters and hit 60,000 wooden blocks out of 60,674. On March 16, 1889, he shot a 100 bird match with Al Bandle of Cincinnati. Despite the fact that the match was rigged against him he won 91-90. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* told of the rigged match and added, "A crowd of about 3,500 people assembled on the Old Mill Creek Baseball Grounds to see the match, and of this number about 3,495 were financially interested in Bandle. The five extras were Carver's friends, and when Doc went in with his Greener they divided their winnings. Porkopolis shooters are hard losers, and they are sadder but wiser now."

Doc next traveled to Des Moines where he defeated Charles Budd 89-85 in a 100 bird match, and then hied himself to Europe, Russia and Australia. Said the Sydney *Mail* of December 20, 1890, "On R.M.S. *Brittania* arrived Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot, and the wonderful exhibitions he gave on shipboard are much spoken of by the passengers." This referred to Doc's shooting flying fish during the voyage.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt was filling an engagement at Melbourne, and she became enamored of Carver's shooting and collected all the punctured targets she could find after his exhibitions. She told him, "I shall frame them in my Paris home," to which he very gallantly replied, "This is the first time in my life that I have envied a target at which I shot."

Doc was made an honorary member of the New South Wales Gun Club, and repaid this hospitality by defeating Slocombe, the Australian champion live bird shot in an elimination match on October 13, 1891. The match took place at Brighton Beach, and Carver made a straight run of 76 birds to win. He was shooting a Birmingham gun made by William Cashmore, capable of placing 311 No. 6 shot in a 24 inch circle at forty yards.

ARRIVING back in the United States in 1892, Doc began eliminating home competition. Some of his most famous matches were against Moses Collensburger, W. R. Crosby, J. A. R. Elliot and J. D. Smith. To those who whispered that he had been hiding out in Australia he now issued the most famous rock-bottom challenge in shooting annals through *American Field*:

"This is the month of October, 1894. I am coming to Chicago in November of the same year, and invite all the champions to meet me there. I am the champion of the world, and at Chicago I will lose all my money, my medals, my guns, my clothing, and everything else I possess on this earth, or I will leave Chicago with the scalp of every pigeon shooter hanging at my belt. The time has come to wind up the matter of who is the champion of America and the world. It is Carver against all.

"I have been champion for twelve years and if I cannot beat one and all I will return to my tribe and not play the baby act. One 'champion' after losing several matches said, 'I retire to go in business with mv brother.' I have no brother and no friends, and I am coming to Chicago under the black flag."

He went to Chicago, but he had given too much warning and the birds had flown, and he had to be content with winning a match against the ten best of the Washington Park Gun Club—each of the ten at 10 birds, Doc at 100. The score, Carver 92, Club 72.

He next shot and won three straight matches against Thomas Marshall of Keithsburg, Illinois, one at Oskaloosa, Iowa, another at Kewanee, Illinois, and the last at Hot Springs, Arkansas. In between the last two he cornered George Kleinman, the American champion, and beat him 91-87 in a non-title match. This was tantamount to an order for a title match, and the two signed on January 24, 1895, but before the shooting date Kleinman took to his bed and forfeited the title. As for his forfeit money, Doc said, "If he's ill I don't want it; I'll just take $25 of his $100 to pay my fare from Kansas City to Chicago."

The chips were falling into place, and now Doc traveled to Davenport, Iowa, to meet an old victim, the famous Charles Budd. This match was described classically in *American Field* by a self-confessed enemy of Carver who after seeing it wrote, "I changed my opinion then and there. For sixteen years Carver has never disappointed an audience. He has never been ill a day in his life, and he will go anywhere in the world at any time to shoot with anyone. As long as he shoots, thousands will go to see him. *He is the only shooter in America who can draw a crowd.*" The score, Carver 89, Budd 77.

Doc next signed to shoot three matches with H. D. Swartz of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Here again an enemy went forth to put the evil eye on Carver, and he, too, reported that he had been converted in a long story published in *Field*. He claimed that Carver (a giant) seemed to purposely miss shots to keep his opponent (a pygmy) in the match, and described Doc at the score with "that masterly pose that no man has ever been able to imitate."

Carver won the match by killing 86 out of 95 birds, Swartz having quit. The next day Carver stopped fooling. "I saw he was shooting with determination, and the word went out that he had backed himself to kill 95 out of the 100. He went up to 90 straight, and we all wondered if he would kill them all. Then I noticed his smile and his changed position. He missed the next bird, *and there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he did it intentionally.* He killed the next eleven straight, the trapper having sent out an extra. Swartz stopped at the 75th, having killed 65, and Carver's score was 100 out of 101, and the last match was called off."

CARVER was now ready to quit the traps, live bird or clay, and take up his Winchester, the gun that trapshooters had outlawed because of his skill. He was now Champion Live Bird Shot of the World and of England, Scotland, Australia and America (with shotgun), and still champion at clay pigeons in all lands. For eighteen years he had been lord and master of the .44 Winchester at aerial targets of any type, standing, on horseback and in endurance matches, and no man would ever equal his performances.

Other men would come along in the future using parlor rifles of .22 caliber and outdo him in numbers of targets hit, but the crowds who had cheered at the roar of the .44-40 Winchester, the Henry, the unwieldy Spencer, the .50 Sharps and the .56 Springfield needle gun would be noticeably absent. None of them would engage to shoot and hit by sound, or shoot and hit from the hip, even with their toy guns. He would be the first and last of the heavy artillery men, and the first and the last to hit thrown targets from the bare back of a running horse. The turn of the century would end all of that, except as he himself gave exhibitions.

He began his farewell tour as the last of the Victorians in July, 1895. Milwaukee, St. Paul, Great Falls, Anaconda, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Sacramento, Stockton, Los Angeles, Phoenix, San Antonio, Houston, Dallas and New Orleans. In California, his starting place, he was a conquering hero coming home. The *Sacramento* and *Oakland* papers welcomed him as "The Wizard Rifleman from the Bay Region." "World's Champion Returns Home," hailed the Stockton *Mail*, "He has performed feats with both rifle and shotgun, on foot and on horseback that eclipse the wildest tales of Fenimore Cooper." "Rifle King Drills Dollar for Chief of Police Glass," said the Los Angeles *Herald*.

In February his Winchesters roared their challenge again at the Midwinter Carnival at Phoenix. "During his eighteen years the great Californian has made Winchester a household word," said the Arizona *Republican*. "He has retired from competition because there is none left. He deserves a rest, for he has pulled the trigger ten million times." The San Antonio *Express* summed it all up, "There is not a sportsman in the world who would not stake his all on Carver's skill with the gun. Of all the shooting champions who ever lived, he is the greatest."

The tour ended in May at Louisville, and in the fall before Doc began a thirty-year tour with his high-diving horses and girl riders he closed his career at the traps with another record. In an exhibition match in a buckwheat patch on the Pecatonica River near his birthplace at Winslow, Illinois, he made a straight run of 117 birds, the greatest in shooting annals.

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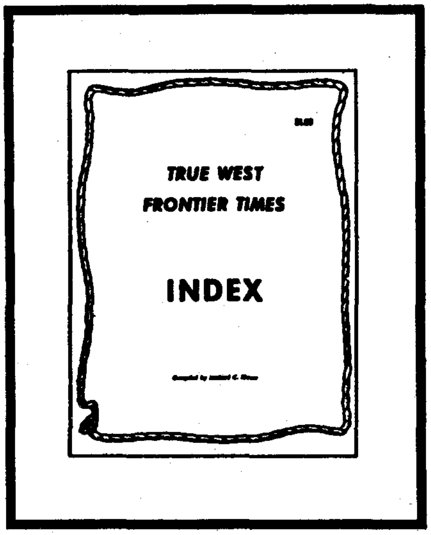

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIVESTOCK

The Mexican Mesta: The Administration of Ranching in Colonial Mexico. (University of Illinois Press, $5.50) is by William H. Dusenberry. The author describes the Mesta in Spain as a huge monopoly under royal patronage. The name had its origin in local meetings of Castilian sheep raisers in the Middle Ages to dispose of stray animals (*mezclados*). From its humble beginning the Mesta evolved into a powerful organization with most of the sheepmen, having migrating flocks, as members.

The twice-a-year movements of the big bands of sheep between winter and summer pastures caused most of the trouble with farmers and vineyard owners and the *cañadas* or sheep walks had to be kept open for the migrant animals. The Mesta and its officers (with the support of the Crown) managed the *cañadas* and protected the flock-master from robbers and abuses at the hands of local officials.

With the conquest of Mexico hardly over, the Spanish brought in horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs in considerable numbers. The natural increases were so rapid that the supply exceeded local demand and many reverted to a semi-wild state. Differences between sheep and cattle raisers and the competition for grass and water led to numerous disputes and law suits. By 1537 the situation was such that the local courts could not handle the cases and the Mesta, the first cattlemen's organization in the Americas was officially established by royal decree to aid the courts. It spread from Mexico City to the other stock raising centers in Mexico.

The Mexican Mesta differed materially from the parent organization in Spain. Both cattlemen and sheepmen were members of the Mexican Mesta—a privilege denied the cattlemen in Spain. Migrating flocks of sheep walks in the wild new country were not of primary importance in the early days so the Mesta concentrated on other matters. Regulations concerning brands and the theft of animals were of prime concern to the Mexican Mesta which required a member stockman to own land, a major factor in the development of many great ranches in Mexico. In Spain land ownership was not a requisite.

The text is a little repetitious in spots but despite this minor fault this is a significant contribution to range literature. The debt we owe Mexico for the spread of domestic livestock to our great cattle kingdom in the West has been acknowledged many times in the past. The facts about the origin of many of our livestock laws, customs and institutions have not been so widely publicized—this book helps correct that omission. There is a fine bibliography, and index and, of particular interest, an appendix depicting the brands of the early stockmen in the Mexico City area. This book was declared the 1962 award winner of the Agricultural History Society. Strongly recommended.

Land and Water Use (American Association for the Advancement of Science, Washington, D.C. $8—$7 to AAAS members) is Publication No. 73 of the Association and was edited by Wynne Thorne of Utah State University.

This Land and Water symposium was held in Denver December 27-29, 1961 and the primary concern was with the concept of land and water as related resources. The emphasis was on the critical problems of land and water in the mountain and plains region. Numerous professional societies joined in sponsoring the symposium and contributed to its success by sending some of their most competent thinkers and writers to present papers and participate in the discussion.

Three papers, "Livestock Interests in Public and Private Lands of the West," (Ralph E. Hodgson, USDA); "Public Grazing Lands in the Economy of the West," (M. L. Upchurch, USDA) and "Managing Private Lands in Relation to the Changing Uses of Public Lands" (N. Keith Roberts, Utah State University) are of great interest to livestock producers in the Inter-Mountain West. In this brief review it is impossible to cover the many worthwhile papers included in this book. It is a reference volume of value not only to range historians and conservationists but to the individual landowners in the West who will face many critical decisions on land use and enterprises in the years just ahead.

THE MAVERICK MODOCS

Verne F. Ray's *Primitive Pragmatists* (University of Washington Press, $5) is a volume in The American Ethnological Society series and it is about the Modocs. The home country of the Modocs was the Oregon-California boundary immediately east of the Cascades. Here they were at the crossroads of four of the primitive cultural areas: California, the Great Basin, the Plateau and the Northwest Coast—despite this exposure the Modocs insisted that "We'll do it our way." This freedom of choice was not limited to the tribe—it was enjoyed by the individual.

This is a scholarly book and this reviewer, for one, applauds the author's decision to incorporate the material ordinarily relegated to footnotes into the text if appropriate and to forget the rest. The study was made by five field workers who interviewed the Modoc ancients on the Klamath Reservation in Oregon in 1938. This is the way of life as remembered by the Modocs. Professor

Ray of the anthropology faculty of the University of Washington, a ranking authority and writer on the Plateau Indians, interprets and narrates for them. There is a good bibliography, an index, maps and illustrations. The Modocs were like no other tribe on the continent—if you are interested in mavericks, this is for you.

COWTOWN CLASSIC

Prairie Trails and Cow Towns (Devin-Adair, $4.50) is a fine new edition of the late Floyd B. Streeter's classic. This book was first issued in a small edition in 1936 and was soon *OP*, then *scarce* and destined to be rated *rare*. The price of the first edition kept going up and finally it was out of the reach of the casual collector. Unknown to most collectors was the fact that Streeter incorporated his original studies in his great book, *The Kaw* (N. Y., 1941) along with considerable additional material on the trails and cowtowns—the result of five years of careful research. The text in this reprint is that of the 1936 edition but it does have additional photos and maps. It is good to have this old favorite back in print at a price within the reach of all.

FOR THE TREASURE BUFFS

Treasure of the Sangre de Cristos (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Arthur L. Champa is high entertainment indeed. These tales and traditions of the Spanish Southwest, collected by Dr. Champa, Chairman of the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Denver, have charm. This reviewer liked best the tales in which the author turned treasure hunter but they are all good. Joe Beeler contributes some good drawings and there is a bibliography, an index and a map of "Treasure Land" in this attractive volume.

GHOST TOWN BOTTLES

The Antique Bottle Collector (Privately printed for the author, 485 West Fourth St., Fallon, Nevada, $2) is by Grace Kendrick, collector and authority. If you are wondering why it is being reviewed in this column, let it be known that the ghost towns of the Old West are yielding the most in the way of historic finds in antique bottles. The bottle collectors are leading the way in searching out the ways of life in these remnants of our past. This is an attractively printed and well illustrated booklet and is loaded with useful information.

MAGNIFICENT PHOTOS

John M. Slater's *El Morro, Inscription Rock, New Mexico* (The Plantin Press, $30) is a beautifully printed volume about the rock, the inscriptions thereon, and the travelers who made them. There is a fine introduction by Lawrence Clark Powell, 106 numbered plates plus a frontispiece in color, four maps, bibliography, notes and index. The edition is limited to 500 copies and it is a collector's item all the way.

COLORADO COOKING

Colorado a la Carte (Sage Books, $3) by Beverly Anderson Nemiro and Donna Miller Hamilton is a book of secret chef's recipes and a guide for those who enjoy good eating. The authors rambled over 3,000 miles of Colorado roads, ate at over 200 restaurants, tried their menus, and talked to owners and chefs about their tastiest recipes for ranch and home cooking. If you want to eat first class, with variety, buy this book.

UNIQUE UTAH

A distinguished author and editor of children's books, Olive Burt, has produced a beautifully illustrated volume called, *The First Book of Utah* (Franklin Watts, $2.50). Utah's chief historical events are eloquently described and also animated with appropriate scenes of landmarks and pioneers.

The tone and class of the sharp, clear drawings and photographs are far above average. There are two reproductions of paintings by William H. Jackson and one by Utah artist, Lynn Fausett. This is an entertaining book for young western fans.

WESTERN CLASSIC

John G. Neihardt's *A Cycle of the West* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.85) is No. 182 in the fine paperback Bison Book series. The front cover illustration is by Bodmer. The *Cycle* includes five volumes of poetry that constitute an American epic—an epic to celebrate the great mood of courage during the period of discovery, exploration and settlement of the West. *The Song of Three Friends*, *The Song of Hugh Glass*, *The Song of Jed Smith*, *The Song of the Indian Wars* and *The Song of the Messiah* were copyrighted between 1915 and 1949 and issued separately. They were published together, as intended by the poet from the beginning, for the first time in 1949. This is an American classic and it is good to have it available at such a reasonable price.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

of Heaven and we just can't let any more in."

Old Jake bowed his head in sorrow and started to turn away, then suddenly looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "Tell you what I'll do, Saint Peter. You let me stay and I'll get rid of all the others for you," he said.

Saint Peter looked puzzled and replied, "That's a wonderful idea and it would help a lot, but how do you plan to accomplish it?"

"Simple," drawled the old man, "I'll just start the rumor that there has been a gold strike down in Hell. You'll see what happens."

Saint Peter let Old Jake in and sure enough, in no time prospectors were huddled in little groups talking in hushed excited tones of the big strike down below. Suddenly there was a stampede toward the Gate and Saint Peter was barely able to throw it open in time. As the mob rushed through, Saint Peter saw old Jake, running as hard as the rest, right on down the road. He shouted, "Jake, you don't have to leave, I said you could stay!"

The old prospector paused just long enough to shout over his shoulder, "I know, but you never can tell about these things, there might be something to it!"
—Cleon G. Hammer, P.O. Box 106, Iona, Idaho.

Enterprising Indians

Dear Sir:

The article in the September 1963 FRONTIER TIMES about the first Indian millionaire interested me a great

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deal, but I believe I know of one who was a millionaire long before Jackson Barnett. He earned his fortune through hard work and ingenuity and lost it in the way of many white men—as a victim of swindlers.

His name was Mathias Splitlog and he was a full-blooded Mohawk. Born in Canada, he came to Kansas in 1843 with a group of 700 Wyandottes when they settled in the area now occupied by Kansas City. Though Splitlog could not read or write, he spoke five languages fluently.

Apparently he was a genius. It has been said that he could look at a piece of machinery and then make one like it. He built the first grist mill and sawmill in Kansas, a combination mill powered by water. He even built a steamship that plied the Missouri River—and he built a railroad.

Being scrupulously honest himself, he trusted others. This led to his downfall. After he invested heavily in salted mines, he spent the rest of his life trying to repay those who had invested with him.

This is essentially all I know about Mathias Splitlog but his life is a testimonial to the character and ability of some of America's first citizens, if just given half a chance.—C. R. Batten, 17280 South Golden Road, Golden, Colorado.

Anybody Ever Heard of Bayo Beans?

Gentlemen:

A long time ago I read in "Frontier Post" or some such department about cooking brown beans. They were called Bayo beans. Now in Alaska we have all kinds of beans—except that kind. Thirty or forty years ago when we asked for so many pounds of beans, Bayos were what we got, but no more. The storekeepers don't seem to know what they are. If you can tell me where I can buy some, I'd be very grateful.—H. A. Anderson, Cooper Landing, Alaska.

Editor's Note: We'd like to know, too. Most of us at WP have lived on pintos so long that a change in diet would be welcome.

Swap-out

Dear Sirs:

I am President of the Nashville Chapter of the Tennessee Archaeological Society and consider FRONTIER TIMES tops. I would like to hear from anyone interested in Indians, past or present. We have some colored slides we would like to exchange or loan for other slides of Indians or for relics. Incidentally, please print more about the redman and his ways. I wish you all the luck in the world.—H. C. Brehm, 5311 Indiana Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Placerville

Dear Editor:

I have recently discovered FRONTIER TIMES and enjoy it tremendously. I am now catching up on back issues. In the July 1963 copy, I noticed an interesting account of former residents of Placerville, California, including one Sam Hamilton.

In 1957 I rented a room from a Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hamilton in Los Angeles. He was advanced in age but still alert and had all his faculties. Nearing the 100 mark, he would sit with me on the porch and talk about those olden days until he would doze off (he brought the first Pony Express mail to Placerville). Occasionally he would walk about the neighborhood and become lost, something that couldn't have happened when Sam was in his prime! He was a typical Westerner and had many adventures in South Dakota and Kansas. I am glad I knew Sam Hamilton a short time before he left this world.—R. W. Findlater, 1609½ Donaldson Street, Los Angeles, California.

Sudden Interest in March '63 FT

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed Jim Porter's story, "Life in the Nations." I moved to Oklahoma in 1899. My father held the 89th medical license issued in the Territory. We were homesteading. I remember as if it were just last week starting back to the present town of Rocky from Beaver County. When we arrived at the Canadian River crossing, the river was way up; it was approximately two and one half or three miles across it. Several hundred people were camped waiting for the river to go down. They were headed south. When they thought that they could maybe cross, they had a minister wade out in the water and say a prayer. Then they put all the women and children in wagons pulled by six mules and had cowboy swim their horses alongside in case th wagons turned over. About half way across was a large sand bar which was right solid, and they rested the mules there, then finished the last lap of the crossing.

About 1911 my father moved to Rhea, the same town Mr. Porter speaks of in his article. I certainly gained some insight into the past history of the town, being surprised to hear they ever had a bank or drugstore. There were only two establishments when I lived there, one a patent medicine store with a post office run by a man named Speer and another store owned by Holcomb and Williams. Oklahoma is a great country, has a wonderful history, and I would like to thank Mr. Porter for his fine article. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who might have known my father, Dr. J. W. A. Tharp, who ran down many a good cow horse going to see sick folks back there in Territory days.—Robert H. Tharp, 1406 Greigos Road, NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed "Life in the Nations" and would like to tell you a little incident that I have a little first-hand knowledge of. As well as I remember this happened in the spring or early summer of 1910 in Sentinel, Oklahoma, a good thriving town of about 1,500. People filled the streets and stores every day in the week except Sunday. There were some beautiful brick buildings, and every store was filled with some kind of merchandise.

Mr. Strange ran a hardware store there and one day a man came in the store and told Mr. Strange he wanted to buy a wagon and harness and showed him a very fine team of mules. He said he would give him a first mortgage on the team.

Howard was with him, so Strange closed the deal. My cousin was there and heard the transaction between these men. Nothing was thought about it until two or three hours later. My cousin Virgil Turner, who now lives in Dallas, Texas, came up to my uncle's place. J. K. (Ramsey) was telling my cousin that he had taken a first mortgage on a team of mules for groceries, shoes and some clothes, and said a man by the name of Graham had given the mortgage. My cousin immediately knew that it was the same man who had given the first mortgage to Strange.

It didn't take long for my uncle and Mr. Strange to get together, compare papers, and find it was the same man. A posse was formed and they left for Howard's place, but there was no one there. Then they scattered out over the country, looking into every barn and house. Deputy Sheriff J. B. King stopped at an old abandoned house and went inside to look around. Behind the door was Graham. He stuck a gun in King's stomach, took his gun and marched him away. He told him not to look back and to keep going. The others were looking everyplace and finally backtracked to Howard's place to look around again. There was a man along who was a well digger and he said, "Let's go look in that well and see what we can find."

It was dark and he got a newspaper and lit it and dropped it down in the well. They saw nothing and gave up the idea that anyone was in it, but the well digger said he had another plan that might work.

They listened to him give the plans and went back to the well where the well digger started to tell the men to get dynamite, that he was going to blow the well. Then one of the robbers houted up not to do that, that they would give up. The men lowered a bucket and told them to send up all their guns and ammunition, which they did. Then they told the men to hang on the bucket and come to the top. Graham had made it back to Howard's house after he had sent the deputy away. The well digger went down in the well after the men came out and found a big hole dug back about six or eight feet, and all kinds of guns and ammunition stored there. That was the first time I had ever heard of copper-nosed bullets and they had them. They brought the outlaws to Sentinel and were getting ready to take them to Cordell, the county seat. They were in front of the livery stable and I was standing there looking at Graham. as he looked tough to me, and Uncle Benny Stapp was standing there also. Uncle Benny was a very religious man and he was looking just like anyone else when Graham said to Uncle Benny,"What are you looking at, you old S.O.B.? Get away from here before I break your neck!"

Graham also told Bob Tarkington, "Feed those horses and keep them well curried because I will be back soon to get them." Seems they were some fine horses they had stolen out west somewhere. This is the story as well as I can remember, only that they received a ong jail sentence. My uncle and Mr. Strange got their goods back.—Howard P. Ballard, San Mateo, California.

Billy the Kid Photo

Dear Sirs:

Boy, you sure have shocked me out of my boots. That picture in Nuggets in he November 1963 FRONTIER TIMES was a blow around the belt line. Believe t or not, I have the same picture as Mr. Wolfe has, and it was given to me in New Mexico by an old-timer who was ure that it was real. Of course, mine s a bit yellow with the years, but I hought I had one of the few pictures hat were made of the Kid.—Myron A. Beach, 2322 W. Mallon, Spokane, Washngton.

Dear Sir:

On page 40, November 1963 FT, you ublished a purported photo of the Kid nd Pat Garrett and closed with, "Folks, what do you make of it?" Here is what I made of it during my research on the Kid:

This picture was once published in Mr. Howard Bryan's column in the Albuquerque *Tribune*. Later Mr. Bryan was convinced it was a fake. Several people believe that it had been taken in the Thirties at a Santa Fe Fiesta. A Billy the Kid play was being presented at the time and they think the actors were taken outside a building and photographed.—William V. Morrison, P.O. Box 4081, El Paso, Texas.

Dear Sirs:

About that Billy the Kid picture—I am sixty-nine years old and remember that the first men's open fronted shirts to come on the market was in 1910. Prior to that time, we crawled into them from the bottom like a sack with two or three buttons near the top. In this picture, Billy has on an open front shirt.—Cloy Taulbee, McDermitt, Nevada.

Gentlemen:

The photograph of Mr. William H. Bonney (Billy the Kid), and Mr. Pat Garrett are the same wax figures that played a circuit of eastern and southern states between 1912 and 1917. At that time, I was told they were made in 1909 in Chicago, Illinois.

On my next trip to Tulsa, Oklahoma, I will try to find out if Mr. Younger is still living because he should know where they are now. In 1938, he owned the Dalton Boys, also the Younger Boys with Jesse James.

Actually, it is hard to understand how any photographs of William H. Bonney could exist, because he really became active in the fall of 1877 and was killed on July 14, 1881, with his time being spent in the Lincoln County War. However, there is a photograph of him with seven Texas Rangers, that a newspaper ran. The newspaper said it was taken during the Lincoln County War. I am sure it was taken just before Bonney went to work for L. G. Murphy, because at the time the Kid was in good standing with everyone.

From the time he was hired by John H. Tunstall until his death was only about twenty-six months, with these months spent fighting and hiding. I can just see him hunting a photographer to take his picture with some friend!—George R. Field, 2771 Glenn Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Dear Joe:

I don't know anything about the old wet-plate cameras, but that picture doesn't look like something done with a modern Kodak.

I notice that Pat's feet seem to be in a lower position than the Kid's. Camera angle or ground angle might account for the Kid's appearing taller than he really was.

Pat looks quite middle-aged in this picture. Wasn't he only eight or ten years older than the Kid? And did they make that kind of dude vest in 1880? Personally, I'm stumped. I can see points on both sides—Linda Bowen, Route 1, Hastings, Iowa.

Editor's note: We're stumped, too, on the picture. One thing we are certain of, however—no other western character can command the interest, pro or con, that our readers feel for William Bonney. We don't ponder so much over whether a particular picture is authentic, but we do ponder now and then about what might have happened if the Kid had lived another fifteen or twenty years.

Miscellaneous

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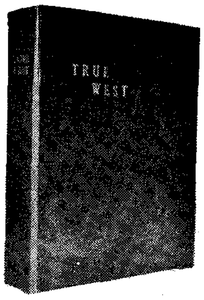

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Ghost of Dr. Montezuma

(Continued from page 30)

in professional and social life—faced an enviable future.

Yet Wassaja, beset with loneliness and longing, failed in the one great ambition of his life and went home to die among the people he could not free. He was just fifty-seven.

One year after Montezuma's death Indians were admitted to full citizenship but it was not until 1947 that every state had given them the right to vote. From a virtual state of being "prisoners of war," they were given their independence, such as it is, allowed to leave the reservations to work and live as they choose. Montezuma's arch-enemy, the U. S. Indian Service, finally began encouraging rehabilitation programs among the tribes, although much of their efforts, according to both Indian and white experts, have been "misdirected."

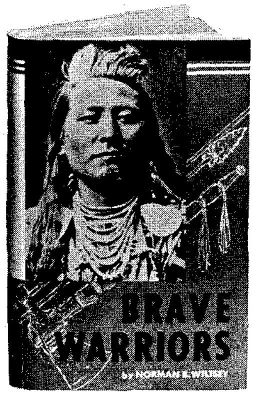
Several tribes with ancient claims against the Government have received payment at least, and many claims still pending will eventually be liquidated. The biggest single payoff the Great White Father ever made to any claima red or white, occurred a few years a when he wrote a check for $32 million to Utah's Ute Indians. It took Lawyer Ernest Leroy Wilkinson, who later became President of Brigham Young University, fifteen years to convince "Uncle" that the claim was just and payable.

Probably a thousand other honest claims await action of the Indian Claims Act, and "pushing" them are almost as many full-blooded Indian lawyers as white. Their goal is to see justice done—money and opportunity given the Indian in order that he may take his rightful place in the civilization in which he is forced to live. Meanwhile, more and more young Indians are going to school and college. It isn't easy. In some parts of the country, the white man's prejudice is still strong.

No granite spire exists honoring the name of Dr. Carlos Montezuma. Little remains of his memory, though abundant records are available in the universities he attended, in college annuals, and *Who Was Who In America.* A dozen issues of his magazine, *Wassaja*—April 1916 to March 1917—are on file in Chicago's Newberry Library.

But in recent years newspapers have hinted that the Indian Bureau might be abolished and governmental intervention in Indian affairs be discontinued. For the "white Indian" medicine man, Carlo Montezuma, that event, should it come to pass, will be memorial enough.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITL 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION O FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin Texas.
Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 709 West 19th, Austin, Travis County, Texa 78703. Publisher: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Pat Austin, Texas. Editor: Pat Wagner, 304 E. 17th, Austin, Texas. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Wester Publications, Inc., 709 West 19th, Austin, Texas, Jo Austell Small, sole shareholder.
Average number of copies printed (net press run during last twelve months: 191,400; Total numb copies printed last single issue: 200,000. Average pa circulation per issue last twelve months: 15,93 Paid circulation last single issue: 17,251. Averag sales per issue during last twelve months by agent news dealers or otherwise: 105,263; Sales last sing issue by agents, news dealers or otherwise: 112,81 Average free distribution per issue during last twelv months: 2,238; Free distribution last single issu 2,160. Total number of copies distributed per issu during last twelve months: 123,437; Total number copies distributed last single issue: 132,227. (Signed Pat Wagner, September 26, 1963.



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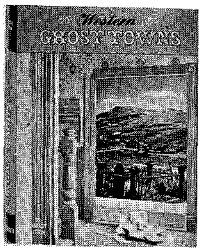

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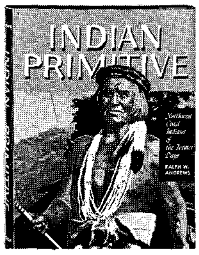

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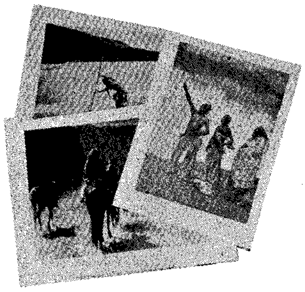

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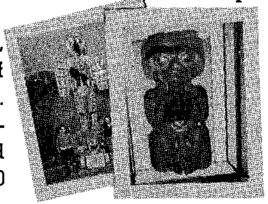

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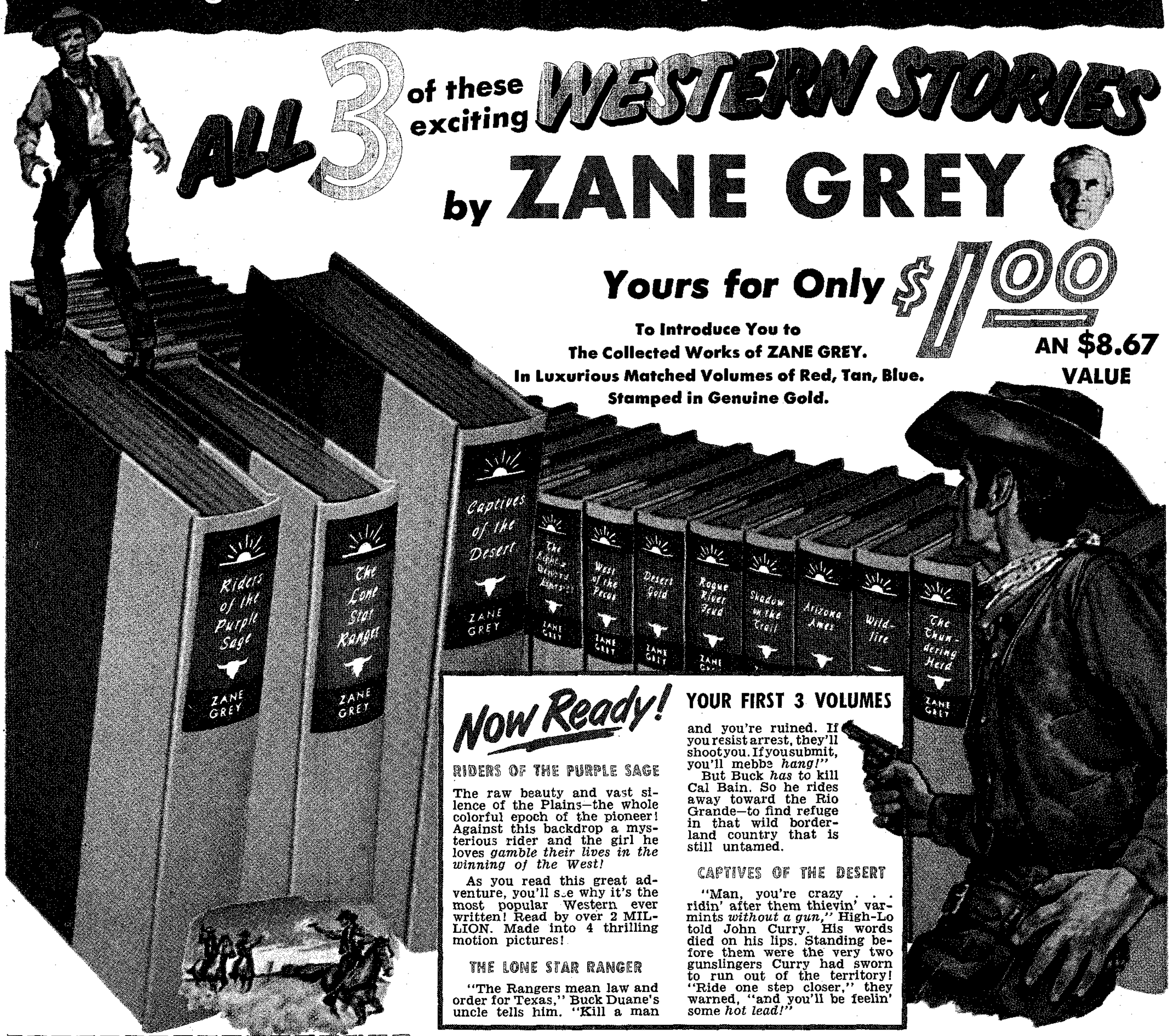

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